

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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## ON THIS SIDE.

### III.

"LAY out my red satin gown, Parsons," said Mrs. Sykes to Miss Noel's maid, when the time came to dress for the De Witts' entertainment. "It is nearly gone now, to be sure, after three seasons' wear; but it will do nicely for America."

"And what shall I do about the spots all down the front, mem?" inquired Parsons. "And the bottom flounce do look 'opeless; there's nothink to be done with it, as I can see."

Parsons's services had been "occasionally" proffered to Mrs. Sykes by her mistress, and she was already tired of the endless demands made upon her.

"Oh, all that will not be noticed. It really doesn't matter over here. It will answer quite well as it is, I am sure, for this kind of thing," said Mrs. Sykes, serenely convinced that any dress of hers was good enough to grace an American entertainment given by people who confessed themselves poor and who lived near Babylon, Long Island.

Parsons did what she could to furnish up the disgracefully-shabby robe in question (with an eye to future perquisites, it must be confessed), but it remained a piece of tawdry finery, and a very unbecoming one besides, for the day was warm, and it imparted an additional flush to a face already as highly

colored as a chromo,—vivid blue as to the eyes, almost magenta as to the cheeks, auburn-haired, and boasting an array of very white, large teeth.

But if nature had added to these tints prominent features and a chin which, as the one retiring thing about Mrs. Sykes, surely needs no apology, she had given her one of those beautiful figures which she seems to reserve especially for her ugliest daughters, and fortune had added other figures which are thought by some persons to be much more satisfactory in the long run. Mrs. Sykes was tall, perfectly proportioned, graceful, and occasionally dressed as well as any Frenchwoman.

"Americans have a silly idea that all Englishwomen are frumps, and I'll take one box of my French things to show them that they are not the only women in the world who know how to dress; but that will be for great occasions, should there be such by any chance. I don't mean to waste my best things on them, as a rule. I'll go in for 'republican simplicity,'" she had said on leaving London.

It will be seen, then, that if she wore her oldest gown to the De Witts' it was from insolence, and not in the least from indigence; and she saw her mistake when she got there, and repented in satin instead of sackcloth.

Nor was she better satisfied with the toilets of her companions. Miss Noel came down in a rich silk, cut in a wonderful way, the skirt much longer in front than at the back, most eccentrically looped in a series of little pleats set very far apart on the sides, long and plain in the bodice, and enlivened about the neck with a wide fall of cotton lace, and no less than five necklaces, graduated from a velvet band and brooch about the throat to a long string of lapis-lazuli beads that fell almost to the waist. But all the same she looked the handsome and refined old gentlewoman that she was, and kept the Chesterfieldian "*ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*" in a costume that would have vulgarized many women of great pretensions to gentility. As for Ethel, she was got up as only an English girl of the provincial type ever could be.

"The two of you are bad advertisements for Parsons," observed Mrs. Sykes, with her usual unbridled frankness, when she saw them. "Not that it matters very much. Miss Noel must be past caring for such things, and you are a good little thing, Ethel, but you are one of the girls that no man would ever look at twice. But, really, to put you in a short black slip and a trained overdress of tarlatan and a beaded cashmere jacket is too bad of Parsons. I had not thought it of her. To be sure, she is country-bred, and has only had the annual hunt ball to provide for, but still she must see that you are a couple of guys."

"You are extremely uncivil, and I don't agree with you at all," said Miss Noel. "This is a good, serviceable gown, that I expect to last me for years, and all done over quite recently; it can't have been three years since it was turned upside down and inside out and all this lace put on. What is the matter with it? As to dear Ethel, she looks as nice as possible, I think. She wore that very frock to an archery meeting at the castle before we left, and the countess asked to be allowed to take off the pattern of her jodie, saying that she had not seen anything like it before."

"That I can well believe," replied Mrs. Sykes coolly. "She never will, out of the provinces. I always think when I go down there that it is easy to see what became of the three thousand dresses that Queen Elizabeth left behind her. They drifted into the remote counties, where the women have been making them over once in fifty years ever since. No, no. If Ethel is to make anything of a figure in the world, or hook so much as a fifty-pound curate, she will have to get a London maid,—a French one she can't afford. A girl with no beauty and no money *must* have clothes. Thank heaven! I shall never have any daughters to marry off. When I think of my four sisters out season after season husband-hunting, and the youngest a good thirty-three, I feel that I can't be too thankful that I married when I did. Excuse my speaking so plainly about your dress, but I never could see the good of mincing matters; and you'd better act on it as soon as you get home, and not wait until Ethel begins to go off, when it may be too late."

Poor Ethel, who had come downstairs with an agreeable consciousness of being well dressed, was much disturbed by these comments. Nor was she reassured by her brother, who presently came in.

"What is the matter with you, Ethel?" he said. "There is something wrong with you, but I can't tell what it is. You seem to wear the same things that these American women do, but you don't look as they do. You can't know how to put them on. It can't be the thing to see a yard of carpet between your gingham petticoat—"

"It is a silk slip, and was five-and-six a yard, I'm sure," Ethel put in ruefully.

"Well, silk, then—and that frazzled Darwin that goes over it of muslin."

"Tarlatan, dear."

"Well, tarlatan, if that's the name of the stuff. Hang it! all I know is that you are a regular scarecrow in it—"

"Oh, Arthur!"

"And a pretty laughing-stock you'll be to these Americans," he concluded.

"You know I have only thirty pounds for my allowance, and that my maid's wages come out of that," she remonstrated. "You don't know what it costs to dress like an American. Bijou Brown told me only yesterday that she gets a hundred and all her worst bills paid, and no question of a maid, and lots of presents."

"Why don't you send Parsons packing, and do your own hair and all that, like the American girls?"

"Do my own hair? I never could. I haven't the least idea how to go about it."

"Then you are a great stupid, that's all," remarked Mr. Heathcote, with all a brother's talent for making himself agreeable.

"Perhaps, if it is so bad, I had best stay at home," Ethel said to her aunt. "I can see that Arthur is ashamed of me and considers me a fright."

"Nonsense, my dear. Don't mind him; and" (lowering her voice) "don't mind Mrs. Sykes either. An English lady does not *wish* to look as though she had just stepped out of a fashion-plate. I consider that Mrs. Sykes has lived too long on the Continent to be a judge of such matters. It is all very well for tradespeople and parvenus to lay such stress upon apparel, but you can afford to dress as you please, within certain limits. I have always thought myself that French costumes look best on French actresses. It is no ambition of mine to see my niece enter such lists. Really, my love, you look unusually well this afternoon; and though Mrs. Sykes evidently thinks me dreadfully old-fashioned, my own idea was very different. It seemed to me that this top looked a little *fast* looped up like this. I should have preferred to have it plainer; only Parsons was so set about it that I yielded."

The "nut-shell" proved to be a charming little villa set in well-kept grounds, gay with flowers and striped awnings, and having more than its share of veranda, wide, steep-roofed, and invitingly cool. There was the usual *entourage* of such places,—a windmill, a tennis-court,

hammocks, benches on which lay books not otherwise, and a merry, unpretentious little fountain that plashed pleasantly all the summer long on a remarkably small capital in the way of water, thanks to the engineering skill of a certain officer who had diverted himself and a small stream at the same time, devised pumps, laid down pipes, and spent a good deal of time and money proving that "anybody can have a fountain at a trifling outlay."

Across the front lawn, sloping graciously toward a westering sun, came Mrs. De Witt when she heard the carriages stop at the gate, looking almost as nice as she was in the coolest, freshest of white dresses, and having the warmest welcome for her guests, whom she received in her own gay and gracious fashion. She was merely eager to meet them as promptly and cordially as possible; but Mrs. Sykes at once set the little attention down as a recognition of her superior rank, and was hardly out of the phaeton before she fell to patronizing the place and its mistress as affably as possible, in a way that set Miss Noel's teeth on edge.

"Quite a pretty place you have got here,—quite a pretty place, though dreadfully out of the way. And a nice lawn,—the best bit of turf I have seen since I landed. Yes, really; I am sincere. I think it would be thought a nice lawn at home. *Quite English.*"

"Oh, we shouldn't dream of having English turf over here," said Mrs. De Witt, in her very clear treble. "We know our place better. We can only offer you a little sparse and defective American verdure here and there that dies away in a green and yellow melancholy later in the season."

"And what shrubs have you got there? I never saw them before. When they are grown they may prove quite ornamental, though I don't think them well grouped, I must say. You want to open out the view, not shut it in; and there should be more variety of tint in the plantations over there. What are those rather thinnish bushes with long, glossy leaves?"

"Mere native shrubs. I forget the name. Not worthy of your notice, I assure you. As common as possible," replied Jenny. "Dear Miss Noel, I am so pleased that you should take all this trouble to come to us. Ah! here comes my husband, Sir Robert,—Colonel De Witt,—the only colonel in America, as you will soon find."

She then presented him to each of them more particularly, for, though he had called upon them, they had not met, and as they sauntered back to the house even Mr. Heathcote admitted to himself that his successful rival was a remarkably handsome man, of polished manners. He had been accustomed to think of him as "a Yankee chap," and he was prejudiced against Yankees. He had met a good many florid specimens of the race on the Continent, whom he chose to consider typical Americans, and of whom he was disposed to say, with Jaques, "God be with you! Let's meet as seldom as we can."

As they approached the veranda they got clearer and clearer views of a party of five ladies and six gentlemen assembled there. On their arrival, more introductions followed, after which Mrs. De Witt carried the English ladies off up-stairs to lay aside their wraps. Even in her hasty transit through the house Mrs. Sykes had time to observe through open doors certain effects of portières, family portraits, bric-à-brac, and what not, that were reassuring, and to see that the villa was a gem of a place, small but perfect, having about it not only an air of great refinement, but a stamp of originality. It was irregular, to be sure, to be shown up-stairs by her hostess; but "*autre pays autre mœurs*." She was less sure of her ground, somehow, and mitigated her condescensions considerably. She prepared to make herself agreeable according to her best lights, and, on their return to the veranda, took the easiest of the easy-chairs and voluntarily renewed her acquaintance with Mrs. Hitchcock, who was of the party. That lady, however, almost immediately made some excuse, and slipped away to another seat.

"That woman has a perfect detestation of me," thought Mrs. Sykes. "I suppose that insignificant little man of the same name is her husband, and that it is they who have brought the duke. These De Witts must be people of more consideration than I had thought. The men seem *du monde*, and the women too, which is a better criterion. And a bishop of something, too,—not that colonial bishops amount to much. Still—" Here her reflections were cut short by the prelate in question, a divine of much port and presence, in whose creed turtle-soup and moselle counted for two of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and whose broad person savored far more of New York or London than of the New Jerusalem. The bishop took the seat vacated by Mrs. Hitchcock, put his finger-tips together easily in semi-clerical fashion, and diffused bland remarks in a fat voice that issued from the back of a thick throat made up of three tiers of chins. He spoke of England as "the nursing-mother, under Providence, of the Church," and described his visits to his "brothers of London and York." He really liked England, went there as often as he could, had no objection whatever to being called "my lord," and always got into his apron and knickerbockers the day he landed in Liverpool. He was quite lionized there, and felt that he presented a pleasing contrast to other American bishops of inferior social gifts. Indeed, he once explained the difference between himself and a gaunt, careworn territorial missionary, whose lawn sleeves were utterly destitute of worldly starch, and who cut a sorry figure at a certain general council, by whispering impressively to the nearest English prelate, "Converted from the Methodists!" "Ah! I see," said his lordship.

As for Mrs. Sykes, she talked away in her most animated strain on a great variety of topics, and, being a clever, a widely-travelled, and a well-read woman, made a very pleasant impression for some time,—indeed, until she began to show the cloven foot which it was simply impossible for her long to conceal.



"You consider yourselves to have some sort of connection with the Establishment, do you not?" she said.

"Friendly relations, but no entangling alliance. You recognize the quotation, of course. It is our religious no less than our political policy," the bishop replied.

A sharp course of cross-questioning ensued as to the organization, position, and influence of the Episcopal Church in America. Mrs. Sykes was surprised to find that the Church did not boast a single archbishop. The bishop as good as promised her one before another decade, and signified that New York would be the see to furnish him.

"You'd like to be chosen, wouldn't you? You would be a very good man for it," said she.

The bishop blushed with gratification at finding such appreciation, though it was disconcerting to hear a private conviction publicly expressed. Mrs. Sykes was a delightful woman. He disclaimed the honor, of course. "New York is not my diocese, you know," he said.

"Never mind. Perhaps you'll get it all the same by some fluke," said Mrs. Sykes encouragingly, and then pursued her inquiries. Having grasped the idea that the Church had no subsidies from the government, no tithes, nothing, she went into practical considerations, and wound up by asking the bishop point-blank what his salary was, and how he managed to "screw" it out of the faithful.

The bishop was annoyed. He mentioned the sum collected, but was silent as to the manner of collection.

"Why, that's less than the cook at the 'Reform' gets!" cried Mrs. Sykes, on hearing it. The bishop was disgusted. Mrs. Sykes was odiously gross now. Happily, a musical bell tinkled in the hall at this juncture, and he was spared the necessity for a reply, for this meant that tea was about to be served, and a gentleman from Boston, who had been talking to Sir Robert, came forward and offered Mrs. Sykes his arm, Mr. Porter by name,—a cool, severe-looking man, a kind of abstract

of the exact sciences, with weak eyes and a trick of looking beyond the person with whom he conversed, at some fixed point, real or imaginary. There were women—rather foolish ones, be it said—who would sooner have been shot from a cannon, like the Barnum prodigy, than to have endured a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with him, and men of some intellectual pretensions and even achievements who would have shrunk from it as an ordeal, for Mr. Porter was a kind of reagent, which, applied to vanity, affectation, pretentious ignorance, or charlatanism, exposed them mercilessly. But he and Sir Robert got on common ground at once and had a delightful talk. They began with the bird-fauna of the United States, and the occasional additions made to it from Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, and from this went on to ornithology in general, geology, botany, the Mauvaises Terres, the Dismal Swamp, the Great Cañons and Salt Lake, the Mississippi River, valley, and delta, the Yosemite regions, the oil-wells of Pennsylvania, and so on. Then followed a discussion of the Quakers, the Shakers, the various communistic societies established from time to time in the country, the Mormons, the Penitents of New Mexico. Finally, they had an argument as to whether the religion of the American Indians was or was not a pure theism, bringing out a few legends and other specimens from Mr. Porter's mine of information about the aboriginal tribes which especially charmed Sir Robert, who asked permission to make a note of what had been said, and began with an important entry to the effect that "pollywog was the Indian name for tadpole." He also put down "a curious and most poetical belief that the rainbow is the heaven of the flowers," and "a remarkable prejudice of the Cherokee women against hair on the face of their warriors, which it is their practice to pluck out as fast as it appears, in order, as George Eliot said, to keep it 'distinctly human.' Extremes meet here, certainly." There was another note, for which Mr. Porter was not responsible. It was this: "The houses of the early

settlers in America were built of rude logs, to which long, thin boards were nailed, which, doubtless from the haste in which such buildings were constructed, came to be called *clap-boards*, being clapped on without loss of time by the natives, impatient to secure shelter as soon as possible."

It had not escaped Sir Robert all this time that Mr. Porter had high cheek-bones, a tall, lithe figure, and a delicate, aquiline nose. Could this be a national type? Was it the beginning of a reversion to the aboriginal model? He put some questions. Mr. Porter acknowledged that he often felt himself disagreeably cramped by the artificial restraints of a high state of civilization, and irresistibly impelled to throw them off; he confessed to a fondness for bright colors; he was never happier than when shooting or fishing in the Adirondacks. There seemed to be something of a case for Stimson, and Sir Robert's eye brightened. But here Mr. Porter's savage impulses ended, and further inquiry elicited the fact that his mother was Scotch, and that he only represented the second generation born in this country, his grandfather having been an Englishman, so that it was too soon for him to have "reverted" to any extent to the Choctaw or Tonkaway type as a result of climatic conditions. Nor did the physique of the other men present shed any light on these interesting problems. Colonel De Witt looked more like an Italian than anything else, though he came of an old family, as American families go. The bishop might have been English, Danish, Swedish, German,—anything that was fair, ruddy, ample. As for Mr. Hitchcock, he was as nearly featureless as possible, a sort of pasty nonentity physically, though a magnate financially. But Sir Robert reflected that it was too soon to generalize and reach conclusions. Great patience in collecting data, and elasticity in applying them so that a given result (determined beforehand?) may be reached, are the two indispensable essentials of scientific investigation. He would be patient.

The two young Englishmen had all this time been amusing themselves admirably, sitting metaphorically at the feet of Beauty in the persons of three attractive girls,—Edith Bascome, of Baltimore, the youngest and prettiest member of a family that had been producing belles and beauties for quite a century, and two sisters, the Parker girls, from Philadelphia, as unlike as any two peas that ever grew in the same pod, one being tall and as fair as Faust's Marguerite before the footlights, the other a midget of a woman, of a dark, striking, handkerchief-box type of loveliness, dressed in a sheeny stuff of old gold, with a great bunch of Jacqueminots at her round little waist. Mrs. De Witt glanced at them more than once, pleased by their good looks, smiles, and vivacious nothings, more especially by the familiar air of the two men, handsome and high-bred, whose every word and look, attitudes and platitudes, brought back a long train of associations,—the amusements, impressions, and dormant recollections generally of her own life in England.

"What an air of *education* English legs have, to be sure!" she mused. "Walking or dancing, standing or sitting, they seem always to be playing a part rather than executing a natural and involuntary function. There is something studied about every one of Mr. Ramsay's incomparable attitudes, graceful and easy as they are, yet he can hardly have acquired them of some Turveydrop,—the lazy grace with which he has just wiped his face and tucked his handkerchief in the front of his waistcoat, for instance. What is that he is saying about his brother Bill? I didn't catch it, but nothing flattering, I am sure, from the queer expression of the girls. Something about his 'nasty temper' and its being impossible for his wife to live with him. Certainly the English have less reason to dread the awful day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed than any other people, for everybody will have heard theirs, with the fullest particulars, beforehand. I wonder if Mr. Heathcote admires Edith?"

Edith was Mrs. De Witt's cousin, and it was a disputed point in the family whether Edith or Jenny had given the more perfect expression to the well-known Bascome features, complexion, and hair.

"I was told before I left home that I had better 'absquatulate' Baltimore if I wanted to preserve my peace of mind, as it had two American institutions in perfection,—pretty women and canvas-back ducks,—and it was 'a tarnation deal' easier to go there than to get away again," Mr. Heathcote was saying to Miss Bascome. "But, no matter if I am 'flabbergasted,' as you say over here, I am going all the same. I met a fellow in Paris last winter who was from there and made me promise I'd come. He's a kind of 'top-boss' there, I fancy, and promised to do me the honors."

"Couldn't we skedaddle over there together some time or other?" asked Mr. Ramsay, anxious to show that he also had a certain command of American idioms. "Bill was there when he came over here, and said it wasn't half bad fun."

"Do come," said Miss Bascome. "I really think you will amuse yourselves for a little while famously. Why not go there at once from here?"

Mr. Heathcote instinctively grew cautious. "I can't do that. In fact, it is altogether uncertain whether I go at all," he said.

"I shall not be there; but mamma and papa and the boys are at home, and they will be delighted to receive you and put you up at the club, and all that. And everybody will be as nice as can be to you. Englishmen, when they are nice, are very well received there," she hospitably urged.

"Thank you for the implied compliment. I didn't know before that I was nice. I would rather go there when—when you are at home, Miss Bascome," said Mr. Heathcote, rather *sotto voce* and feeling that he was committing himself quite seriously. He had been much struck by a certain resemblance, and had been comparing the cousins pri-

vately all the afternoon to see how far it went. Something of the same freshness and spontaneity of manner there was, but he was not yet ready to admit that anybody could be as charming as Jenny Meredith, as he always called Mrs. De Witt in his own mind. Edith had not Mrs. De Witt's brilliancy and quick sympathies and rare fibre of soul; but she had a charm of her own. She was a thoroughly refined girl, a sufficiently intelligent one, more conscientious and practical than most of her ugly contemporaries in all that appertained to her *métier de femme*, and distractingly pretty. Now, Mr. Heathcote was accustomed to girls who looked more or less agitated when he approached or accosted them, much more paid them compliments, but no faintest trace of consciousness or gratification was visible in Edith's face. She neither blushed and looked down nor smiled and looked up over this compromising declaration, or any other of the speeches that Mr. Heathcote hazarded during the evening. She apparently regarded him as indifferently as though he had been his own grandfather, and said carelessly, "Very well. I shall not be back for a month; but if you chance to come then I'll take you about and present you to all the prettiest girls in the place and do what I can to make it a pleasant visit."

She was not intending to monopolize him, then, as some girls had tried to do before now, and she was willing to introduce him to any number of possible rivals,—unlike a certain young woman who had told him only a fortnight before, at a Brighton ball, that "she never introduced eligible men to other girls, not even her dearest friend,—as she was not going to lose a lot of dances, and perhaps a chance of settling herself for life, when it could easily be avoided by a little management and judicious fibbing." He knew that a nice English girl would never have said such a thing, and had been disgusted; but he also knew that, grossly or adroitly, he had been flattered, followed, and angled for ever since he attained his majority, and remembered with a feeling of relief that

the relations between the sexes were said to be entirely different in America. He did not know what they were, but it would be pleasant to find out, to lay aside the social strait-waistcoat that had bored him so of late and forget that the matrimonial net was spread for his feet. "I shall certainly come,—in about a month," he said, and then, from force of habit, added, "But it will not suit my book at all to stay long."

"You will bring your sister, of course," said Edith.

"Oh, no; not at all. Why should I?" said he.

"Why shouldn't you, pray? Wouldn't she like it?"

"I dare say. She's always as pleased as Punch to be taken about by me; but it is a bother having women around."

"A bother, indeed! You should feel it an honor to have a sister to protect and care for and make happy in every way possible," concluded Edith, in a tone of decided disapproval.

This was a new gospel, and Mr. Heathcote received it in silence. He had eight sisters,—quite enough to protect him, he thought. He was by no means madly devoted to any of them, but was least indifferent to Ethel. As to making them happy, such an idea had never been so much as suggested to him before. On the contrary, it had been the mission of the girls to make him happy; at least they had been trained to give up to him and submit to him in everything. "I have dozens of them,—a whole covey. If I did that, I should never do anything else," he said, after a moment.

"Very well. What of that? You couldn't be better employed. It would be as good for you as for them," said Edith severely. "And that's what men are for. They were not put in the world to amuse and gratify and pamper themselves from morning till night."

"I expect—that is, a fellow expects to deny himself lots of things and give in and philander around his *wife*, Miss Bascome,—that is, if he ever marries," replied Mr. Heathcote, making the remark as much of an impersonal and

abstract aphorism as possible. "But a sister, now, is a different thing."

"Do you think so? I don't agree with you at all. And I am sorry for the wife. Bad brothers are not apt to develop in a few weeks into good husbands. For my part, I wouldn't marry any man, not if I loved him with all my heart, that was unkind to his mother and sisters. I wouldn't be such a fool as to suppose that I could transform him into a devoted husband."

Mr. Heathcote stared. Her decision of tone and manner amused him, as did the didactic tone of her remarks. The plump way in which she brought out the "not if I loved him with all my heart," and that round, unvarnished "fool," was very novel. An English girl of her class would have blushingly said something about "liking" the man in question, and avoided the last expression altogether as unladylike. He was interested.

"Then you expect to get a devoted husband?" he said.

"I hope to," said Edith honestly, "when—if—" And now at last came her blush,—the dearest little blush that ever rose to a girl's cheek and vanished again.

Mr. Ramsay all this time had been rattling away in the most cheerful manner to the Parkers, who put in an animated "Is *that* so?" or "How perfectly lovely!" or "What an awful shame!" as the circumstances demanded. For the last five minutes he had been talking to them of London slang.

Edith had caught a "Tell us some more, do," from the youngest Miss Parker, who now broke in with, "It's just too funny for anything, Edith. A 'tizzy' is a sixpence, and a 'bobby' is a shilling,—twenty-five cents of our money,—and a 'pony' is a hundred dollars."

The two gentlemen laughed.

"No, no; a 'bob.' A 'bobby' is a policeman," explained Mr. Ramsay. And all the party being at the age when it is possible to laugh at everything or nothing, availed themselves merrily of the privilege.

This was the only information im-



parted; and the conversations were not at all like the one Sir Robert was having with Mr. Porter, a few feet off; neither were there any *bon mots*, *jeux d'esprit*, or witticisms of any kind; yet every member of the quintette had found it extremely pleasant and amusing.

Ethel had fallen to the lot of a certain young lawyer of the self-confident, aggressive type spoken of by many persons as "a smart man," and reputed to have "a great flow of language." Fluent he was, in a showy, superficial sort of way; but his talk was all machine-made, and only "flowed" on the coffee-mill principle, as he ground out the same thing over and over again at successive entertainments, without often finding so good a listener as Miss Heathcote. An interest he had for her that he little suspected. He fancied that he was captivating her by the play of his mind. The real truth was that he sported a "goatee," the first that she had ever seen, and she found a sort of fascination for a while in watching the singular tuft as it rose and fell with each phrase or smile: indeed, so absorbed was she in the contemplation of this unique hir-sute adornment that once or twice she quite forgot to make a proper response to what he was saying. His manner struck her as familiar, audacious, "shoppy:" it was smart, and had none of the deference that need not be spoken but should always be felt. He asked Ethel how she liked America, and, on her saying, "It is all different to England, but has been very diverting so far," exclaimed, "'Different!' I should rather hope it was," and then went on to express an intense dislike for her native country and all its institutions, founded upon a brief tour in it taken the year before. The hotels, people, manners, and customs had all alike failed to please him. The royal family were imbecile all the way through; the prince would never come to the throne; the aristocracy was doomed; London society was the most corrupt in the world. All this knowledge, and much more, he had gained in a two weeks' residence at the "Langham." He had never been able

to get a glass of iced water outside of that institution. The climate was the worst on earth. The House of Lords dropped its *h's* habitually, and the Earl of—he couldn't remember the title—had said that "It wasn't the 'unting that 'urt the 'orses, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighroad."

Ethel listened indignantly to all this intelligent criticism, and even when his uproarious laughter died away she could find no words in which to confute it. The largeness of the statements and the invincibility of the ignorance confounded her. She was still trying to give some adequate expression to her excited feelings, when he, noticing and rather enjoying her chagrin, had the fine tact to add, "You are very wise to come over here. Perhaps one of our Yankee boys will take a fancy to you, and then you'll be all right. America is the only country that is fit to live in."

"An English gentleman dropping his *h's*! You don't know anything about England; and I wouldn't marry a Yankee, not if—" she began warmly.

But at that moment Colonel De Witt came up, and laughingly said, "Don't be rash, Miss Heathcote. Here is the most charming young fellow, a 'Yankee' officer, waiting to take you inside, and perhaps ultimately to the altar."

The lawyer rose. "Take this chair near Miss Ethel: I am going," he said to the gentleman who now joined Colonel De Witt.

"Odious creature! The idea of his daring to call me 'Miss Ethel,' when I never saw him before!" thought Ethel, more angry than ever.

"I've made her furious," the offender said to Colonel De Witt, as they walked off. "They can't bear to be told about their *h's*. But she needn't talk. She says 'at tome' and 'otel' herself."

Colonel De Witt felt annoyed. By an unlucky chance the lawyer had dropped in on them that afternoon: he had not been invited. "They give to 'hotel,' as to the word 'trait,' its original French pronunciation," he said.

"Oh, pshaw! They don't know how to speak their own language," the law-

yer replied, with conviction. "In some parts they didn't understand me at all at first."

Miss Noel had been placed between the bishop's wife and another dignitary, a major-general in the regular army, of commanding presence and much social prestige. This officer sat bolt upright in an uncompromisingly straight-backed chair, and talked in short, staccato sentences in a huffy, bluff, chuffy way which suited him, somehow, as a *vieux moustache*. His body had always the air of being on drill, while his legs seemed always on furlough. He turned his whole body when he wanted to look to the right or left, but his legs he continually twisted and untwisted about the rounds of his chair like clumsy creepers, or shot them out suddenly in front of him, to withdraw them as suddenly.

Miss Noel recognized the *tenuë militaire*, although he was not in uniform, and asked the general if he had seen much foreign service "in Mexico and South America and about there;" deplored "the sad struggle between the Northern and Southern Americans, whose wounds she feared were hardly yet healed;" and rejoiced that slavery was done away with forever.

"It is more than I am," said the general, whose turn of mind was pessimistic. "I'd put every one of them back to-morrow if I could. It is the only system for them. My son has an orange-plantation in Florida that ought to have yielded him seven thousand this year, and he didn't get seven hundred. And why? Stolen! Stolen by those miserable darkies down there. Don't talk to me of the future of that race. They've got no future,—unless you call the almshouse and the penitentiary one."

"Dear me! How very dreadful! Can't the government restrain such lawlessness in some way? Has their moral sense been appealed to?"

"Moral sense? Moral fiddlesticks!" said the general. "Excuse my warmth. You might as well appeal to a leopard and ask him to change his spots. I'd like to tie every one of them up by the

thumbs for a week. The country is topsy-turvy, and has been ever since the Fourteenth Amendment passed. There isn't a servant in it, not even in the army now. We are in the hands of the Irish; and you know what that is,—anarchy at home, disgrace abroad."

"You surprise me," said Miss Noel. "What a state of affairs!"

"It is all true. Politics are in a pretty state when you can't pick up a paper without seeing that the Irish vote must be conciliated and the German vote gained: it will be the Swedish vote soon, and the Chinese vote, and the French vote, and the Italian vote,—not the American vote at all. The only sensible party this country has ever produced was the Know-Nothing party. Who ought to rule this country? The people who were here before all these foreigners poured in,—the American people, of course, madam. And who does rule it? The riff-raff of Europe."

Miss Noel listened most attentively, and ejaculated "Only fancy!" when he had finished.

"And where are the Indians now?" she asked, with unconscious irony. "I hope they are not giving trouble, too?"

"Breaking out all the time, on the contrary,—murdering the whites right and left whenever they get a chance," said the general.

"Is it possible? In what part is that? I had supposed that they were being rapidly civilized."

"Out West," said the general.

"Really! Sir Robert can't know that, surely! That is where we are going,—the Western part,—the State of Michigan," said Miss Noel anxiously, visions of being scalped and tortured and made prisoner running through her mind.

"Oh, there is no danger there,—none whatever," said the general reassuringly.

"What do you think would be the best policy to adopt in dealing with them?" asked Miss Noel.

"Shoot 'em," said the general decisively. "Kill the last one of 'em, and then we shall have peace, and so will they, and not until then."

Miss Noel wrote nine letters next morning before breakfast, and gave in several of them a comical enough *résumé* of the condition of affairs in America as gleaned from "an official of wide experience and high rank," showing that the country was a prey to factions of the most ignorant and turbulent kind, that the experiments of freeing the slaves and civilizing the aborigines had proved utter failures, and prophesying the worst things.

"They carry the seeds of disunion in their own bosom," she wrote, "and the late war was only the first of a long series of struggles more gigantic and terrible than any the world has yet known, I fear." Congratulations on the British constitution followed, and the wisdom of being born in the right place, and then the remark, "The fourteen new amendments to the Constitution seem to be working very badly, and it is to be hoped may soon be repealed. And the worst of it is that there seems to be no remedy for all this; for when I asked the official with whom I was talking (whose name I reserve, having met him at a private house) why the government did not take such and such measures, he said bitterly, 'Congress? Is it possible you expect anything from Congress? Ah, you are a foreigner.' And when I asked if there were not other tribunals, he said, 'Yes; there was a Supreme Court, that had falsified election returns and put into office a President never elected by the people.' Of course with a corrupt judiciary all is lost."

There was a good deal more talk between Miss Noel and the bishop's wife, and even the general, with which we are not immediately concerned, it being high time to say something about a high tea which has already been kept waiting too long.

A model meal it was,—not ostentatious, yet elegant, well cooked, faultlessly served, and bounded at the head and foot by a host and hostess who could almost have made pulse and water ambrosial, so perfectly did they understand the art of entertaining. A

seat had been added for the very superfluous lawyer, Mr. Crosby, who had not had the breeding to take himself off, and he was just beginning to grind, when his neighbor, Miss Noel, looked across the table and saw Mrs. Sykes with her eye-glass up staring fixedly at the handsome silver *épergne* before her.

"Dear me!" said that lady alertly. "Can that be a *crest* that I see?"

"On the *épergne*?" asked Mrs. De Witt. "Yes. My husband's. An old family piece, that has quite recently come into our possession through the kindness of a friend, who, strange to say, found it at a jeweller's in Charleston, and rescued it just in time to prevent its being melted down and converted into teaspoons."

"An old piece, you say? How very extraordinary! I thought Americans had no grandfathers," said Mrs. Sykes, restoring her glass to its place, her brows still keeping the arch of surprise.

Mrs. De Witt flushed, and was about to retaliate, but, remembering that she was in her own house, stopped. She caught Miss Noel's uneasy look, and felt repaid for her self-control.

"Unlike the Smiths," she said, "who, according to their delightful representative, 'invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs,' we have arms; but I know better than to sport a crest, as if I were a peeress in my own right, or a reigning princess, and my husband, as far as I can see, uses his nose, but he is so painfully near-sighted that I am never sure what he is about."

"We don't want any crests and idiotic stuff of that kind in this country. We have done with all that nonsense," said Mr. Crosby, sweeping away paltry distinctions with his right hand. "We don't care a cent what a man is; we aim to be free and equal. We have got no aristocracy over here, thank heaven, and never will have."

"Ah!" said the duke. "Do I understand you correctly? Your position is that of absolute political and social equality? You visit your butcher and baker, then, and sit at table with your

servants? Logical, but scarcely agreeable, I should fancy."

"Nothing of the sort," snapped Mr. Crosby angrily. "I never sat down to a meal with a servant in my life, any more than you have."

"I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be discourteous, but the fact is that, to be consistent, that is what you ought to do. You hold yourself aloof on the ground of his being the inferior and you the superior. There you have a distinction at once. You republicans all want to level up, but not to level down. It has often struck me forcibly that the one thing Americans do want is distinctions, if they would be honest enough to confess it. They are determined to do and be everything; they are out-and-out the most ambitious people I have ever known. It is laudable ambition for the most part, but has lately found less honorable expression in the genealogical and heraldic craze, with its attendant search for distinguished ancestors, family portraits, spindle-legged furniture, and heirlooms generally. I am a good deal in America, as you know, and have amused myself by observing its growth. When I first used to visit here, I could count on the fingers of one hand the carriages having any heraldic device; and now every other trap one sees has a regular soup-plate of an affair on the panel that would do for the Guelphs and Habsburgs, only that they very likely would prefer a quiet brougham with perhaps not so much as a monogram on it. I take it that those of you who are really entitled to bear arms—and the number is greater than you think—have either let them fall into disuse or used them under protest intermittently, and taken up an apologetic attitude toward the American people for having unwittingly been born gentlemen. And now a whole lot of cads, that have no more right to a coat of arms than I have to the mitre of my friend the bishop here or the gown of the chief justice, have coolly manufactured out of whole cloth the most ridiculous insignia that were ever seen, aided and abetted

by certain bogus 'heralds' colleges' that do a thriving business, I am told."

"I know of two such," said Colonel De Witt. "And I have heard that the manager of one of them was once an undertaker in San Francisco. It is to be hoped that he lets the dead past of his patrons bury its dead."

There was a laugh, and the duke went on: "I give you my word that I passed by a handsome house in a certain city, not long ago, that had a stone escutcheon carved over the door on which there was nothing but a bar sinister! I could not help it—I roared with laughter! Honest man! he had no more idea that he was proclaiming to the world that he was a bastard than another man would have that he was a bore. And another day I saw a carriage standing in front of a shop, very well set-up, so much so that it attracted my attention, and, if you please, it had on it the Percy arms, with the motto of the Aglonbys,—a north-country family that I know."

"Ah, poor human nature!" sighed the bishop. "Vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Yes, that is it," said the duke. "Human nature will have distinctions of some sort, and titles too. The Quakers, in their effort to get rid of forms, have become rigid formalists, and, in trying not to dress like the world's people, stickle for a particular color or shade and give themselves twice the trouble that their neighbors take. I have no idea that Mr. Crosby there would be mortally offended if he saw his name in the morning papers (as I did another fellow's) as 'Grand Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine,' whatever that is. Let me see. I noticed another. Ah, yes! A lady at a ball given by our minister in Washington,—'Mrs. Assistant-Fish-Commissioner Robinson.'"

"The only title that I ever thought entirely satisfactory was that of the Emperor of China,—'Brother of the Sun and Moon, and Grandfather of the Fixed Stars,'" said Sir Robert.

"That is final: there is no going be-



hind that record, not even in a Presidential canvass; it will bear any amount of scrutiny," said Colonel De Witt.

"Well, as I said before," remarked Mrs. Sykes, "I never knew that there were any grandfathers in America."

The duke turned upon her a look that certainly did not express admiration, and said, "You are out there entirely." Then, addressing himself to Mrs. De Witt, he said, "You have, and have always had, a gentry in this country, men of more or less good birth, antecedents, achievements, refinement. I could mention a number of names at the North and the South that are as well known in this country and as highly thought of as the O'Connor Don in Ireland, the Master of Napier in Scotland, the Howards and Stanleys of England. The only difference I see between England and America is that with us the fact is officially recognized and regulated. It does seem to me that the whirligig of time is revenging the South, which has been so tremendously laughed at for its aristocratic pretensions and 'first families of Virginia' by the North. You must excuse these comments, Mrs. De Witt, as well as my rudeness in monopolizing so much of the conversation. In interests and in heart I am quite half American, and I have made them in that capacity, not at all as a foreigner."

"A foreigner! God bless my soul! I never thought of it before, but I must be one, too, over here," exclaimed Sir Robert. At which there was another laugh, and many kind assurances from his hostess that he was nothing of the sort, as well as a choky speech from the general to the effect that he was a brevet American. Mr. Crosby's batteries were silenced, but he swelled and raged inwardly, and was so curt to Ethel that she turned from him to the general on the other side, and was rewarded by hearing that officer's views on certain ecclesiastical points.

"I hate bigotry; that is what I hate. That is why I can't stand the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians. I'd like to put a barrel of gunpowder under

those two churches and blow them both up," said that apostle of charity. Such moderation was rather alarming to Ethel, who wondered that a man of his rank should be "a Dissenter,"—and a Dissenter the general was, though not in her sense.

The talk ceased to be general, but was very briskly kept up, especially by Mrs. Sykes, who "pumped" Mr. Porter about the De Witts, the bishop, and others searchingly, and was getting very dry answers, when the move was made to return to the drawing-room,—or parlor, as Mrs. De Witt persistently called it, on the ground that "a withdrawing-room" did not match a cottage, and a "parloir" exactly expressed the use to which she put the pretty little apartment in question.

"Some *musique de digestion* is what we want now," said Mrs. De Witt to Mr. Ramsay. "I am told you sing. Do give us something."

He seemed reluctant to comply with the request, and declared that he was "an awful duffer at that kind of thing, and would be sure to make a mess of it," but yielded finally. Mrs. De Witt played the accompaniment to "O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove!" admirably, and Mr. Ramsay, in one of his best attitudes, looked ineffably handsome, and "mourned, and mourned, and mourned," without expressing any grief whatever, or so much as a shade of expression, in a mellow voice of agreeable tone and no cultivation, to the enslavement of all the ladies present, especially the youngest Miss Parker.

Mrs. Sykes was then asked to sing; and, after the usual conventional excuses, and making as much of her condescension in consenting as Patti could have done, she swept over to the piano, took her seat, arranged her skirts elaborately and her music still more elaborately, and favored the company with "Non e ver" in the style of an actor in a certain London burlesque, who repeats three verses of a song and then says, "Ladies and gentlemen, these are the words; you will find the air outside." Lessons a many Mrs. Sykes had had,

from Campana, and Trebelli, and heaven knows who. One saw that she had received good training. She took her notes properly, and paid attention to all the "fortes" and "pianos," and died away utterly at "*con sentimento*," but voice she had none, past or present. Wild applause followed, except from Ethel, who said to her aunt, "What does she mean by singing *my* song?" with that extraordinary proprietorship in a printed composition which Englishwomen alone claim, and Mrs. De Witt, out of courtesy, asked for another. This done, Mrs. De Witt and her cousin played Schubert's "*Les Inséparables*" charmingly, and a waltz of Waldteufel. Then Ethel's turn came, and, refusing to sing, she played a sonata of Beethoven very conscientiously; and then Miss Parker played the zither as if for Titania's court; and last of all her sister was asked to sing, having been kept, like good wine, for a farewell bumper. She might have sung "*Au bon Père*," for she gave "*O Rest in the Lord*!" like an artist or an angel, whichever you prefer, being a passionately-musical creature, with a noble voice and the advantage of five years' hard study abroad. Everybody was charmed, or nearly everybody.

"Professional, of course," said Mrs. Sykes. "No? Then going to be. People don't sing in that theatrical, pronounced style in private life. You will see, she will go on the stage."

There is no knowing how long the party would have gone on urging Miss Parker to give them "one more," or "just this," but Mrs. Sykes rose and began making her adieux while it was still early, and would not hear of staying. So carriages were ordered, and they were soon rolling away in the darkness, leaving the De Witts to talk the affair over,—the extraordinary good looks of Mr. Ramsay, the ducal behavior and that of Mr. Crosby, Miss Parker's voice, Mrs. Sykes, and even Miss Noel's overskirt, which Jenny pronounced "delightful,—as English as Windsor Castle." Its owner she thought "a high-bred, charming old gen-

tlewoman." Her opinion of Mrs. Sykes was not so favorable.

"She belongs, I can see, to what I call the Cromwellian class in England, because they cause the English name to be dreaded in the remotest parts of the globe," she said.

Many other entertainments were given to the party during the fortnight of their stay in New York, all of them far more brilliant than the modest one described, and set down in Mrs. Sykes's letters to her sister as "fully up to the mark of May Fair." The French costumes appeared at them, and Mrs. Sykes herself was as gracious as she knew how to be, and secretly much impressed. Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughters showed Ethel and Miss Noel every attention. They did not call at all upon Mrs. Sykes, finding out that she was not a relative or even intimate friend, and explaining that she had been rude to them. But that lady did not stand upon ceremony, and, from motives of purest curiosity, went to see them one day with Ethel, and inspected and criticised their handsome house, furniture, and pictures with all her own *sang-froid*.

Of one of the latter she remarked, "That may be thought good here, but at home we should call it third-rate,"—and when she left she said to Ethel, "The idea of an English duke staying in a house with a door-plate to it, like a veterinary surgeon's or a dressmaker's! If it had been a foreign title, one could have understood it. I can't make it out at all."

Several ladies at the hotel called as soon as the party registered, without having any knowledge of them or pretence for doing so, and with no object in view, as far as they could discover, unless it was to find out "which one the lord was," and what their plans were, and why they had come over. As might have been expected, these did not prove very desirable acquaintances; but one of them, who was very rich, and whose heart was better than her grammar, asked Mrs. Sykes to join a party that she had invited to go some distance up the Hudson. Mrs. Sykes was dubi-

ous about it until she found that she would be at no expense, and then was "delighted." She announced to Miss Noel that she was going, and that lady was surprised, but only said,—

"Ah, well! I shall be a good deal absorbed by some friends of my own,—Americans. I met them in Switzerland three years ago, and only think of their coming a distance of two hundred miles to see me! Is it not the friendliest thing possible? And they seem to think nothing of it, I assure you."

Mrs. Sykes took all her prejudices with her, and looked at nothing from a stand-point of good will. She found no resemblance whatever to the Rhine in the Hudson,—which is not an unpardonable sin. She complained of the boat, ridiculed the passengers, patronized her benefactress, and destroyed all that worthy woman's pleasure in the outing by holding her personally responsible for everything that displeased her, or that failed to come up to her standards, or that she thought unsightly,—the hardness of the pillows, the flies, the advertisements posted up, the roads, the dust, the very weather! She made the whole party change their plans to suit her whims, and, when they returned, politely informed her hostess that she was "precious glad to be back again, and had had quite enough of rural America." She also atoned for the loss of dignity she had sustained in putting herself under an obligation to a person whom she thought her social inferior by taking no further notice of her, beyond bowing distantly when they chanced to meet. Miss Noel told her that the Browns had left town for Kalsing, and that her friends had come and gone as well.

"They were too dear and kind for anything; and, only fancy, they asked me and Ethel to spend six months with them! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

All the members of the party had

amused themselves so well in New York that they left it with regret; but their plans were made, and they never thought of altering them.

On the day fixed, Sir Robert sent off a packet to his solicitor, telling him where to address him and asking him to remember his letters, paid the hotel bills, counted the change methodically, entered the amount expended in his notebook, and was ready to move. Mr. Ramsay, who was supposed to have applied himself to and to have mastered the American system of checking baggage, bought the tickets, and showed Ethel what he called "the brasses," saying he hoped he wouldn't lose them, as it would be "confoundedly awkward" if he did, and there would be "no end of a piece of business to recover the luggage." Parsons became again a peripatetic mass of parcels. Mrs. Sykes sold her red-satin gown to the housekeeper for more than she had given for it originally, and gave the chambermaid who had attended her ten cents. Final courtesies—flowers, books, notes—poured in upon them, and they left for Washington and the West "much pleased with what they had seen of the Northern Americans."

Lest any one should accuse Mrs. Sykes of ingratitude, it should be said that when the duke (who had been barely civil to her, though very nice to the others) called on the morning of departure and wrote down an address for which she had asked him, she was deeply appreciative of the trifling service, and brown-sugared her voice to any extent in making her acknowledgments.

"Thank you so *very* much," she said. "It will be of the *greatest* use to me; and I do hope to have the *honor* and *pleasure* of meeting your grace again some day."

To which his grace made no reply whatever.

F. C. BAYLOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LETTERS FROM SONORA.

BENSON, ARIZONA, April, 1883.

I HAVE reached the last town on United States ground where we make any stay. To-night at about ten I shall have crossed the line, and tomorrow afternoon I can write about my first impressions of Sonora.

It is hot, dusty, and desolate,—three adjectives without which it were impossible to describe this region. The town is not picturesque, nor is its architecture complicated. In all there are some forty houses, built, like this hotel, chiefly of empty packing-boxes, the stencilled directions of which represent the only evident application of paint in this vicinity. A dusty space between us and the railroad is called "the street," and, there being but one, no further distinction was deemed requisite. Beyond the low bank a flat, treeless plain stretches away some forty or fifty miles, growing bluer as it recedes, until it rises against the white sky in the long, dim line of the mountains. Here and there a solitary cactus stands out clumsily, looking like a swollen telegraph-post, on which the eye rests thankfully after vainly seeking for some one definite, individual object in the distant blue. Behind the house we have the same view, the foreground alone claiming our attention by the shining splendor and penetrating odor of many thousands of half-emptied tin cans, piled up with an ostentatious disregard for symmetry.

Beyond an occasional puff of smoke from the "smelter," half a mile lower down, nothing stirs, and the silence is depressingly unbroken. The only symptoms of verdure are exhibited before the hotel porch, in the shape of four bean-stalks trained along elaborately-knotted strings and growing out of jardinières variously labelled "Soapine," "Excelsior Candles," "Warner's Liver Cure," and "Ayer's Invigorating Extract,"—in which last, however, the refractory vegetable has turned to a reddish mummy color. My only companion is a

broken-down frontiersman, on his way to Tombstone to try his luck. His chief occupation consists in picking his teeth with an old screw-driver and expectorating alternately to the right or left at intervals of about a minute. Every half-hour he offers to treat to whiskey, and at the quarters he mildly suggests that it is my turn. He is a man of few but forcible words. He has been in Sonora, and returned the following answer to my inquiries as to how he had liked it:

"Wal, perfess'r, I ain't very pertic'ler 'bout who I sociates with, pervided they'se gentlemen, nor 'bout what I eat or drink, s'long's I git enough. But blank my blank blank skin ef So-nory ain't just the blank blank blankedest camp I ever blank struck. I couldn't git on there nohow; blank me ef I could; an' I don't intend to return. Yer see, I'm gettin' kind of broken-up like, and I calc'late I'm goin' to pass in my checks purty blank soon; so, yer see, I guess I'll go to hell straight. You're a young man, an' you might as well try So-nory first, so when you jine me down below it'll seem kind of easy like. Come, hev a drink. No, sir, So-nory ain't no place for a white man, nor for a gentleman neither." This is encouraging.

GUAYMAS, SONORA, April, 1883.

We left Benson last evening about six. There are no sleeping-cars on the road,—mere rattan-seated smoking-cars, into which a slightly-mixed crowd of miners, prospectors, soldiers, and other roughs equally qualified for the United States service tumbled as best they could. Many of these got off soon, to take the stage for Tombstone. We stopped at Calabazas to take tea, and found encamped there a hundred or two cavalymen on their way to fight the Apaches, and shortly afterward arrived at Nogales, the frontier town, where our luggage was summarily examined in the baggage-car and rechecked for Guaymas.



Several Mexicans got on the train, bringing, besides innumerable parcels, several fighting-cocks, a young pig or two, kittens, puppies, and a large number of babies. In each car there was a band of amateur musicians, whose music consisted chiefly of howling and swearing at the audience, which in turn kept up the chorus. Sleep was decidedly out of the question: still, I piled up several seats, vaguely hoping that I might become accustomed to the noise, and perhaps fall asleep for an hour or two; but my hopes were speedily dispelled by a Mexican infant, who found it rare fun to pound the back of my head; and if I turned round, there was another youngster waiting to get a chance at me. It was too dark to read, and the moon was not up, so that I could see nothing from the window. Men and women were drinking heavily all night, and the noise grew deafening, so that toward morning I sought refuge in the baggage-car, where I finally fell asleep.

At about eight A.M. we stopped for breakfast at Hermosillo, the capital of the State, and, after much trouble, managed to get a kind of *sancocho*, for which there is no name in other languages; nor is this stew ever likely to be in great demand among white men. (A "white man," by the way, not only means a foreigner, but it implies the nominee's claim to the title of gentleman and good fellow,—it being denied by frontiersmen that a Mexican ever combined these qualities.) At 8.30 we started again, and crossed the river, along the banks of which lie beautifully green fruit-gardens, over which the trees form so thick a canopy that you can nowhere see the ground below. But we were soon past these, and out on the plain, which stretched away to right and left of us until some fifty miles away the horizon was bounded by a low range of hills of the most delicate blue. We passed through long tracts of dry, cracked, but rich-looking ground. It had not rained for more than six months; and yet there was quite a heavy growth of bushes, and wherever we passed a moist

spot the trees were large, crowded together, and still green with last year's leaves, which resemble feathers, they are so light and symmetrically ranged along the stem. Around these oases were scattered a few mud huts, often merely a roof of dry branches supported on crooked tree-trunks. Sometimes an adobe house, with heavy wooden trellis-work over the openings, a brick roof covered with a foot of clay, and the whole whitewashed, represented the *casa mayor* of the rancho. Within reach of the water we could see a few *rosas* and *nulpas* (corn-patches tilled, the first with a species of hoe, the second with a Mexican plough), but beyond this no sign of cultivation could be discovered. The yellow grass of the prairie seems, notwithstanding its apparent dryness, to be excellent fodder for the cattle, of which many were grazing near the railroad-line and ran away as we came nearer. There is no murrain, no disease of any kind to frighten the ranchero. Provided the rainy season has been a fair one, he knows that his herds are multiplying and are in good condition. If there has been but a slight fall of rain, he must simply drive his stock nearer to the next river. For himself and his household he has raised enough corn to last until the next crop; he has as many chickens as he will want, a few pigs, and now and then he kills a cow or an ox, which gives him meat for a month or so; and from the grease he makes the dozen candles he requires (the fibre of the mezcal makes a very good wick). His saddle is still in good order, he has a carbine, an imitation Smith & Wesson, a belt full of cartridges, and a good mule. By selling a cow he can buy enough cotton to clothe his family and a little coffee and *panocha* (brown sugar), which are his luxuries. Once a year he can indulge in a new hat. Beyond the above he has nothing to wish for. He looks with astonishment at the passing train, and wonders at the stupidity of people who crowd the occupations of a week into one day. What is the use of going so fast? If you get through with so

much to-day, what are you going to do to-morrow? Following this line of philosophy, he prefers to ride along the road within forty yards of the rail-track, and prefers supervising his pack-train himself to taking a ticket, checking his luggage, and having nothing more to occupy his mind. After all, he may be right.

We were still on the plain, but the hills on either side of us were drawing nearer together. The ranchos occurred more frequently as we neared the coast, and every quarter of an hour we passed a train of forty or fifty mules, or a line of heavy carts bringing in concentrates to be shipped or going toward the mountains with mine and mill-supplies.

My neighbor, a railroad-man, pointed to the neck of my flask, which I had had refilled at Hermosillo. "I see you know how to travel," he remarked, in an insinuating tone which caused the flask to travel from my pocket to his lips. After a long drink, he offered me a dram of my own brandy with so much politeness that I felt obliged to accept it. "You are a stranger, sir, I presume," my friend remarked, as I coughed and spluttered. "Mezcal always seems strong at first; but you should drink nothing else in this country. Beer will make you sick and bilious, not to mention the fact that it costs from fifty cents to a dollar a bottle and is always warm. Red or white wine will irritate the blood, even to producing a rash, and will interfere with your sleep. Liqueurs are poison; and brandy or whiskey will go to your head at once, and, worse than that, you cannot touch either without showing it clearly in your face. That mezcal you have there is good; you know, it is distilled from the bulb of the aloes, and I don't believe it is mixed with alcohol from the sugar refineries. Would you mind letting me taste it again? No, it is not; nor is it mixed with *techuguia*, a liquor distilled from the bulb of the mountain cactus, which is too strong to be drunk alone, and gives the mixture a very objectionable flavor."

We reached a long dike thrown across an arm of the bay, and stopped

some little time. In the blue bay thousands of silvery fish were continually jumping out of the water in such numbers that the splashing noise they made as they fell back sounded like rain. Above them a few pelicans circled slowly, lazily flapping their wings, and looking, with their heads thrown back and their long beaks uplifted, as though they were solving some problem of metaphysics. Suddenly they would fold their wings, dart perpendicularly down, make a great splash on the smooth surface of the water, and presently reappear with a writhing fish in their bills. We moved on slowly, and at last reached the station, about two hours behind time. But two hours, or two minutes, can make no possible difference in a country where there is such a superfluity of time.

We took a carriage and drove to the International Hotel,—a large, rambling, one-storied structure, covering about a block,—where I am now writing, having, at no small expense and with considerable difficulty, secured a room for myself alone. Everything is supremely dirty, of course. As in all hot countries, there is a court-yard in the centre of the house, on which all the rooms open. There are no glass windows: heavy wooden shutters that won't shut, and an unlocked iron grating to which I have no key, constitute my sole protection from the innumerable loafers that lie around in the street. On the other side the door has not even a latch. The partition between my room and the next is full of long holes,—doors, windows, or what you may choose to call them,—through which one cannot help seeing what one's neighbors are doing.

On arriving, I went round to see the consul, who is our agent, and presented my letters. I told him I expected to get away to-night, or to-morrow at latest, and was somewhat surprised to see him smile ironically. He asked me to come and see him at six (!) to-morrow morning, when we could talk matters over comfortably. "You had best go to your room," he said, "and try to sleep a few hours: we do nothing, you know, between noon and four or five in

the evening, and after supper is no time for business."

HERMOSILLO, April, 1883.

You may wonder how it happens that I have retraced my steps instead of pursuing my journey toward Alamos. I learned on the morning after my arrival that the boys and mules from the mine had reached Guaymas safely, and I was, consequently, greatly surprised when our agent told me he had been unable to procure any animals for me. "He had sent to all the neighboring ranchos, but had everywhere met with a decided refusal. The Apaches were on the war-path, and had recently committed several murders in the very district through which we must pass, and across which they were now driving whole herds of captured cattle. None were willing to risk their mules; and it would be much better for me to take the steamer, the Sonora, as far as Altata, and come up to Alamos from the south." I did not like to contradict him, and thought, moreover, that he knew the country much better than I did, and hence it was advisable to listen to him rather than follow my own inclinations, which would have prompted me to ride across country, Apaches or no Apaches. The mules were not on hand, however, and I felt that there was now no need for hurry. So, having three days to fill up as best I could, I ran up here.

I "did" Guaymas in about an hour. It consists of an agglomeration of adobe houses, among which you occasionally find a brick one, built along the bay, the outlet of which you cannot see, as the mountains seem completely to enclose the basin at the bottom of which Guaymas collects and absorbs the maximum amount of heat absorbable. There still remains something of a church. Juarez, you remember, dispossessed the Church of its property, and in many instances actually blew up the building itself. Here it consists of but four bare walls. Some little distance beyond, nearly opposite the railway-station, lies the French burial-ground, where, in '66, the bodies of the French soldiers who

had fallen were interred together. Not a grave is left intact: all have been rifled, and the headstones so mutilated that to-day not a name or date is legible to recall the heroic stand which a few French soldiers made against several thousand Mexicans.

There is, as you see, nothing of interest in Guaymas. It is a true Spanish colonial town, now overrun by a horde of foreign adventurers, many of whom have lost the main characteristics of their nationality. I was much struck by the universal hatred shown to Americans, not only by the Mexicans, but by all the other foreigners. We have no protection to expect from our representatives, as these have no authority to act: any Italian, Greek, or Belgian is respected far more than a Yankee, because should he get into trouble his consul will help him out, whereas the Yankee must help himself. Besides, there are no prosperous American business-houses there. As soon as a Yankee house opens its doors, both French and Germans combine to ruin it. The trade of this coast from Guaymas, the northernmost port, to Panama, the southernmost, is, one may say, entirely in the hands of Germans, the French representing mainly the hotel and café element. Curiously enough, these very Germans, who have done what they could to oppose the progress of Americans on the Pacific coast, will return to Germany and float the stars and stripes on the Fourth of July.

As a port, Guaymas is a perfect failure. It was supposed that, being the terminus of a road connecting with the main southern railroads of the United States, and at the same time a port of entry, it would soon develop into an important town. But the traditions of its former indolent existence proved stronger than the new spirit of enterprise which a few foreigners introduced and endeavored to acclimatize: their energy soon succumbed to the effects of the climate and to the obstacles which a despotic routine was constantly throwing before them. It is the obvious duty of the railroads, with their civilizing, organ-

izing influence, and through the facilities for transportation and communication which they should offer, to overcome the native indolence, by creating new industries, and thus increasing the circulation of capital, by compelling a brisk, active service along the line, and by teaching these people, not the value of time,—that were too great a jump at first,—but that time really exists and should be taken into account as one of the chief factors in the life of business.

Hermosillo, although the capital of the State (which is at least as large as the whole of New England), has only some eight thousand inhabitants. It is, however, nearly impossible to assign any definite number as that of the population of one of these towns. The *rancheros* and *hacenderos* within a radius of twenty leagues are constantly coming to and going from the town, which to-day may count ten thousand inhabitants and to-morrow not more than five thousand. The total population of the State of Sonora is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand, the greater part of which is of Indian blood.

On reaching the hotel, which here also is kept by a Frenchman, the first question I put to myself and to my companion was, "Now, what on earth shall we do with ourselves?" There are no public buildings to visit, no sights to see, and it is impossible to drive about, on account of the wind, which raises such a cloud of red dust that one is stifled at once. These wind-storms are the great objection to the place, for they come on as often as twice a week. On off-days you sit on the benches round the plaza, which is quite a pretty one, listen to an asthmatic band, and admire the *señoritas*, who walk past bare-headed, and who have a way of using their large dark eyes that renders any knowledge of their language quite superfluous. The *coiffure* is not pretty: the hair is parted from the forehead straight back to the neck, and divided into two long tapered tresses that hang down like a double Chinese pigtail. The men sit and stare at them as they pass,

or follow them round in groups of two or three, but without ever speaking to them. It is deliciously, ideally stupid.

We are lying in hammocks under the porch that runs around the *patio*, patiently waiting for something—anything—to turn up. A half-naked native has just rushed in, and is talking excitedly with the hotel-keeper, who steps forward from behind his desk with the satisfied air of a man who has something interesting to tell. Don Porfirio Olazabal, one of the most noted lawyers in the State, and the most prominent man after the governor, has just been carried home in a senseless condition, and Manuel, the governor's *mozo*, was seen galloping out of town half an hour ago. The inference was simple enough. Don Porfirio belonged to the opposition. The governor summoned Manuel, and said,—

"You want to make twenty-five dollars?"

"Why not, señor?"

"Well, I want to get rid of Olazabal for a month or so; but no gunpowder, you understand."

"Si, señor," answers Manuel, with a grin. "Is there a mule ready?"

"Of course."

"Very well, sir. Twenty and five—twenty-five,—that is quite right; and—a little mezcal to keep the dust off?"

"Here is the bottle."

That was all the conversation. Half an hour later, Don Porfirio got his head broken by a drunken man who happened to carry a revolver,—so lucky he had no cartridges!

"And—?"

"*Nada!* He must be ten miles away by this time, and the devil himself could not catch him now. *Que curamba!* on one of the governor's best mules, and a start of half an hour!"

"But there is a regiment here."

"Of course there is: they sweep the streets and pick up a drunkard now and then. But Manuel—ha! ha! The wind blows south and east and west and north: does any one catch the wind?"

"And Don Porfirio?" I asked.

"He will get well in time and play a



trump on the governor: there is no hurry. *Caramba!* what a capital joke, eh?"

GUAYMAS, April, 1883.

We are off this evening, and I have but time to notify you. My companion is an old Gascon peasant, who was worth three or four millions at the time of the French war, which property was all confiscated; but he borrowed something, put up a flour-mill, had some good wheat-crops, and is, they say, now worth eight millions. He swears by the soil, of course. Just think of what he got out of it in a few years. I jabber his own *patois* to him, and he is, consequently, my "best friend."

LA PAZ, BAJA CALIFORNIA, April, 1883.

We arrived here this morning about six, after a most uneventful passage. As we neared the town, the captain pointed out the long low islands behind which the pirates used to hide themselves. Along the borders of the narrow but deep creeks the palms grow in thick groves straight from the water's edge, and hang over so that the yards have to be cockbilled; but, thus hidden in the very centre of what seems to be a continuous grove of palms, they could defy detection by even the best glass. But that is all over now, and these creeks have but an historic interest for us, although it is possible that to a smuggler they may yet be of some practical use. The only boats we see are the oyster-boats used by the pearl-divers. Sharks are numerous, and follow persistently in our wake, but the natives do not seem to mind them, and dive after oysters under their very noses.

When you want good pearls, or a handsome tortoise-shell, you leave your order at the grocery-store by the custom-house, and on your return the man pulls out a cigar-box from under the counter, and from a medley of fish-hooks, lines, samples of ore, and gold specimens, he picks out the best pearls he has been able to buy. Those I saw were good neither in color nor in shape, nor were they cheap,—although a very large and handsome pearl may occasion-

ally be picked up for much less than its value, simply because money in large sums is scarce, and rich men prefer the many pounds of silver dollars to the few grains of the unmounted shell.

The town is extremely uninteresting, and is composed of long rows of one-storied adobe houses, from the interiors of which melancholy-looking palms shoot out skyward, sixty feet or more, then, as if despairing of ever reaching the white-blue vault above, they droop their heavy feathered heads. A host of black, bald-headed vultures hangs over the town, unmolested in their position of official scavengers: they are quite tame, and perch on the fences, on corner-stones, on roofs, trees, bushes, porches,—in fact, everywhere, although they seem to prefer the cactus columns.

There is some talk of gold placers in the interior, but these lie in the midst of a barren, waterless desert, where, as the Mexican says, none but a Gringo will be such a fool as to go and hunt for gold. There seem to be no good investments in this part of the State. Farther north, opposite Guaymas, they have some very good argentiferous copper-mines in close proximity to the sea, which promise very remarkable results. But you refuse to speculate in mines. Would you try a venture in pearls?

CULIACAN, SINALOA, April, 1883.

We left La Paz on the day before yesterday, at about eight in the evening. We should have started at two, but the captain was dining with Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent, and the coffee was late: what was the use of hurrying? At four yesterday afternoon we sighted the schooner that was to meet us off Altata (where there is but little water on the bar), boarded her, and, after drifting about in the fog for six hours, we had gone the distance of seven miles which separated us from the shore, and at ten landed at the railroad-wharf. The Sinaloa and Durango Railroad had just built a new hotel, and we rushed toward it, to find one small attic-room for seven of us, and for supper two squash-pies and a bottle of wine. Having thrown

for the room and being one of the two lucky winners, I retired with my companion, a California farmer who had heard much of the rich lands of Durango and had come down to investigate. He had spent the morning in making inquiries, and was quite enthusiastic about the prospect. A *sitio* (7.0225 square miles) of government land is worth five hundred pesos (1 peso = 85 to 87 cents); and he is confident that he can make it pay.

Altata is a mere village, and one of the poorest class. How any one could ever have thought of making it the terminus of a railroad I am at a loss to understand. It is not a port, although it is on the coast. There is no industry to furnish freight for the road, and the railroad company itself, having spent all the money granted by the central government for a much longer road, is not doing anything to develop the lands through which it passes. They have no passenger-cars at all, and so about two we got into a freight-van and started for Culiacan, forty miles away. The road has been hurriedly and cheaply built, which accounts for the frequent wash-outs during the rainy season: the only item of expenditure was the building of a cheap bridge across the river, and this will be washed away at the first strong freshet. Where did all the money go?

Until we reached the river, we passed through a rich but uncultivated cactus-covered plain, which a little water might transform into a garden. Along the river are beautiful ranges of trees and long lines of sugar- and corn-plantations: it is too hot for wheat. Olives and grapes have not been tried: the ground much resembles that of Spanish Navarre, where grapes and olives grow so luxuriantly, and I fail to see why they should not prosper here.

It took us two hours to reach Culiacan, which at first produces the impression of being a dead Eastern town. It is the capital of the State of Sinaloa, and should be prosperous and busy. We adjourned to a very fair hotel, and, after a summary clean-up, took a run

over the town. The shops are good, and seem to do a good business, but everything is preposterously dear. Price means nothing: a man wants a thing, or he does not; if he does, the price never troubles him. Notwithstanding enormous entrance-duties, heavy cost of transportation, etc., the profits must average from two to three hundred per cent.

ALAMOS, SONORA, April, 1883.

Our journey from Culiacan has been a very severe one. The Mazatlan passengers nearly filled the stage, and, as there was no room for me inside, I clambered up to the roof, foolishly fancying that I should be able to sleep there. As soon as we had left the town I realized my mistake, for we were posting, up and down hill, over the worst paths ever called roads, as fast as six mules could gallop. Although it had been extremely warm during the day, it was now so cold that I shivered wofully, notwithstanding my heavy ulster and travelling-rug. As far as I could see in the dark, we were passing through much the same kind of country I had seen during the day. At intervals of two hours we discovered a small hut surrounded by corn-fields, and here we changed mules. So it continued for three days and nights. The country had grown rougher, the mountains were bolder in outline, and yet the general characteristics of the landscape remained the same. All along the road, it having become known that I was a professional man, samples of rich silver and copper ores were brought to me. I had the good sense to say that these stones could have no possible interest for me; and truly, tired and worn as I was, even pure gold and silver had little to say to me. I should like to go back, though, and examine these mines carefully.

Yesterday evening I strolled through the town, which much resembles all the others I have seen. There are, however, many rich families living here, and, consequently, a certain "air" which I have not noticed in other small towns. There is a large stone church in the style of the late Spanish Renaissance, and a

beautiful promenade of *alamo* trees, from which the town takes its name. Unfortunately, the greater part of these, along with one-half the town and many of the gardens, were washed away in the great flood that followed the rains of 1868.

ADUANA, June, 1883.

Since my last I have not had time to go to town, but, as the mill-office is quite a pleasant place, I have received visits from many of the rich land- and mine-owners of the neighborhood, and from them have learned many interesting facts. You want to know whether Sonora is a land of promise, what investments I would recommend, how the mines and mills are to be worked, etc. But this is asking too much at once. I would rather confine myself to describing simply what I see around me, and you can judge for yourself.

The life that we lead you would certainly not understand. Cleanliness, luxury, comfort, ease, amusement, are all unknown factors, without which we have to get along as best we can. We eat, sleep, or drink when there is an opportunity, not when we feel disposed. The months of May and June are the hottest of the year, and I find it convenient to do much of my work at night. During the rainy season, which begins next month, the nights will be very warm as well, so that work will become really painful. Still, I cannot help feeling surprised at the resignation with which we give up what we had hitherto considered necessities, and which now it never occurs to us to demand. The intellectual isolation in which I live is no doubt a great punishment, and yet, having plenty of work always on hand, I manage to make the time pass somehow. When I am too tired or disinclined to work, I fall back on what natural resources I possess, and am astonished to find how many of these there are of which I had thought nothing in other countries, and how important they have become to me. Without constant occupation life would be intolerable: the paralyzing influence of the climate would then become an enemy

from which a man's character might suffer seriously; and, indeed, a great many of the foreigners drink themselves to death.

It is impossible to apply what little law there is: the most violent measures are alone effectual. A criminal is usually most summarily disposed of: he is taken to the grave-yard, made to dig his own grave, and is shot down before it. In most cases every man takes the law into his own hands, attends to its execution himself, and escapes at once into the next State, thus saving every one considerable trouble: a year later the matter is forgotten, and he returns to resume his former existence.

We are always armed, of course. As I write, I have a revolver on the table before me and a Winchester rifle within reach. I never go down into the mine unarmed, or leave the house without a *mozo* to accompany me. When I ride out I "wear" a carbine and two revolvers; my boy behind me is similarly provided: on a long trip it is advisable to take two boys. It is not that you often have to make use of your arms, but you want to give the impression that you are never without them. If you have to discharge a man for some reason or other, he takes it as a personal insult, and would attempt to cut you down or shoot you on the spot, if he were not afraid of your superior equipment. The ordinary Mexican will rarely attempt your life unless he is safe behind you and can make good his escape if he should happen to miss you. We therefore never ride unattended. Most of the Americans who have lost their lives here have been shot down by their own boys from behind. Among the lower classes there is much bloody work, as the miners gamble and drink heavily. They wear a ten- or twenty-dollar hat, dress in the cheapest kind of cotton bunting, go about barefoot or with plain leather sandals, live on next to nothing, and gamble away the remainder of their week's pay. It is a rare thing for a Saturday night to pass without some affray: with a population of about twelve hundred, we average two

murders a week when work is regular. I am told this is the worst village in the worst district in the worst State in Mexico, and sincerely hope that this may be true, for it would be difficult to imagine a lower, more immoral or vicious state of man. Yet, when sober, these men are quite intelligent and make excellent workmen; on contract-work they will do better than American miners. But they must be constantly and carefully watched: deceit being an instinct with them, they would rather spend two days in altering the marks, so as to deceive the boss miner, than do one day's regular work.

All the natives here thoroughly hate the Americans, and consider it a praiseworthy act to rid the earth of such monsters. Nor are they wholly to blame; for the class of Americans that has penetrated as far as this is probably the very worst which our frontiers could furnish,—army-deserters, glib-tongued swindlers, quacks, and gamblers,—who all take a special delight in bullying the natives when they can, who get drunk and think it amusing to insult the Mexican who has offered them his hospitality, and to trample upon his feelings and disregard his prejudices merely for the fun of irritating him. We must not be astonished, then, at the hatred shown them, nor at the want of success of many of the enterprises attempted in this State. Some of these had no foundation whatever, were swindles from the outset, and could therefore not be expected to succeed; but others, which with the good will and help of the natives might have proved successful, have failed, owing to short-sighted managers who did not understand the men they were working with.

Intelligent and far-sighted Mexicans naturally look upon us with distrust: they foresee that before many years have passed their northern provinces will have been absorbed by the United States. Nearly all the more important enterprises are in the hands of Americans; railroads are slowly but surely forcing their way into the country, and are opening a highway through which the pushing "Gringos" will pour

into their homes, and at last, with their capital, brain, and machinery, turn these States into what they should be,—very rich grounds, yielding large profits. The time will soon come when the amount of American capital invested here will be such that it will claim national protection, and we shall add a few new Territories to our dominions much in the same way as we annexed other Spanish provinces of the West.

The whole country around us is dotted with mines,—mostly abandoned to-day, not because they could not be made to pay, but because many of them, having sunk below water-level, now require pumping- and hoisting-machinery. They are not poor men's mines, nearly all requiring some little capital; they have been worked in the crude Mexican fashion, following no plan, regardless of straight lines, without regular shafts or drifts, and often without a stick of timber. The former owners worked merely for to-day, never for to-morrow; they left no pillars, but went on robbing the mine until it caved in, or until water, coming in mainly from the outside and filtering through the attle which fills the upper workings, gradually drove them out. For a time they attempted to keep the bottom dry by baling and carrying the water out in leathern buckets on men's backs, up the notched poles they used instead of ladders. But this method soon became ineffectual: the water kept gaining, and, finding no outlet below, rose to the level of the upper drifts, where even to-day a few men are still at work picking over former refuse and making enough to keep body and soul together. In old times they only worked the richer class of ores (averaging over sixty or eighty ounces per ton), and the large dumps of many of these mines would yield very handsome profits if a practical dry concentration could be devised. At most of the mines the water-supply is barely sufficient to feed the boilers, and the manipulation of the ore, which in this district requires to be roasted, is necessarily effected by dry methods.

There is no coal within reasonable



distance, the nearest having been discovered three hundred miles away and that of very poor quality. All furnaces are constructed to run on wood, of which there is a sufficient supply. We have no timber, however: the pines grow too far away from us to be of any use; and, although we have a great variety of hard woods to choose from, these are generally too hard or too gnarled for common use. Smelting-ores are comparatively rare in this district, and are put through with charcoal, which costs half a cent per pound. Rich concentrates and ores, running from eight hundred dollars to two thousand dollars of silver per ton, and sometimes as high as thirty per cent. of copper, are shipped to Germany, where they obtain a better price than in England. Prices are very low in the United States, and hence no ore is ever shipped there. On the other hand, all the gold and silver bullion is sent to the United States. There are several mints in the country, but they charge very high rates: so that the mills merely send us as much silver as they want coined for the pay-roll. Gold we rarely see, and never in circulation. The little which is produced, although coined in this country, is bought up by the merchants and sent out of the country. We have no paper money, which is extremely awkward, as we often have to travel with twenty or thirty pounds of silver dollars, which is not only disagreeable, but rather dangerous. Bills are high. Two per cent. is the ordinary rate of exchange between this place and Guaymas or Mazatlan. Money—of which there is plenty in the State—is stored, but rarely invested or spent. The rich people live very simply, even poorly, either from choice or because they know no better. Men worth a million of dollars and doing a large business will leave their desks to sell a real's worth (twelve and a half cents) of sugar or wheat. Like the old grandes of Venice, every one keeps a shop, and, after discussing an undertaking involving two or three hundred thousand dollars, will haggle about ten or fifteen cents.

Until recently Sonora has suffered severely from political disorganization. The ministerial governor was rarely tolerated more than a few months: a *pronunciamiento* was placarded, and civil war raged perpetually. The worst characters from all the neighboring States saw in this civil war an excellent opportunity for pillage, and went about in bands of fifty or a hundred, capturing and ransoming the different towns. The Indians were often used as tools; but, having generally done the fighting, reaped all the blows, and gained nothing but sore heads, they are now no longer anxious to take to the war-path unless the plunder is assured them. The Apaches, of course, fight only for themselves, but besides these, who rarely come so far south, we have two other large nations close by, the Yaquis, along the Yaqui River, and the Mayos (along the Mayo or Manto). The former, under their chief, Cajeme, a very able man, have become a strong and well-organized nation. It is said that he can put from two thousand to three thousand men in the field, armed with repeating Winchester carbines and Smith & Wesson revolvers. No Mexican is ever allowed to leave their grounds alive; Americans and other strangers who have lost their way among the Yaqui ranchos are robbed of everything they possess, stripped naked, and conducted to the limits of the territory, with the rather unnecessary advice never to return. The government can do nothing against them, and they are left in peaceable enjoyment of the richest lands along the river. The Mayos are not nearly as dangerous: although equally warlike, they are poor and disorganized, and their efforts rarely amount to more than a mutiny against the Mexican landholders. They are poorly armed, and are always easily defeated, although they are not lacking in bravery; but they understand nothing of strategy, and come on in a solid body, like a flock of sheep being led to the slaughter-house. Still, they are dangerous neighbors, as they are upon us in a single night, running fifty miles between sundown and dawn and falling upon us unawares.

For this reason, a number of spies is kept among them, with orders to gallop over at the first sign of an uprising. They are a handsome race, but ignorant and sullen-faced, owing no doubt to the state of slavery in which they are kept by their Mexican lords. In some of their villages I have seen very handsome women, white as creoles, with blue or gray eyes and light hair. The men are usually much darker. For the time being these Indians are quiet, having received a terrible thrashing last November in the neighborhood of Navajoa. The people seem to be more or less satisfied with the present governor. They are tired of fighting, and we shall no doubt have a quiet year.

All these elements of discord have no doubt contributed largely toward retarding the development of industry in this State; but they may now be considered as things of the past. The people have at last recognized that they could gain nothing under such management, and, being tired of war and disorder, are willing to submit to a less exciting but more healthful government; not that they have reformed or are much better than before, but they have understood the necessity of an established authority. This new *régime* is stronger and perhaps more honest than any they have had hitherto, and they are willing to give it a fair trial. The reorganization will take time, but it has begun.

RANCHO DE LA PAZ ETERNA, June, 1883.

The longer I stay and the more I look about me, the stronger grows the conviction that there is much money to be made in this country with a reasonable capital to start with and a clear-headed manager,—one who knows how to talk to these people and look at things from their stand-point as well as from his. Of course you do not want to trust them out of your sight; but it is needless to tell them this and create ill feeling, as our countrymen are fond of doing. Their standards of honor, honesty, and morals are lower than ours, but in practical life they come perhaps nearer to their standard than we do to ours.

The lower classes really have no standard at all, and are little better than dumb animals. Until Juarez broke the power of the priests, the Church rule was absolute, and required that the people should be kept in the most complete ignorance. Through the women the clergy held the few educated or more liberal families, and is even now attempting to regain some of its former power through them. Its influence, far from being a moralizing one, was demoralizing in the extreme. As long as a man recognized the authority of the priest and paid over to him one-third of his property he was free to commit any crime, and was rather encouraged in this direction, for each crime meant an absolution-fee of a few pesos.

As is always the case when a nation has risen against and repudiated its recognized religion, the reaction is a very violent one, and must continue until the recognition and proper administration of social law have replaced the former arbitrary authority of the priests.

The low-born Mexican of Indian blood has no principles and no code of morals. He knows no curb for his passions. He steals anything within reach, often merely because the opportunity was good and he could not resist the temptation. His plunder may be of no possible use to him, yet, if he can, he will steal for the sake of stealing. Life is of so little account that he kills in fight or murders coldly without remorse. He is cruel, vindictive, passionate, licentious, crafty, and discontented, ignoring the difference between mine and thine, and only recognizing superior strength. Family feeling, which is so important a factor in our communities, does not exist here among the people. The mother defends her children, as any animal will defend its young, until they are old enough to take care of themselves. Few children know their father even by name. A workman comes along from some other camp and wants a hut for a year, or for whatever time he may stay in the present village, and he takes the first vacant one he can find, along with the woman who lives in it and her family. When

he goes away, another comes along and fills his place.

But to return to our own condition. You must not imagine that these ranchos and haciendas are the luxurious abodes we were accustomed to read of in books. On a slight eminence in the centre of a sun-burnt, rock-bound plain stands a long, one-storied adobe building, the rear walls of which are propped up by odd posts and old iron pipes where the heavy rains of last year have caused them to bulge. Around this dismal rectangle runs a half-dilapidated porch, on the brick floor of which we stretch out the strip of leather that is our bed, have a basket of pitayas brought to us, and lie down to wait until the noon heat passes off and allows us to get into the saddle again.

In the plain before us nothing moves, and not a sound is heard. The red, cracked earth looks blurred in the vapor of the rising and visible heat, and the dry leaves and hollow thorns of the mantos seem to stir softly in the burning current. Under the roof of the corral the mules stand sleepily, with drooping heads and blinking eyes, looking at their fodder, but too tired to touch it. Beyond the foreground of bare brown hills the red walls of the mountains rise perpendicularly, growing blue and ever bluer as they recede, until the last ridge can hardly be distinguished against the sky. Here and there a bold chasm breaks the stone wall abruptly, and its shadow draws a long, blackish triangle against the red porphyry, from the apex of which the white line of pebbles of the arroyo zigzags toward the plain. We lie for some hours, stupefied, unable to think, hardly able to perceive, and with but just enough strength left in us to raise a cigar to our lips. But now the four-o'clock breeze has sprung up, and the overseer comes along,—an energetic, quick-witted fellow, with a face like the portrait of some old Spanish nobleman. I have often wondered why some courageous young artist has not made a campaign through this country; for, besides the magnificent scenery (the rendering of which would, of course; be

extremely difficult), you meet everywhere with the most curious and interesting faces, that seem to belong to other ages, and many of which nature seems to have recopied from Velasquez.

While the mules are being saddled, we stand round talking excitedly about nothing. Ballesteros points out a peak some ten miles away from us, and then to another at about the same distance on the other side. The line through those two points, he says, is our northern boundary; but no one has ever climbed up there, unless perhaps some crazy little Indian. Nevertheless, those peaks are our boundary-stones, along with others, beyond that hill, which we cannot see from here.

"But," I answered, "that is impossible: the title-deed only mentions two sitios [1 sitio = 7.0225 sq. m.], and according to your indications there would be about ten or twelve."

"Yes, señor, that is always the way with the old titles. I have a copy here, and will explain to you how the old surveyors used to go about their work. They first chose a central spot, which here is marked '*los pozos*,' and where we will go at once, so that you may understand me better. Now," he went on, as we reached the spot, "first let us find the north and draw a meridian. That tree over there will do very well for one end of our line, and for the other end the top of that hill will answer. The distance between those two points must be about one thousand yards.—*Hepa, Juan!* just run from that tree straight toward the top of the hill and count if it is not one thousand paces."

The boy came back after a moment: "You are quite right, Don Cucho. What a man you are to see exactly! Just a little, little more than the thousand,—a nothing, a mere jump. Three steps, perhaps; well, not more than five, certainly. Ah, Don Cucho, what a man he is for measuring!"

Ballesteros smiled. "Now, Don Juan, come with me as far as the tree. So. If it is a thousand yards from the hill to the tree, it will be about three thousand from here to the top of the ridge youn-

der; and see how well those peaks come in. We will take a line through them for a boundary. That one there and that other one a little to the right will do for the other line. We will put them down as two thousand farther. Now, two thousand five hundred east and west to those ridges we see from here,—that makes the two sitios the man wanted; and, measured by a government surveyor, there cannot be more than two sitios, though a non-official man might find twelve or fifteen."

"But," I asked, "what does the present government have to say about this?"

"Well, they have instituted the *demasias*" (literally, "the excesses"). "The owner of the original title (*título de merced*) can denounce these *demasias*, have them surveyed, and pay for them at the rate of five hundred pesos per sitio. If any one else steps in, the title-holder objects, and a delay of two years is granted him wherein to make good his payment. At the end of those two years he goes to the capital of the State, hobnobs with the official in charge, and tells him to prepare his papers in, say, six months. If the other buyer comes in before that time, he is told that the papers are already being made out, and is at once convinced that he had best look for other lands. Every large ranch around here contains six or seven times the nominal amount of land; but a systematic survey would cost too much. We are at a long distance from Mexico, and the government representatives are all strong land-holders, who are not anxious to enforce laws which might strip them of a large part of their property, and whom it were dangerous to offend, as they could easily provoke a revolution."

"Still, the taxes should be paid," I ventured.

"A Mexican pays no taxes,—or they are purely nominal, señor. You foreigners have to do all that. You are not only made to pay large sums for repairing the roads, etc., but, as you make use of these roads, you are expected and obliged to do yourselves the

very work for the execution of which you have paid. After all, it is quite fair. You come into our country, and, because you have money, you dispossess us of our properties, make the fortunes that should belong to us, and which now leave the country, instead of being employed in new developments at home which would give us work, pay, and an easier life."

"Supposing you had money and this land were yours, what would you do with it?"

"The question is a double one, señor. Can I have water? or is my capital too small to put up centrifugals? If I cannot have water, I would start with a hundred cows or so. There is plenty of good fodder for them all through these hills, there is drinking-water enough, and we have no cattle-diseases. Our sole expenses are the wages of a couple of vaqueros at five dollars a month and two almuds of corn. Each cow will give us a calf yearly. Besides this, she will net us from two to three dollars on cheese and milk, for which there is a good market. Three-year-olds are worth from thirteen to eighteen dollars. I would also buy some fifty horses and fifty jacks, who would be allowed to run loose for two years before we really began to select the breed. No stables are required,—merely a corral of cacti near the water. We have to plant a few fields of corn for ourselves and for the men we employ, and we reap two crops a year. The leaves go to the stable, and what is sold of the grain will more than cover all expenses. Up in the cañadas we can keep pigs and fatten them on corn for two months of the year before the soap-making season begins. Each pig will give two hundred pounds of the rough soap we use here, and of which there is never enough. The palmar-christi grows magnificently anywhere, and we could set out large tracts of it where there is little water, and the oil produced can be worked off as soap or as oil. The duties on all these articles are so high and the cost of transportation from the United States is such that we have large margins. The most profit-

Upon his



able industry would be the production of mezcal. The plant does not ripen for six years, it is true; but it requires no care, and grows where nothing else will prosper. Each plant, with care and planting, may cost about five cents, and, once turned to liquor, is generally estimated at netting from one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half. The mill required is not a costly one, and would only have to be erected in the sixth year out of the profits of other products of the ranch.

"Supposing we could put up pumps and organize a system of irrigation,—which, after all, would not require a very large capital,—we can grow sugar-cane on our best lands, and produce *panocha*,—the brown sugar of the country, which the natives prefer to the more expensive white article. Everything grows here. I raise coffee and tobacco for my own use. There is a shrub which gives an excellent substitute for tea. Orange-trees produce from eight to ten dollars a year. Olives and grapes would grow well; and all vegetables grow splendidly if they can get enough water, which I am supposing to be the case. The hills and cañadas are covered with rare and valuable woods and medicinal plants. Many of the flowers could be made to yield excellent essential oils; and I cannot conceive of a better, more promising enterprise for two energetic young men with a sufficient knowledge of engineering and chemistry. I would never advise one man alone to undertake this, as things would go wrong the minute his back was turned. Two are necessary; and they should have some strong Mexican friend whose influence would be such as to shield them from the undue taxations and exactions with which the State government would be sure to burden them if the enterprise were successful. A man with knowledge and some capital can do everything down here; a man with knowledge but without capital can do nothing; and a man with capital but without knowledge will fall among thieves."

Upon saying which, Ballesteros buckled on his spurs and took me over the ground,

to show me that his views were not exaggerated.

AJIÁVAMPO, SONORA, July, 1883.

We reached this place a few hours ago, after a long and wearisome journey. It is the only post in the State below Guaymas; and, as nearly all the supplies for the mines of Southern Sonora, Northern Sinaloa and Durango, and Southwestern Chihuahua are discharged here, one would expect some movement, some excitement. But the village is perfectly and absolutely dead. On the sand by the shore, which is two miles away from here, a good deal of valuable machinery is piled up and going to ruin, as are many thousand tons of mine- and mill-machinery all over the State. The custom-house officer lives alone in his castle by the sea, the solitary contemplation of which he has enjoyed for fourteen years. It seems incredible that a thinking being should be willing to submit to such isolation and actually prefer it to a more active life; but the element "time" never seems to mean anything to these people. He showed me how the Indians catch fish without hook, net, or trap, by running a small shoal of them up on to the sand. And it was quite a pretty and exciting sight to see these two naked bronzes chase the fish back and forward from one to the other, gradually closing the triangle, and finally, with one quick rush, frightening them up on to the beach. He tells me they catch and kill tigers in as simple a way. One Indian, accompanied by his dogs, occupies the animal's attention while the other creeps up behind and seizes him by the tail. Owing to his short, stiff neck, the tiger cannot turn round, and as long as the man behind him holds on he rushes away over the ground, dragging him after him at a fearful pace. With one hand the Indian holds on, and with the other belabors the animal with blows from the blunt edge of his machete until he drops. Should he lose his hold, he is a dead man; and often, unable to keep up with the bounds of the tiger, he is torn to pieces on the rocks which he is unable

to clear. This species of hunt must require more than ordinary pluck, and must be a most exciting scene to witness.

We have had our first serious rain, and must get back to the mines at once. Here all is quiet, save on the other side of the village a group of Indians, who are singing a wild kind of song, each verse of which ends with a peculiar melancholy yell, answered at intervals by some other Indians half a mile away, or by the dismal bark of the coyote in the thicket.

ALAMOS, July, 1883.

We have just arrived, having left this morning before sunrise, when the *tortilleras* were pounding the corn and lime (which make our bread) in the flat stone mortars and lightly toasting the heavy cakes over the hot earthen dish, just as described by Antonio Solis in his "Conquest of Mexico." It seems strange that more than two centuries should have changed so few of the customs of these countries. As we arrived in town the women were returning from church, where they had gone to pray for rain. My friend Don Gomez Garcia, whose house I visit quite freely, was standing by me as we watched them pass, and I could not help asking him how it was that, having known him so long, I had never been presented to any of the ladies of his household. His answer was characteristic. "Bah!" he said; "we are ashamed of our women. They can only talk with the priests in church, or of religion out of church. They were made to stay at home, and their place is in the bedroom. I should be very sorry to have you afflicted with their conversation for half an hour. Then, you know, at fifteen, when we marry them, they are merely girls, and at twenty they are already old women."

It seems that we are to have some trouble, as the Indians are supposed to be rising, and we must prepare to receive them,—one of the pleasant duties of a responsible position here. During my absence two superintendents have been

shot by their men, and there seems to be a general feeling of uneasiness in the air.

ADUANA, SONORA, October, 1883.

The rainy season is over, and we have had but two or three storms. While these lasted, however, they attempted to make up for lost time. The arroyo, which at two in the afternoon was a dry stone path, could not have been crossed at four. Many houses were washed away; all leaked; and on one occasion we spent twenty-four hours on the large office-table, there being a foot of water on the floor. Ugly news are coming in from all quarters. The crops were bad, and a famine is imminent. Yellow Jack has appeared along the coast, and there reigns a regular panic in Alamos, which has suffered severely, many young men from here having been stricken down in Guaymas, Hermosillo, etc. Nearly all the families have fled into the mountains, and a strict quarantine has been established. They shoot down all who attempt to force it. The other day the inhabitants of Altata drove off a caravan of refugees from Mazatlan by firing upon them; and, by a curious coincidence, two days later the town of Altata was swallowed up by a tidal wave which has left the former plaza ten feet below water. The people are naturally very much exercised about it, as they understand it to mean that God will not have the progress of the scourge impeded. The mines are all full of water, and many have suspended operations. So that, with famine, fever, and another threatened outbreak of the Indians, we are looking forward to bad times. Sonora has its drawbacks.

ALAMOS, November, 1883.

There was a grand festival here last night, which my friends advised me not to attend, as feeling is running very high against Americans. In Chihuahua they have introduced the new nickel coins, and the people have attributed the yellow fever to this measure and given it the nickname of "nickel fever." On his return, I asked my boy whether he had

had a good time. "Not the first night," he answered: "they only killed one man. But last night it was magnificent: they killed and wounded eleven!" Strange people! Alejo is certainly not a matador; he is far above the average, thoroughly honest, trustworthy, and brave, yet he cannot refrain from delighting in bloodshed. His ideas of respect, too, toward his master would hardly be tolerated in more advanced centres. When he feels thirsty he first offers me my own bottle, then takes a pull at it himself; sometimes he comes into my room where I may be working and helps himself to a cigar. Still, I know he would touch neither the bottle nor the tobacco during my absence. His pride suffers terribly at being my servant, and these little freaks of independence reconcile him to his position: he knows I am his superior, but it costs him a great deal to acknowledge it. Taking him altogether, he is not a very satisfactory man; and yet I always feel perfectly secure with him, and sure that he would betray me neither for one dollar nor for a thousand. It would not perhaps be wise to boast of his resisting a larger sum, but I doubt whether I am worth more than a thousand to any one who wishes to get rid of me. So I might as well pay the poor fellow this high compliment.

PALMAREJO, CHIHUAHUA, December, 1883.

I have just reached this place, after a most tedious journey across the mountains, where we were overtaken by cold and hunger. What we call cold amounts to no more than perhaps half an inch of ice during the night; but when you reflect that we live in houses which are mere open sheds, without fireplaces or stoves, and that there is no way of keeping out the wind, you will understand that we suffer more than you in a warm New-England house with the glass below zero outside. Even the richest in the country have no means of heating their houses: they sit around, shivering in their large rooms, muffled up in blankets, and looking as miserable and blue as the most destitute in our States.

The cold lasts but a few days every year, and the rest of the winter is ideal, —no rain, no snow, no clouds, no fog, but a clear, bracing air and a perpetual blue sky above; it is very warm at noon, but the mornings and evenings are exquisite.

The superintendent of these mines, to whom I had letters, received me very well, and offered me his hospitality, which I immediately, although reluctantly, accepted, to avoid creating any ill feeling. Before leaving Alamos my friend Garcia had informed me that he was the greatest brigand in this part of the country, and, as he lived far from the capital (Chihuahua) and near the borders of Sonora, he carried on his robberies openly and without fear of being molested. "If I give you a letter to him," Garcia went on, "the lesser brigands along the road will consider you as his rightful prey, and, as they are afraid of him, they will not attempt to harm you. You are *my* friend, and he would therefore not dare do anything himself."

As we rode into the yard the boys were just taking a *cabeza* (ox-head) out of a hole in the ground, where it had been cooking all night, and Don Luis assured me we should make an excellent breakfast. When an ox is killed they dig a hole in the ground, some five feet deep and four in diameter, line it carefully with stones, and build a wood fire in it, which is kept up until the stones are quite hot. The horns are hacked off, and the whole head, hide and all, as it stands, is lowered into the hole and covered with stones and palm- or corn-leaves, over which comes a heavy tamping of earth. This is generally done about six at night, so that the head may be ready for breakfast; and an excellent dish it makes with a little red pepper and mezcal. I have never tasted a tongue that could compare with that one; and, although it was most unpleasant to see this immense dead head hacked to pieces before my eyes, every one helping himself to the tidbit he preferred, I enjoyed my meal immensely.

After breakfast we went to the mill. While we were standing before the blacksmith's shop, three or four men were led in by policemen. "You are going to witness a very disagreeable sight," Don Luis said to me,—“one that I always avoid witnessing myself. If you will be so kind as to excuse me, the boss miner will show you round and explain things to you. It is my painful duty to punish these men in this seemingly barbarous manner, but they are the wildest, most ungovernable savages, against whom I have to defend my life. This form of punishment has been in use here for many years, and, although I have attempted to change it and introduce a milder system, I find that it cannot be done.”

He hurriedly left as a sharp cry of pain, half drowned by the sound of heavy hammer-blows, arose behind us. I looked back, and could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the blacksmith and his help closing the ring of a two-inch iron bar around a man's bare ankle. The iron was hot, and the two men were striking it with eight-pound hammers, the slightest side-blow of which would have broken the man's ankle. Two policemen held the victim's arms, while another grasped his leg. As soon as I understood what was going on, I drew my pistol and called out to the smith to stop; but the boss miner, who was standing beside me, wrenched the weapon out of my hand and quickly drew me away.

"For the love of God, sir, be careful, or you will be murdered this very night. Come away from here."

I understood how powerless I was, and followed him. "But," said I, "what crime has this man committed?"

"Crime!" echoed the old miner, shrugging his shoulders. "Yesterday that boy saw a friend drink a glass of mezcal and did not report him, so he was condemned to the *espuelon*,—that four-foot bar of two-inch iron,—and to the 'Bartholda' for a month."

"And what is the 'Bartholda'?" I asked.

"I will show it to you when we go up to the mine,—a thirty-foot drift

with contrary incline, so that there are always six inches of water in it, and before the mouth of the covered shaft, so that the foulest air of the whole mine collects there. That is where those fellows sleep: they work their twelve-hour shift at sifting, or some stationary work, and at night the policemen escort them up there and lock them up. If there are many, they hardly have room to squat in the dirty water. Do you see that white-faced fellow? He has just come out, and it will take him six months to get over it. Some die in the hole; for what you saw is not the worst punishment. Those large blocks of wood,—*niños* we call them,—with two holes for the ankles, and between them another pair for the wrists, are worse than any stocks ever invented; and men get two months of those in the 'Bartholda' for the slightest offence. It is the same system throughout. The men are perfect slaves. When the ignorant Indians come down from the mountains for some feast, they get them drunk, treat them well, and offer them work for a week at good wages. They then pretend to like them so much, and to think so much of their capabilities, that they want to keep them; they drink together, and the Indian, already half conquered, pleads the cost of living, of bringing his family down, etc. 'Oh, if that is all,' they answer, 'that is no objection. We will lend you twenty-five dollars; only you will require cloth, sugar, cotton, soap, etc. We never lend under one hundred dollars, as it would complicate our accounts too much; but take twenty-five dollars in cash and seventy-five dollars in goods, and pay when you can.' So this Indian is bought up. It is impossible for him ever to pay his debt, and if he had the money they would not allow him to pay. If he runs away, they can claim him wherever he may be. But he can never save enough to be able to run away; the pay is such that the men have just enough to live on: one-half is cash, and the other 'goods,' reckoned at from three to five times their value."



"But," said I, "this is horrible! Cannot Don Luis change this? I should think the *perito* [government mine-inspector] would put a stop to it."

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "In the first place," he said, "Don Luis invented this system himself. He employs about twenty men as spies and as policemen, or body-guards, who notify him if anything goes wrong, and report everything that happens. By this time he knows that we are talking together; but, as we are speaking English, his spy will not be able to tell him what is the subject of the discussion. His favorite excuse is to say that these men are very wild and ungovernable. That is not so: in all Mexico you will not find a more steady, timorous, respectful, hard-working tribe of Indians than these are. His system is one of gratuitous cruelty. Any other tribe would have found a

way of killing him before this, in spite of his guards and spies. As for the inspector, they always know when he is coming, and go out to meet him. He is kept drunk until it is time for him to go, when he suddenly remembers the mine, and asks, 'All right up there?' 'Yes, yes, of course; and to spare you any trouble, my dear friend, I have written out the whole report myself: here it is.' You see, we are twelve days' ride from Chihuahua, the seat of government."

Later, when I saw Don Luis I could not help saying to him, "I thought you had tried to abolish cruelty, and that it went on against your will and by order of your superiors?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Young man," he answered, "if I am strong enough to *do* this, it cannot much matter what I choose to *say* about it."

JOHN HEARD, JR.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CALIFORNIAN," "THE LONDONERS," "PERPLEXITIES OF A PARISIEN," "A CISATLANTIC COMPLICATION," ETC.)

**JULY 1.**—Three days have passed since we left New York,—cerulean, scintillant, saline days. The Atlantic appears to have commendably improved: *entre nous*, the last time my impression was not wholly favorable. I have found myself equal to a great deal of pedestrian exercise on the dazzling, niveous deck: of my masculine companion in these laudable aubulations, more anon. I have also spent some hours in my steamer-chair, enwrapped in cogitation and a variegated rug. I have asked myself why I am again going abroad,—why I have left that conventional edifice on Sixty-sixth Street, with the chocolate-colored façade and the striped awnings, whose mansard roof has protected my

placid slumbers during the even-tenored decade from thirty to forty. I have discovered that I am impelled not merely by that desire of the Mother-World which exists potentially in all American breasts and is developed in forms variably sacred and profane, but by another and a subtler motive. I want to readjust my mind; I want to recover the European *point de vue*, which I have temporarily lost by so long a sojourn in my native land. Life is so valueless without the European *point de vue*!

I have read a little, desultorily, in the mornings. To-day I finished "The Acclimation of an Obtuse Angle." It is delightful in the extreme to find that the story proper, that supererogatory

sequence of exhausting events, is being eliminated from fiction,—from consummate fiction, *bien entendu*. The situation has superseded it. Things don't now occur, at least in those delicious novelettes which are the last refinement of the art, the supreme result. In a bulky novel we must yet have a happening or two, a concession to the crude demand of the many-headed multitude. But in these novelettes, these literary *confitures*, we are not fatigued by the spectacle of action, of exertion, even of a passion distressingly intense; nobody falls savagely, primevally, preposterously in love; nobody is sufficiently indecorous to die. We have changed all that. Marriages we sometimes have—*mais que voulez-vous?* they are very well treated, very subordinated, very civilized, very subdued. And the conversations,—positively, the conversations! Perennially brilliant, inevitably international: one is convinced it is the only subject; it is the subject of the age.

... Decidedly he is interesting. I refer, of course, to Marinus Opal. He is, I conceive, the only person on board this commodious marine hotel, the Micro-cosmic, to whom the epithet I have employed in the least applies. The other passengers are to me a thrice-told tale; I have before encountered their numerous equivalent; they afford no studies worthy of my discriminating mental steel. But Mr. Opal is unmistakably a pasture new. I have been nibbling a little, and the flavor is difficult to define. He piques an exquisite curiosity: I have as yet found it impossible to place him. Is he an American? His perfect polish takes no shadow of any nationality. He is singularly without salient points. He is still young; he is not unhandsome; he has regular features, an unindividual pale-brown moustache, an ancient, incredulous, experienced, weary eye. . . . I will classify him yet, or my name is not Anna Lytical. At present it is certainly nothing else.

*July 2.*—The riddle is solved; the sphinx has spoken; the mystery of Marinus Opal is elucidated. I have

been, I flatter myself, adroit. "We Americans," said I, and took care to reiterate the words, whereupon at last Mr. Opal smiled gently.

"A thousand pardons," he said, "but I am not an American." Then, perceiving my finely-simulated surprise, "I am, in effect, peculiarly favored," continued he. "Fate permitted me to choose my country: I was born in mid-ocean."

"But your ancestors," I murmured.

"Ah, my dear Miss Lytical," he exclaimed, "the name of their nationality is Legion. The American, French, and English elements, indeed, predominate, but I assure you I'm a phenomenally complex organism."

"How delightful!" I said. "You are adaptive, lucid, liquid; you take the form and color of the continent-civilization. While residing in England you doubtless call yourself an Englishman."

He sighed softly. "My dear Miss Lytical," said he, "I don't reside: I vacillate. I have never been able to commit myself to a country."

He passes most of his time, he tells me, in the ocean- or Channel-steamers and the railway-carriages between Paris and London. I notice that he reflects a great deal. He no doubt occupies his time, having now seen everything, in assorting, comparing, and contrasting his reminiscences, with a view to ultimately establishing himself somewhere. The process is, however, ineffective. Our fellow-passenger Mr. U. S. Allright, a most objectionable young commercial person from Chicago, would probably epitomize its futility in the dictum, "He don't seem to get there."

He is a beautiful study.

*July 3.*—Mr. Opal has apparently adopted a new subject of reflection, or of observation, or, comprehensively speaking, of both. We have on board the American girl in great variety: the individual young lady whom my friend is examining is going abroad for the first time, under the chaperonage of a gentle, gelatinous aunt. Rose Cherokee is one of those dark American girls

that inexplicably suggest the aborigines. Her face has a certain dignity of outline, and she carries her head well, a mass of fine dark hair being piled upon it in a sort of castellation. *Elle a ses réserves.* I should say that she had an admirable mind.

"I am, of course, familiar with the type," said Marinus this evening, as we sat staring out upon the plumbeous-hued profound. "I know," he repeated, "the type, but this is an unusually attractive specimen."

"You are in love with her," said I.

"Accurately, no. I am impressed," said Marinus.

July 4.—This morning *en promenade*, however, he made his confession, at least by implication. "I have been thinking," he said tentatively, regarding me with a curious intensity, "that I might find American life tolerable under certain conditions."

"Are you in love with her?" I cried.

He remained silent, but during the rest of the day I observed that he was carefully nursing the American element in his composition.

"We are a great nation," he remarked after dinner. He already indulged, it will be seen, in the use of the first person plural. "We have, in all departments, a spaciousness which is unique, we have a sort of sublime social innocence, we are alert, we are acute, we are immense!"

"We are also," I added, attaining by an effort that invaluable European *point de vue*, "we are also very *bourgeois*." This was rather brutal, considering his crescent patriotism, but he bore it imperturbably.

"Well, I guess we've improved," said he slowly. He seemed to be growing American before my eyes. He had relegated his hat to a remote occipital position; he now stood with his feet planted far apart, his hands in his pockets, and his head a little on one side. His attitude, his expression, had a certain effect of keenness, of humor. "Yes, ma'am," said Marinus, "I expect we've improved considerable the last few years."

I was astonished by his deliberate adoption of the American manner and idiom. It seemed to me gratuitous, exaggerated, especially as he possesses as yet no guarantee that Miss Cherokee's affections do his way tend. Moreover, the young lady herself is by no means pronounced, and, although the language in which she expresses her ideas is not exactly English, it is a much-diluted and inoffensive form of American.

July 5.—Alas! Mr. Opal's violent delight in New-World things has had a violent end, and in its triumph deceased. It has been unfortunate, his proximity at table to my obstreperous compatriot from Chicago, who constantly addresses in a loud tone the ornate Miss Birdie Bang, of Buffalo. Miss Birdie is pretty, vociferous, and nasal; she is always playing rope-quoits with a superabundance of cachinnation, and she wears incalculable jewelry.

I was sitting, the day being rainy, in the somewhat florid saloon, when Marinus dejectedly approached me. "Upon my word, Miss Lytical, I can't stand it!" he exclaimed. "I have tried it faithfully, and I find I really can't. You saw how I was mistakenly laboring to suppress, to translate, to simplify myself, to develop the germ of my latent Americanism into flamboyant foliage and an absurd efflorescence. It's of no use. You should have heard the person next me at breakfast this morning. *Il m'agace!* He was exchanging raw pleasantries with Miss Bang. She appeared to find his Occidental witticisms exceedingly palatable, although she protested that he was real mean and that she hated him—like poison. The sound of her voice summoned the whole vision before me,—the vision of my probable American environment, the hard, fierce light, the horrible newness, the total absence of *savoir-vivre*. I can never deliberately expose myself to those tortures. My dear Miss Lytical, I am in despair!"

I could only impartially remind him that I had myself found it possible to live for a long interval in the United States. But there is perhaps something

in early association that gives the unalloyed American strength to support life, under undeniable disadvantages, upon his or her native soil.

"Possibly," I suggested, "you might find it unnecessary to live in America. Your rose of the world might consent to be transplanted."

He grasped my hand. "My dear friend! It had not occurred to me. You are my salvation. Why not England? It's mellow,—very,—yet fresh. It's simply, nobly positive; it has poise, it has tone. Think of it all,—the pearly quality of the distilled, aqueous sunlight, the moist, opulent, yet delicate verdure, the sombre yews, the tods of ivy, the historic church-towers, the succulent mutton-chops, the hedge-rows, the drawing-rooms, the peerage, the beadles, the ineffable flavor of a London fog. In point of fact," said Marinus, whose voice had acquired, as he proceeded, a rich, unusual quality, "in point of fact, don't you know, the States are beastly. But England's tremendously jolly; it is, by Jove!"

July 6.—I observed to-day, to my surprise, that Marinus seemed bereft of the buoyancy he had recently displayed: his Anglicism appeared also to have abated.

"I trust you've been enjoying your tête-à-tête with Miss Cherokee," said I, looking up at him from my steamer-chair as he sauntered gloomily past.

Marinus gave me a perturbed glance. "Absolutely she is most charming," he said, in a tone of depression; "but relatively?" He grew a shade paler. "I am afraid," he exclaimed, "that it will never do. She wouldn't succeed in London. There is a lack,—there is certainly a lack: I think it is repose. Yes, it is repose,—that magnificent and complete repose consequent upon the habitual absence of ideas. I can never take her to England."

"But surely a remedy remains,—an agreeable remedy, on the whole," said I.

Marinus contemplated me earnestly;

an ardent and joyous sparkle suddenly became visible in his eye; he turned up the ends of his moustache very jauntily.

"*Mais vous avez raison! Vive la belle France, la divine Paris!*" he exclaimed, with soft emotion. "Ah, the Boulevard des Italiens, the Comédie Française, the cafés, the *concierges*, the artistically-mitigated brilliancy of the general surface! The arts, the *esprit*, the champagne, the *cuisine*, the *châteaux*, the *sabots!* *Enfin*, all the refined glitter of a highly composite civilization! *Mais je l'adore, moi!*" He elevated his gaze and placed his hand gracefully upon his heart. His lost vivacity had returned in tenfold force, and with a flavor unmistakably, specifically Gallic. I await with some eagerness the result of his next examination of Miss Cherokee.

... It is over. Poor Marinus! When he came to consider her in a French light, he found her impossible. He says she is totally deficient in *je ne sais quoi*. I cannot at present think of any adequate consolation.

... They have just passed me on deck, in conversation apparently trivial: I, however, was enabled to understand its actual importance to Marinus.

"Don't you—don't you like being at sea? Don't you enjoy railroad-travel?" he said quite tremulously. I perceived that he faintly hoped she might be induced to share his present nomadic mode of life. It was his final chance.

"I don't think I like it at all," said Rose Cherokee.

July 7.—We arrived this morning. I bade adieu to Marinus with regret. I shall miss him: he was a beautiful study. He had just exchanged farewells with the Cherokees. He seemed suffering from reaction; he was distinctly limp.

"Perhaps," he faltered, "perhaps I could have endured it, after all!"

"Endured what?" I asked.

"America," said Marinus Opal.

HELEN GRAY CONE.



## THE BALIA.

"A FIASCO of excellent Aliatico, carissima signora,—a red wine, sweet, sincere,—oh, the best that grows on our mountains; and then a fiasco of white Chianti that I brought for the signorine, bless their hearts! and a big, round Bocca di Dama, with *confetti* on the top,—for, as the signora knows, the *contadini* must not come empty-handed to visit a grand house." So says our good Vannina, who has come down from the mountains for her quarterly visit to her nursling. Vannina does not know that she is quoting from the "*Promessi Sposi*,"—I doubt whether she ever heard of that charming book,—but she follows the very ancient Italian custom which commands a peasant never to come empty-handed to the house of his superiors in rank. It is true that they in their turn are expected to give a present when the peasant guest departs, and one proportioned to their income, or, rather, one proportioned to the idea formed of their income, so that matters may be balanced satisfactorily. Shakespeare, who knew everything, seems to have known also the exact position of a *balia* in the family of her nursling,—something less than a relative, but much more than a servant, a person whose devotion and secrecy may be counted upon, and whose whimses—*balias* always have whimses—must be patiently endured. Above all must her position be respected. Lady Capulet knew that as well as the mistresses of the present day.

"Nurse, come back again; I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel,"

she says, mindful, as a *grande dame* should be, of the rights and susceptibilities of her dependants. And as it was in the time of Romeo and Juliet, so it is to-day: the *balias* who live on for years in the same family expect to share in "counsel" as a matter of course; and if permission to do so be not given them, they will take it, and feel deeply injured

that they should have been compelled to do anything so ungracious as to insist upon their rights.

The *balia* (or wet-nurse) is, I believe, a great nuisance in America, but not at all in Italy, where she is one of the historical and national institutions, with a distinctly-defined position and all the duties, rights, and perquisites thereto appertaining. When a baby is expected, the *balia* is engaged as a matter of course; for it is the rarest thing possible for an Italian mother to nurse her own child, and as for bringing up by hand, it is regarded as a barbarous and unnatural proceeding, not to be mentioned or thought of even among the very poor.

Long before the patrician baby arrives, the *sage-femme* is on the lookout for a fitting *balia*; and when she has chosen one, she conducts her to the home of her future mistress. There the *signor professore di parto* (*accoucheur*) is in attendance, and if the looks of the *balia* please him, and please also the signora, matters are satisfactorily arranged. A good many qualifications go to make up a *balia* of the first order.

*Imprimis*, she must be country-born and bred (preferably a mountaineer), she must not be over thirty-five or six at the outside, and must be strong, healthy, and *not too fat* (this last item is a *sine qua non*).

Secondly, she must have dark hair. Blonde women are rarely or never accepted as *balias* in Italy or France.

Thirdly, she must have beautiful teeth, firm, flawless, and strong. (I do not see, by the bye, how Juliet's nurse could in fourteen years have lost all of her teeth but the four to which she alludes; but no doubt Shakespeare could explain that satisfactorily.)

Fourthly, she must have a smooth, clear skin. It may be bronzed and tanned,—so much the better,—but the suspicion of a pimple is not allowable.

Fifthly, she must be of a respectable and honest family, "*di razza buona*," because that is a guarantee of her good conduct.

Sixthly, she must have, if possible, a good temper, and, what is quite as important, her husband must also have a good temper, and "be tranquil," otherwise things may go hardly with the balia and with her new mistress,—because Baba's husband might come frequently to visit her, and stir up her mind with stories of home-doings, which would be likely to disturb her and make her homesick.

Suppose all these points to be satisfactorily determined, it is then the turn of the mistress to promise, "First, that she will not take the balia out of Italy without her own free will and without her husband's consent." Usually a written contract is prepared and signed by both parties; and when the mistress is a *forestiera*, this is a very necessary precaution. I know of an instance in which a balia was engaged by an American family. She was a good woman, and gave complete satisfaction. But after some months it became absolutely necessary for her mistress to go to America for a time. It was in the height of summer, and the family physician pronounced it to be dangerous to wean the baby. On the other hand (no contract had been signed), the balia's husband absolutely refused to let his wife go out of Italy, and the balia herself agreed with him. She "did not wish to go away from her own country." Both husband and wife had the law on their side; and, after a week or two of distressing indecision, the American father and mother departed, leaving their baby in their Florentine apartment with the balia and servants. They were absent for several months; and it would be unjust not to add that the baby was in the mean time admirably taken care of and flourished like a rose. He was in capital condition when his parents returned, and is a tall boy now. Still, the evil chances of life are infinite, and one does not like to think of what might have been, even with all that care.

Now, if this balia had been told at the time of her engagement that she would in all probability be obliged to travel in other countries, and if the contract had been prepared containing this stipulation, she and her husband would have done one of two things,—they would either have signed it, and would have kept to their agreement, or they would have refused the engagement altogether. But to return to our balia. The question of travelling being settled to the mutual satisfaction of servant and mistress, the question of wages is next discussed. They vary from forty to sixty francs; but forty is the usual average. In addition, the balia receives all her clothing, a present in money for the baby's first tooth, another when it walks, a third when it is weaned. It is also distinctly understood that she is to have all the baby's *spolia*,—i.e., cast-off clothes. She has no work to do,—that is, none is exacted from her, though she is not forbidden to work about the house if she should choose. She is to receive weekly letters from home, and frequent visits.

Everything being finally settled, the patrician and peasant mothers part with mutual good wishes for a happy delivery.

When the balia returns, she comes accompanied by her mother or sister, that they may see the *trousseau* prepared for her, and also that they may carry back the clothes she has worn on the journey from her peasant home. Etiquette is as rigid on this point as in the days when the bride of the French dauphin was divested of her clothing in one room by her Austrian attendants that she might be arrayed in the next by her French maids of honor. So with our peasant balia. She may—and, if she has been a balia before, she often does—leave piles of clothing at home; but she would esteem herself and her new employers alike disgraced if she brought anything with her to her new place. So, when she has duly bathed, and combed her hair, and dressed herself in her new attire, the relative who has accompanied her packs up the garments and shoes and stockings which she has

worn, and, with many embraces, blessings, and tears, departs.

And now begins a life of comparative luxury for the *balia*, or *Baba*, as she is familiarly called. She has probably lived in her peasant home in genuine peasant fashion, limited to bread, beans, and *pappa* for food, tasting *caffè latte* (*café au lait*) only on *fête*-days, and drinking almost as rarely a glass of the thin, sour red wine of the country.

Now her early cup of black coffee is brought to her bedside every morning, and for breakfast she may have unlimited *caffè latte*, bread, and eggs, while she is allowed two flasks of red wine a week, and *farinate* (gruels), soups, meat, macaroni of all kinds, and farinaceous vegetables in abundance. Presents she receives very frequently from Baby's parents, grandparents, sponsors, and family friends. And long before she returns home she will probably have acquired several strings of real coral beads, or of rough pearls (also real), together with a gold ring, a gold watch, plenty of wearing-apparel, house-linen, etc.

Meanwhile, every one in the establishment, from the master and mistress and the elder children down to the porter at the door, smiles graciously upon *Baba*. No one contradicts or crosses her in any way, lest she should become ruffled and her nursing ill in consequence. When she takes that precious treasure for an airing, she is accompanied by the *bonne* and the elder children, and the *bonne* is ready and willing to carry Baby whenever the *balia* is tired. Indeed, in many families the *balia* is never expected to carry the baby at all, but is always accompanied by a *bambinaia* (child's maid) who does.

The effect, however, is decidedly more picturesque when the *balia* carries Baby herself. I do not know of a prettier sight, or one more alluring to the maternal eye, than a well-dressed *balia* and baby. Imagine a Florentine *balia*, for example, in full gala costume,—a gown of some soft, lustrous woollen stuff, made quite plain, and very full in the skirt. Her thick, glossy dark hair

is braided into a sort of crown about her head, and is surrounded by the *balia's* *ruche*, a double quilling of broad satin ribbon, bordered on each side by gold or silver lace, and so arranged as to stand out like the halos in the pictures of the pre-Raphaelite painters. Two long streamers hang from this *ruche* and touch the bottom of the skirt. The *ruche* itself is fastened on by large gold or silver pins with pendants, while earrings, necklace, and a brooch to match are also worn. Crossed over her bosom *Balia* wears a large kerchief of thin muslin or net, richly embroidered in tambour-work. An enormous apron of the same material and style of embroidery covers her skirt, and her costume is completed by a superb sash and shoulder-knots with long streamers, made of the same ribbon as the *ruche*, and fringed heavily with either gold or silver. Both sash and shoulder-knots are emblazoned with Baby's monogram embroidered in gold and silver thread. Very often a short veil, like the kerchief and apron, is fastened to the *ruche* and hangs gracefully at the back of the head. *Balias* nearly always wear ribbons of either red or blue,—red for a boy and blue for a girl. In Rome, the costume worn is that of the Albanese peasant, while in the north of Italy it is substantially the same as in Florence, except in Milan, where the *balias* wear a marvellous nimbus of solid silver on their heads. I use the word "*nimbus*" because no other expresses so well the effect produced; but in point of fact the ornament is composed of several wide, flat silver pins, shaped like the sticks of a fan, and tipped with enormous false pearls. They are put in so closely and symmetrically that only a minute observation enables one to see that the ornament is composed of several pieces of silver, instead of being a solid circle. It is worn at the back of the head, and the effect is sumptuous in the extreme, the thick glossy braids and rich dark coloring of the *balia's* face being thrown into the strongest relief against the silver background.

Still, the Milanese nimbus has its

drawbacks, chief among which is the immense length of time required for its arrangement, so that a Milanese balia once told me that she never dreamed of combing her hair more than once a week, it was so hard to take the pins out. Yes, she slept with all those pins in, just as the signora saw them. "Were they uncomfortable? Oh, no; *grazie a Dio*, she always slept soundly: it was not one pin, or a hundred, that could keep her awake."

The new outfit,—everything complete, from wearing-apparel down to mass-book and rosary,—the comfortable lodging, the abundant food, the kindly and cheery treatment,—all these are among the pleasures of a balia's life. On the other hand, she is separated from her own people and her home. It is true that she may send and receive letters as often as she pleases. Some one is always ready to act as her amanuensis if, as is usually the case, she cannot read or write. But these letters will only convey good news. Should any evil befall her children or husband, she will never know it until the day (always one and sometimes two years distant) when she returns to her village. She is allowed to receive occasional visits from her friends, husband, and children, but they are never allowed to remain an instant alone with her, lest some piece of news should be communicated which may upset her tranquillity. *Stare tranquilla*—to be tranquil—is esteemed the principal thing which a balia needs; and the condition above mentioned—"news, but only good news"—is a *sine qua non*. All balias accept this condition, and, what is more wonderful, their husbands and families accept it likewise. Should any member of the family die, the fact will not only not be mentioned, but the messages the deceased person was in the habit of sending will be repeated in every letter. I well remember, many years ago, the melancholy impression made upon my mind by the sight of a pretty young balia who was seated by her mistress's side and knitting socks for her own baby,—the baby who had been in its

small grave for nearly a year, but for whom she had been carefully accumulating piles of clothing, and to whom she was hoping to return within a week. During all the months of absence she had been dwelling on the thought of this baby,—her first; but she never learned her loss until she returned home. Since then I have become more accustomed to Italian fashions; but I have never ceased to think this particular one very cruel. In any but an Italian mind such a rule would beget a continual restless apprehension of evil; but, happily for them, Italians rarely borrow trouble; and when our good Vannina came to live with us, having left two fine boys and an excellent husband at home, we were continually astonished at her cheery contentment with the weekly letters she received, which always reported children, husband, parents, and friends as enjoying perfect health and felicity.

It is true that she had been assured that the usual stipulation of "none but good news" should not hold in her case, and that she should be duly and promptly informed if anything went wrong at home; but though both she and the good Geppo (her husband) had received this assurance with many bows and smiles, and protestations that the signora was *troppo buona*, subsequent events proved that they did not believe in its sincerity. It was a point of honor with Geppo to do what he thought right; and therefore when, eighteen months later, a fearful form of scarlet fever broke out in his village, his weekly letters to Vannina betrayed no allusion to the fever, although the poor fellow was in the greatest anxiety about their two little boys, who were very dangerously ill. When the danger was quite over, he wrote to tell her that the children had escaped, that great care had been taken of them, and that they were once more out of doors and in perfect health. Some months later he came to see his wife, bringing with him their eldest boy; and he then found an opportunity to speak to me alone, and to tell me that the younger



one had died two months previously. "It is true," he concluded, "that the signora had the goodness to say that such things should not be kept from Vannina. But I must do what is right; and I could never forgive myself if anything happened to the little one Vannina is nursing. And the *medico* (doctor) said nothing could have saved our little Bastiano; he was never quite right after the scarlet fever, and he was ill the last time but two hours. So now I have told the signora all, and she may do as she pleases." When Vannina was told the truth, she admitted, amid all her grief, that her husband had been quite right, that "he had done just what a *galantuomo* [honest man] ought to have done."

Alas! this was not to be poor Vannina's only bereavement. Four months later the following letter brought the news of a still greater sorrow:

"ILLUSTRISSIMA SIGNORA,—I take the pen to let the signora know that it has pleased the good Gesù to take also our little Gigi. As the signora knows, his head was always too large since the scarlet fever; also he had many wise thoughts in it,—too wise for such a little one as he. And on Monday, the feast of St. Agnes, he was taken with a stroke of bad pain in the head; and though we did all for him that could be done, and had the Signor Dottore to him, and prayed to our Lord God and to the Blessed Madonna and all the saints, it pleased our Lord God that he should not get well. And so on Monday night, at ten o'clock in the evening, our little Gigi went to Paradise, where he will have no more pain. Nothing more remains for me to say but to beg the signora's pardon for the trouble of this letter, and to recommend my poor Vannina to her. And I know that the signora said I could come to my Vannina if there were any trouble; but for that I await the signora's commands; and I am at Angiolo Lanizzi the cobbler's, just outside of the Porta San Niccolò, but I will not show myself until the signora sends me word. And so I beg the

signora's pardon, and sign myself the signora's

"Devoted, humble servant,  
"GIUSEPPE LANIZZU."

Later in the day, when the two bereaved parents were sitting together and weeping, there was still no word of repining. Over and over again poor Geppo repeated, "We must be patient, we must submit;" and as often Vannina responded, "Sì, sì: it is God's will, it is God's will. God knows what is best."

But years have passed since then, and Geppo and Vannina are happy once more,—happy in each other, and happy in a fine stout little boy, who is a model of health and strength and who fills their little cottage with his noisy glee. The good Geppo and Vannina are well off now, so that the little Floriano has had the advantage of being his mother's nursling, and will probably inherit her splendid health, and, if he should be ill, will profit by her intelligent care; for Vannina, as she says, has "seen the world and learned many things." Her lost children were more tenderly than wisely cared for, but, happily, that thought does not trouble Vannina. I doubt whether it has ever occurred to her, although she does admit that some of the modern and foreign ideas with regard to the care of children are very good. The original nursery customs of Italy—the peasant customs—are very curious, and some of them are very laughable; but the subject is too large and suggestive a one for the compass of the present article. Indeed, all this time I have been forgetting my good Vannina, who is sitting opposite to me, and, with her blonde foster-daughter on one knee and the sturdy little Floriano on the other, has been watching my pen with jealous impatience. Vannina says she has a thousand things to talk of, and that the gentry should not write so much, that it is late, and that paper and pen must be put away. And she is right. She is still a power in the house, and must be obeyed.

MARIE L. THOMPSON.

## AURORA.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## A MISSION.

THE duke found his wife prepared to receive him. She was prostrated with a headache, reclining on a lounge in her dressing-room, with Rosina bending over her and lightly touching her temples with vinegar and water. She had assumed this touching position the moment she learned that her husband was approaching the house. The windows of the room were shaded, but it could be seen that the invalid was pale. The pallor was, in fact, not artificial, for her heart was quaking.

She received him in perfect silence, opening her eyes for a glance when he was named, then closing them again.

"I am sorry that you are not well," he said civilly.—"You can go, Rosina."

"I want Rosina to bathe my head," the duchess murmured, in a fainting voice.

"I will bathe it, my dear," the duke replied, with perfect gentleness.—"Rosina, you can go."

There was no help for it. Rosina had to go.

"Stay where you can hear my bell," her mistress cried, forgetting her faint voice.

In going out, Rosina shut the door with great firmness, holding the knob so that it should not turn, then let it go unlatched. The duke rose and shut the door after her, first looking out into the corridor to see her hurrying away. He then returned to his wife and began gently bathing her temples.

"You don't know how to do it," she said pettishly, turning her head away."

"I want you to listen to me a moment," he said. "I will be as brief as possible. There is no time to spare, or I would wait till you are better."

"I am not able to talk," she exclaimed impatiently. "Can't you let me alone? Can't you see that my head aches?"

He did not believe her, and she was hateful to him, with that terrible hatefulness of a thing we cannot escape. But he meant to be gentle. "I think it will do you less harm to know my intentions now than to be left in suspense," he said. "And, first, you have only to give a single glance in order to recognize this." He drew from his pocket, as he spoke, the letter she had written to Aurora in Spain, and held it open before her, drawing aside a fold of the curtain from the window behind her lounge, that she might see better.

It was true that a glance was sufficient. Her heart sank coldly as she gave it, but she was scarcely surprised. As far as any confidence or respect from her husband was concerned, she knew that ruin had fallen upon her. There was no longer any use in playing a pathetic comedy.

She stretched herself out at length, crossed her feet, threw her hands above her head, and half turned away. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" she asked, in a hard tone.

"You will give orders at once, or I will do so, for the family to make ready to leave Sassovivo to-morrow. You will go with the children to Bellmar, and remain there till it is time to return to Rome."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" she cried, starting up and facing him.

"In twenty-four hours the house here will be closed, and you out of it," said D'Rubiera, looking at her steadily.

She began to rave, walking to and fro, all signs of her late sickness gone. Her husband sat mute, with downcast eyes, and waited. When she paused for breath, and stood before him with her crimson face and heaving breast, he looked at her, half shrinkingly.

"If you like to go quietly and decently, as if you were willing, it will be more to your credit," he said. "If you choose to make a scandal instead, you

can. But everybody will know the story then."

She continued staring at him for a moment. It was plain that she could not move him. "Will you leave the room?" she exclaimed.

"When I know what course you have decided to pursue."

"Are you going to Bellmar?" she asked, after a moment, in a hoarse whisper.

"I am not going at present."

"Are you going to remain here?"

"I shall remain a few days."

"Till you get that girl back," she sneered.

D'Rubiera remained silent.

"If you do not leave the room, I shall," she said, taking a step toward the door.

The duke rose and placed himself before her. "I am to understand, then, that you will make no opposition to my wishes?" he asked.

"Your wishes!" she echoed scornfully.

"To my commands, then," he said.

She turned her back upon him. "I shall leave the house to-morrow, if that is what you wish to know."

He said no more, but left the room, somewhat surprised at the completeness of his success and the ease with which it had been done.

"Send the *maggior-domo* to me," he said to a servant in passing, and went on to the smoking-room.

The man came,—slight, dapper, smooth-mannered, a machine to execute orders. It occurred to his master to wonder how the fellow had got into the house. It struck him, too, that he had not chosen one of his own servants. They took his commands, it was true, but he always felt that they belonged to some one else. Michele was the only one who was his.

He gave his orders to this man: "You will see that all is prepared for the family to set out for Bellmar to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. You will write to Rome for the rooms to be prepared for the duchess, the children, and two servants to sleep there, but

you will yourself go on with the rest of the household to Bellmar. You will reach there at midnight. Telegraph for carriages to meet you at the station. Now send Renzo to me."

The man bowed obsequiously, as though it were an every-day affair for a household to be uprooted and moved from mountain to seaside at twenty-four hours' notice.

In a few minutes Renzo appeared, with a frightened face. Conscious that there was always some little peccadillo to find out in his conduct, he trembled whenever his master called him. There was something in the duke's clear eyes, with their steady, commanding look, which made wriggling creatures feel uncomfortable.

"We are going away to-morrow afternoon, Renzo," he said. "You and Mariù will stay and take care of the place."

"Sì, signor duca." Renzo became crimson with pleasure, and went out as if treading on air. His idea of bliss was to be the *guarda-ropa* of a perpetually absent master.

Left alone, D'Rubiera was sitting in a gloomy revery, when his attention was attracted by a soft whispering from the direction of a long open window, and a softer laughter. Turning with a swift smile of relief and tenderness, he saw a lovely picture. Two arch little faces, as fresh as roses, were peeping at him from the uplifted corners of the brown curtain which covered all but their faces and hands.

"Oh, signor marchese, that isn't nice!" the tutor's voice was heard to say outside.

"If it weren't nice, then papa wouldn't smile at it," said the boy, coming a little farther in, and looking at his father with a charming mixture of delicate hesitation and loving confidence.

The duke went to lift the curtain and dismiss the tutor. "You can leave the boys with me and go where you like," he said. "As we are going to Bellmar to-morrow, you may wish to see some one in town." Then to the elder boy, "Your tutor was right in saying that it

isn't nice to peep. But just at this time I am glad to see you."

The children came dancing in to hang on their father's arms. "I like to peep at you," Roberto said, kissing his sleeve.

He led them out through the long window and toward the old garden. "I am not visible," he muttered to the tutor in passing, having heard a step outside which might be a visitor's. He shrank from being seen, with a sort of angry shame. Everybody in town must be talking about Aurora Coronari's departure, and of course all the scandal which could possibly or impossibly be attached to it would be imagined. It was a low affair, and a shame to his house; and he knew, if no one else did, what shame should attach to himself in the circumstances. If he had believed in her from the first, would she have gone? He thought not. It comforted him but little to think that much cunning had been used to convince him. It is as easy to prove a lie as to prove a truth, if people are interested to prove it.

The high walls of fragrant living green soon hid them from the outer world, and hid all the world from them except the great gray front and peak of Monte Roccioso, which almost formed their northern wall. It was rosy now with coming sunset, and a slender stream which came zigzagging down from a fountain near its summit seemed to have undergone the miraculous transmutation into wine, so bright were its waters. They fell from rock to rock, ran under ground, came out again for a moment, then hid, only to show themselves at last in the shell of a nymph who stood against an ivied wall of the garden, white and graceful, listening to their faint murmur as to an oracle.

The air was cool and delicately perfumed, and an evanescent glow was reflected down into the shaded walks from the brightness above.

D'Rubiera made his boys talk to him, and listened to them with an earnest attention, trying to draw them out and learn what mute thoughts lived in those sunless depths underneath the

frank childish impulses. He felt a necessity to attach himself more closely to these little beings who were all he had and to whom he was all. With a feeling of regret akin to remorse he thought of the months during which he had left them to their mother and to servants, only amusing himself with them now and then, as if they had been two little playful spaniels instead of his two sons who were worse than motherless. He was melancholy, almost frightened, at the thought of being separated from them even for a few days.

"Oh, let us stay with you, papa!" they begged, when he told them of the contemplated removal and that he should remain behind.

He hesitated. Why should they not stay? It seemed cruel to refuse them. Yet, on the other hand, it might be treating their mother cruelly to keep them. The very consciousness that he was himself impatient to have her out of his sight, and glad to get rid of her for a while, made him feel a certain pain that her children should not wish to go with her. Whatever her faults, it was a severe punishment to be at the same time banished by her husband and abandoned by her children.

"You shall do as mamma wishes," he said, after a moment's thought. "Go now, Tino; be a very good boy, kiss mamma's hand, and ask her if she would not rather you should stay here a day or two with me, and then go to Bellmar when the house is in order. Say it nicely, my son, and don't forget to kiss mamma's hand."

The boy set out eagerly, and D'Rubiera, seated on the mossy brink of the nymph's fountain, absently smoothed the curls of the younger child leaning against his arm. Oh, what was the right thing to do? His heart was heavy. There seemed to be danger and sorrow in whichever direction he looked. For him a ruined home meant a ruined life.

"Here's Tino, papa," said Erné presently.

Tino came rather slowly, with a crest-fallen look and downcast eyes.



"Well, my son?" D'Rubiera said cheerfully,—and thought, "Oh, why did I send him? It was pearls before swine."

The boy stood silent a moment, looking down. "She says she doesn't care what we do," he said then tremulously, stopped a moment to swallow something that rose in his throat, then added more faintly, "She pushed me away."

All three were silent for a moment, then Tino burst into tears and hid his face on his father's shoulder.

"That's because she isn't well," the duke said hastily. "I forgot that she has a headache. Don't think any more about it, child. Does she often push you away?"

"Only when I crumple her dress," said Tino, wiping his eyes.

"Is any one else unkind to you, to either of you?" the father asked. "Does any one scold you or say things that you do not like?"

It comforted his heart when they both said, "No."

"Because," he went on, "if ever any person scolds or frightens you or does anything to make you cry, you are to tell me. If they say you must not tell me, never mind them. Do not say that you are going to, but tell me all the same. Promise me now, Tino."

He was terrified lest the children should be unhappy and he not know it.

"Never mind mamma's being cross to-day," he said. "In the morning she will be better, and you can ask her again. And now let us go for a walk."

It was after sundown when they returned to the villa, and a star was visible in the west, gold on gold. Rosina was in sight, and the duke called her, and asked after her mistress.

Madama was a little better, but did not feel able to come down to dinner. All her trunks were packed, and her travelling-dress laid out, but Rosina did not know where or when her mistress meant to go. Nothing had been told her.

"I suppose that nobody in the house has mentioned to you that you set out

for Bellmar to-morrow," the duke said, with a curl of the lip.

"To Bellmar!" exclaimed Rosina, with great surprise.

He turned his back on her and went into the dining-room. It was useless to hope for information from such a source.

There was a dreary, solitary dinner, a newspaper and a cigar in the smoking-room, a walk in the garden in spite of malaria, and then D'Rubiera went softly up to his children's chamber. It was the first time he had ever visited them in their sleep, and the thought had come to him from seeing their faintly-lighted window from without.

How peaceful it was!—the pretty room in blue cretonne, the two white beds side by side, with only a little table between, the coronetted canopies above their heads, the two draped toilet-tables, the curtained niche with its night-lamp, the faint, soft light that showed their curly heads on the pillows, and their own soft breathing.

They were lightly covered, the night being warm, and the hair was moist about their foreheads, and their cheeks flushed.

The duke drew a chair between the beds and seated himself there, bending first to one side, then to the other, to smooth back the clinging curls, or draw the sheet straight, or gently move an arm uncomfortably placed. Dear little fellows! Why had he never thought of coming to them before? He had felt himself to be without occupation, and now it seemed to him that these two boys might give him quite enough to do.

After a while he heard the tutor come into the next room. It was time to go; yet he found it hard to go. He wanted to do something for them, yet knew not what to do. "Ah, well!" he sighed; "may God be a father to them in all that I lack!"

He was going softly away, when his heart, left living behind him, drew him back with a sort of passion. "Good-night, Tino mio," he whispered, leaning over the boy and gently lifting him. "Say good-night to papa."

The child put his arms up sleepily and embraced his father's neck. "Good-night, papa," he murmured; and, his arms relaxing their hold, he was asleep again before his head touched the pillow.

"He will call it a dream if he remembers it to-morrow," thought D'Rubiera, and felt comforted and satisfied in some measure by that embrace.

He would not wake Ernesto, but bent and kissed him.

"I'll stay with papa," exclaimed the boy in his sleep.

"So you shall, my darling," his father said, and kissed him again.

He went down-stairs, and sat at an open window looking out, the lights extinguished, still thinking of his children. The full sense of what they were to him and he to them seemed to have fallen upon him all at once. He had loved Aurora Coronari, but never had he felt, even for her, such a fulness of anxious and tender passion as he now felt for these two little sleepers whose breathing he seemed yet to hear, whose flushed cheeks he seemed yet to see denting their pillows.

What was it that he experienced? He did not know himself. Without having been a materialist, he had yet been far from spiritual, and the visible world had occupied his mind almost, if not quite, to the exclusion of the invisible. Though tender and affectionate when his heart was touched, he was not sentimental; and if he had imagination, it had been heretofore rather closely caged. Armies, wars, invasions, defences, occasional pleasures giving a grace to these rough employments, like a plume tossing on a casque, a pleasant home, fine vineyards, and a good stable,—such things had chiefly occupied his thoughts. But now another world with all its armies pressed around him, invisible and intangible, yet suffocating. There was a sense of some one knocking at the door, but no sound, a feeling that voices called to him or to each other on every side; yet his ear was deaf to them. He longed for some sympathizing friend to whom he could speak, some

one who could interpret him to himself. Had he at the bedside of his innocent children intruded himself on the company of such spirits as watch over children, and brought their atmosphere away with him in his hair and clothes, like a perfume?

"Oh, Aurora, if you were here!" he said.

The early summer dawn was stealing up the east when he went to bed; and when the sun rose he was in a profound sleep, from which he did not wake till nearly noon.

Then he started up with a sense of alarm, and rang his bell. Michele appeared with a promptness which showed that he had been waiting outside the door.

"I am late, Michele. Where are the children?" he said.

Michele gasped with surprise at the question. "They have gone with the duchessa, signor colonello. I thought you knew."

D'Rubiera remained mute and stunned.

"They went at eight o'clock," the man continued. "I thought that the marchese and the Signor Ernesto were only going to the station with madama; but they did not come back."

She had gone sooner than he had expected, and taken the children by force. She must have deceived them in order to make them go quietly. Yet what could he say? He had given her the choice to take or to leave them.

"Who went down with them?" he asked.

"Giacomo, signor colonello."

"Send him to me."

Giacomo appeared, and his master asked if the boys had been pleased to go away.

The man had already reflected. It had been evident to him that when they left the villa the children thought they were only going to the station with their mother, and that the whole household, except, probably, Rosina, had thought the same. It was evident also that the duke had not meant them to go.

"They seemed to be much pleased,

signor duca," he said. "The Signor Ernesto was singing and dancing all about the garden before they went."

"I'm not obliged to know what the coachman and the station-master said," he thought. "I was buying the tickets and seeing to the baggage. If I tell him, he will tell the duchessa, and she will be down upon me. The woman is the one to please."

D'Rubiera checked the impulse he felt to ask if the boys had said nothing of him, and dismissed the man without a suspicion. Children were so forgetful, so volatile. He was glad that they were pleased, but conscious at the same time of a feeling of disappointment.

"It is natural for children to be contented with their mother," he thought.

In fact, there had been a scene at the station which had somewhat mortified the duchess. When required to mount the railway-carriage, Roberto had protested, and his brother, who might otherwise have gone quietly, had followed his example. Their father had said that they should stay and go with him, they declared; and, what was more, their mother had told them at the villa that they were only to take a drive to the station with her. It had required force to put them into the carriage, where the mother sat smiling, but furious, conscious of the many smiling witnesses of the scene.

"You told me a lie, mamma," were the last words the travellers heard from Roberto as the train began to move.

He said no more, for his mother leaned forward and grasped him by both arms, her slender hands holding him like two iron claws. She did not utter a word, but her face bent close to his terrified him with its blazing eyes and clinched teeth. When she released him, he cowered back into the corner of the carriage, trembling and pale, and remained there palpitating with terror during their journey to Rome. They had taken a whole carriage, and there was nothing for the child but to sit there and cast frightened glances at the woman opposite, who had carried him away from his father and looked at him with a wild

beast's face and clinched him with a wild beast's claws. He did not recognize his mother in her any more.

Left to himself, D'Rubiera put his children out of his mind. He sent the household away in the afternoon, and went up to the castle to dine with the Signora Paula, sleeping at the villa. He had letters to write, and he shut himself up to write them, seeing no one, and remained shut up while awaiting the answers to them.

He had forgotten to order the maggior-domo or the tutor to inform him of the safe arrival of the family at Bellmar, and not a word reached him from them. Would no one write to him? He waited uneasily two days, then sent a telegram to the duchess: "All well at Bellmar?"

Twenty-four hours passed without a reply.

Then he sent a telegram to the tutor. No reply.

His third despatch was addressed to the telegraph-office, and the answer was prompt. Yes, his messages had been received and immediately forwarded, neither the duchess nor the tutor being at Bellmar. Madama, with her sons and their suite, had gone to Ischia.

"And I thought that I could command her!" said D'Rubiera bitterly.

And then he laughed, bitterly still.

"It isn't a bad stratagem," he thought. "She has a talent for spite. She knows that the last place in the world I would wish the children to go to is Ischia."

He dressed and took his coffee, studying over the subject, and the result of his meditations was another consultation with Michele.

"I have concluded to send you after them," he said. "I don't like to have the children there. But at the same time I wish to make as little talk as possible. I will give them a week to stay. Go there at once, and find a place at the same hotel where they stop. If they ask, you can say that I am coming, without saying when. It may make them return to Bellmar. Keep near the boys and watch over them. If you

see any trouble or danger, take them away instantly to Bellmar. I will give you a paper to show in case any one should try to intercept you. Telegraph me if there is anything important to communicate. If all goes well, let them stay one week after your arrival. If at the end of a week they show no sign of leaving, you are to give the tutor a letter which I will write for you."

The letter which the duke put into Michele's hands for the tutor was as follows:

"To Don Mauro Farini, tutor to the sons of the Duke of Sassovivo:

"Immediately on receiving this letter from the hands of my servant Michele, you are to leave Ischia, or whatever place you may be in at the time, and conduct my sons, the Marquis of Subvite and Don Ernesto, to Bellmar. You are not to consult with any other person regarding my orders, nor allow yourself to be impeded by any person.

"ROBERTO D'RUBIERA,  
"Duke of Sassovivo."

"Before presenting this letter," he said, "you must send me a telegram to Bellmar. Send only two words, '*Not going*.' I will reply, '*Give the letter*.' And here is the paper you are to use in case you should have to take the children away yourself. You see, it testifies that you are acting under my orders."

Michele carefully repeated the orders given him, looking into his master's face the while with a steady gaze which might have seemed bold in another. But in him it was only the earnest study and contemplation of his duty and purpose. He saw those, not the face of a superior.

"*Per Bacco!*" muttered the duke when Michele left him to prepare for his journey, "in his way, the fellow has as fine an expression as Guido's '*St. Michael chaining Satan*;' and he needs no wings to make him faithful."

That calm, steadfast look which, unaccompanied by any protestation or promise, meant obedience unto death, had wonderfully comforted him.

He stood looking off over the campagna from under the palms where their talk had ended, and, as he looked, a faint, sharp breeze shivered through the long, pendent foliage, and it seemed to him that the earth trembled under his feet. In the hot July weather a chill ran through his blood, and a vague feeling of terror took possession of him.

"What has come over me?" he thought. "I must be going to have a fever. I don't know myself in these days. It seems to me that I see ghosts everywhere."

Michele came down the walk with a small travelling-bag in his hand.

"Have you any more orders, signor colonel?" he asked, touching his cap.

"Yes, Michele," said the duke, stepping nearer to him. "Take care of yourself as well as of the children, and remember that your master thanks you more than he says."

As he spoke, D'Rubiera put his arm around his servant's shoulder, and, as in that forgotten day when he had accepted the life's devotion and companionship of the poor mountain-boy, kissed him on both cheeks.

Poor Michele was scarcely more proud than grieved. "Everybody else fails him," he thought, and, bending to kiss his master's hand, hastened away with tears in his eyes.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### DELIGHT.

AURORA CORONARI set out on her sudden journey with a heart full of mingled passion and reluctance. She must go; there was no other course possible; yet she was terrified at the idea of travelling alone for the first time in her life, and at the vision of the great outside world which, also for the first time, she was now to face. True, a friend who was strong and kind awaited her. But Mrs. Lindsay was not a relative, and was a foreigner. She had her aid now, but could not hope to have it always.



The first half of her journey was by railway, the last half by water; and the water, roughened by an ugly *scirocco*, made her ill. It would have been a pleasure in fine weather to watch that azure sea ripple into sunny waves; but she was forced to remain in bed nearly all day. Toward evening the wind sank, and there was a bustle of preparation among the passengers. Aurora rose and dressed herself. Oh, what if Mrs. Lindsay should meet with some accident and not be able to come and receive her? What if, after all, she had herself taken the wrong steamer, or the right steamer going the wrong way? She had not thought to make an inquiry since coming on board.

Through her cabin window she saw a low mud-bank, and there seemed to be a ship stuck in it. There was nothing visible from the window but mud and blue water. Yet how beautifully blue that water was! It reminded her of those wondrous seas she had gazed upon on her way to Spain.

Half believing herself to be off the Riviera, she hastened on deck.

They had passed the mud-bank, and were in a bay surrounded by low islands. A great tower rose into the sunset sky before them; and as she looked at it it separated and became two towers, which withdrew from each other.

The steamer advanced between two lines of great black posts that rose from a golden sea; ships, steamers, and little boats were all about them; they moved around a smooth curve of their watery road, and then seemed to stop as if enchanted, and, lo! Venice came floating out to meet them.

Ah! how could the sea ever own allegiance to any other mistress?

The two towers they had caught together stood far apart. They became sentinels, one at either hand,—St. George and St. Mark,—and between them flowed two wide rivers of Paradise, separated by a vast wedge of crowded domes and roofs. The golden skies lifted themselves behind the dark silhouette of this wondrous city, the golden waters glittered under hundreds of gondolas and

barks, a star showed softly in the west, and two great curves of gold-hued lamps outlined the shores and bent together at the centre in a heart-shape. Yes, a heart was the first thing that shaped itself before her conscious eyes in this loveliest city in the world. All fear was over. Where so much beauty dwelt, joy must find a home. She scarcely knew how the moments passed, or by what steps she found herself on the Riva and in her friend's arms.

"Leave everything to the servant, and come with me," Mrs. Lindsay said. "We have only a short distance to go."

They went up the steps at one side of an exquisite little bridge, just high enough to let a gondola slip under its arch with the gondolier erect, and down the steps at the other side.

"I feel as though I had at last got into the landscape of an old china plate," Aurora said. "How I used to long, when I was a child, to go over those steep little bridges and enter those wondrous pagodas hung with bells!"

"Well, here is our pagoda just beside the bridge, as those were on the plate," Mrs. Lindsay said.

They passed through a long, bright vestibule, went up two flights of stairs without meeting any one, and entered a pleasant *salon* with a balcony looking out over the shining Lagoon just below the point of the Salute.

"I have taken three rooms," Mrs. Lindsay said, "and we will dine by ourselves to-day. I thought you would like it better. I am going to stay all night and get you started in the house. This is your chamber."

She opened the door into a large corner chamber which had two balconies, one looking on the lagoon and up the Grand Canal, and the other on a side-canal and down the Riva to the public gardens. It was like stepping into the royal box at some theatre with the stage all lighted.

"Is it really my chamber?" Aurora asked. How different from the wide plain and the solemn mountains on which she had looked for so many years was this gay and sparkling scene!

"It is yours as long as you choose to occupy it. And now I am going to leave you. When you are ready we will dine. After dinner I will tell you all about the house."

Aurora breathed more freely. There had not been a word regarding the misery that had driven her there, not a hint of a question as to the story which her hurried letter of appeal had left half untold.

If she had but known it, Mrs. Lindsay shrank from the subject almost as much as herself. Perfect propriety had made this lady somewhat hard in her early youth, but her character had softened with time far more than her friends were aware, since her manner retained its clear, cool tone. "A woman whose character has no atmosphere," an artist had said of her. But he mistook. It was simply that her tenderness was very delicate and her grace simple. Nor was this refinement and charity all. Mrs. Lindsay, who had never in her life had an intimate female friend, loved Aurora, and desired ardently and almost jealously to possess her exclusive confidence and affection.

After their dinner was over they seated themselves in the open window, with the candles shaded. This window had not been closed or curtained that evening, and they had seen, while they sat at table, the lights of the Giudecca, the dark silhouette of San Giorgio against the transparent sky, and the bright lamps of the ships moored opposite them.

It must be said, too, that they had been seen as well as seeing. To say nothing of the ships and of passing gondolas, the young *tenente* in command of the gunboat opposite their window had found his solitude wonderfully enlivened by the view their window gave him. His glass was a very good one; and the bright *salon*, the glittering table, and the two ladies leisurely and elegantly dining there, made a very pretty picture. At that distance, Mrs. Lindsay's face, as delicate as a cameo, showed younger than it was, and the rosy gauze which only drew a film over

her neck and arms gave her the color she needed. It was a proof of her admiration for Aurora that, coming up from the Lido for only one night, she had brought a dinner-toilet solely for her.

Aurora, who would as soon have tattooed her face as put on rose-color, wore a dress of myrtle-green, which brought out all the fresh life of her flesh, and her fichu of *écru*, or, as she called it, moon-colored gauze, lighted her up as if a lamp were set beneath her lovely chin.

The young *tenente* immediately lost his heart to both. "The one in pink is an angel," he muttered. "But the other,—oh, how prettily she bends her head! If only my shoulder were the way it droops! And what a fine dinner! I should like to have the dishes they send away after eating only a mouthful of each. That chicken is almost whole. And now they have strawberries. And there are ices. And now they dip their fingers in the bowls. And now they have their thimbleful of coffee in little gilt cups. And now they are coming to the window, and the light is shaded."

As soon as they were seated before the window, Mrs. Lindsay explained to Aurora the character of the house they were in. It might be called a co-operative *pension*, and was sustained by several ladies and gentlemen, who came frequently or occasionally, and by the friends they recommended, no one else being admitted, and the house being regarded as a private one. The only person who appeared in charge was an excellent American housekeeper, who presented the bills and received the money; but it was understood that two American sisters, respectable women of small means and cultivated tastes, had an eye to the establishment and had their own living gratis while in Venice. That the housekeeper was a poor relation of their own, and that, with her, they gained a few scudi a year by the house, it would have been heresy to even suspect. The frequenters of the house had a pleasant and even elegant home for a moderate price, and that

was all that concerned them. They met only their friends or their friends' friends, and, thanks to a few well-bred persons among the patrons, such characters as sometimes in a single specimen are sufficient to keep a whole company in discomfort and hot water were promptly snubbed into order. "Nothing but what is pleasing to all, especially at table," the great lady of the house used to say, with her charming smile, when some over-zealous pugilist introduced religious or political arguments.

"But it is impossible to speak without occasionally offending people, if one is to talk of the most interesting events of the day, which we are all thinking about," the elder Miss Fisher had retorted angrily once. She was an ill-tempered woman naturally, and noted for a talent in saying disagreeable things.

"Not impossible, though difficult," the great lady had replied, with gentle emphasis, looking steadily at her opponent. "And it would be an excellent practice to make a study how one can say pleasant things and avoid the unpleasant. Besides, silence is golden."

Miss Fisher never forgot the lesson, word or glance, for she knew that her teacher could have made the household dissolve like a mist.

"Don't give Miss Fisher an inch, or she will take an ell," Mrs. Lindsay said. "She is a good soul sometimes, but she has cultivated ill nature till she has a mania for being disagreeable. Set her right down at her first word, and she will behave properly afterward. If she finds you soft, she will think you weak, and the end will be a battle. If she speaks of your religion, snub her at once. If she criticises Italians, say to her that she probably is not aware that you are Italian. And the same with the others. Don't allow yourself to be made uncomfortable for a moment. But there is little danger. The family is usually a very pleasant one, I am assured. There are but few here now, as the season is late. The strangers are principally at the baths of the Lido, where

you must come and make me a visit just as soon as you are settled. Come down in a gondola in the morning: it will be pleasanter than the *vaporetto* if you come alone, and I will meet you or send my maid. You can bathe if you like, and you will have luncheon and a walk toward evening. Tell the gondolier—you must employ Piero, who always waits here at the bridge—to come after you at sunset. That will give you a delightful *remigata* home by twilight."

Aurora asked what family was in the house at present.

"There is an English artist, a young man, a Frenchman, who they say is clever, some sort of professor recommended by Mrs. Authur, a mild twilight of a woman with her daughter,—nice people, whose name I have forgotten,—and Mrs. Wilder, the writer, a clever American. Mrs. Wilder will amuse you, and will be an interesting companion if you should wish to go out in company."

"But of course I cannot go out alone," Aurora said.

"Of course you can," retorted her friend. "Venice is an ideal city for ladies. A young girl can go from end to end of the city without meeting the slightest offence, if she is decently prudent. They won't even look at you much, unless you are so pretty that they cannot help it, and then it is amusing to see what pretences they will make so as not to seem rude. Some people talk of the immorality of Venice. I know nothing about that, and do not intend to search. But I do know that a people so well bred and *gentile*, to use your own word, I have never seen in any part of the world. It is quite another atmosphere from the brutal filth of Rome, and, pardon me, from the impudence of your own nasty little city. You know I am well acquainted with Sassovivo."

Whether she had intended it or not, this led to Aurora's story, and no reserve was used in telling it.

"Treat it all with scorn!" Mrs. Lindsay exclaimed when she had ended, and paused, breathless and trembling.

"Don't condescend to think of it, even. I have always observed in my experience of Italy that those dull little towns where there is no amusement but church-going are the very hot-beds of vice, and especially of evil speaking; and the more 'devotions' they have, the viler they are. But you did well to come away. You need a wider sphere and more variety of impressions. Venice will charm you for a long time yet."

It was late when they parted that night, and not only had Aurora opened her heart fully, but her friend had responded to her confidence. "Some wonder that I stay away from my husband so much," she said, "and think the reason I give a trivial one. It is not my sole reason, though it is not so trivial either. I insist that the American minister should rank as an ambassador, and the excuse that he does not represent a sovereign is impertinent. He represents a people which could swallow half their sovereigns without mistaking a feature. Just fancy my husband having to ask permission before he can see the king, while Count B——, who represents a little principality about as large as an ordinary New-England farm and a little prince who is the poor relation of some more prosperous sovereign, walks in without a 'by your leave.' And at a court dinner the count and countess take precedence of us. She's another poor relation of somebody,—some duchess or other, I've forgotten who, whose old clothes she wears. She is tall, the countess, and the duchess is short, but makes up in breadth, so with the help of a flounce or border the dresses can be made useful. One night at a court ball somebody—an officer in the army—caught her tunic in his buttons as he was rushing past in the dance, and tore it quite half off the band. Everybody about had a full view of the paper muslin with which the satin skirt was eked out at the top to make the train of the proper length. Such smiles and such condolences as that mortified woman had to receive! Some people declare that Madame Dubois made the colonel

do it on purpose. She'd seen the same gown on the duchess, and her maid knows the countess's maid, and told her about the paper muslin. Well, shortly afterward, at a grand reception, Madame Dubois managed that some one should give the tunic a rip off the binding right before the countess's eyes, and there was her skirt triumphant velvet brocade to the very top. A lady told me that she was on the spot and knew that the tunic was only basted on with stitches an inch long. Well, my dear, the precedence of such people is very well represented by paper muslin. But that isn't what I meant to tell you. In fact, I am making a confession of a paper-muslin streak in my own character. I don't stay with my husband because I cannot rise to his height and he won't come down to my level. If he would be brusque, and even rude, sometimes, I could bear it better. Some people of the highest rank act like bears and are all the more respected for it, apparently. They know what to do, but won't take the trouble always to do it. But John shows his simple training by such an evident painstaking to act properly that really I have sometimes almost bit my lip till it bled to see him. He is dignified, even when he isn't quite easy as to his etiquette,—I can see that,—and I am ashamed of myself when I feel ashamed of him. At home I am not ashamed of him. There he is on his native heather. And here, too, I admire and respect him, even when I shrink at some manifestation of his republican simplicity. But I feel more at ease when away from him,—poor, dear, noble John! He is a million times too good for me, but I would rather enter the queen's drawing-room on almost any other arm than his. Yet I would not have any other man for my husband, and, even while I involuntarily criticise him, I revere him. He thinks no more of precedence than he does of moonshine. He lives according to his principles; and that is admirable always, but sometimes uncomfortable."

When the two ladies kissed each



other good-night, it was as declared friends and lovers, who were never to lose each other so long as both should live.

Going to her room, Aurora extinguished her candle and stepped out into her balcony. "O city of enchantment," she thought, "shall I indeed have you always before me, with the ships lying close to your palaces, with your waters and your lights, with the lamps of unseen gondolas slipping across your lagoons and canals as if a spirit bore them, and with your soft speech and beautiful silence? Shall I indeed have you always?"

The next morning Mrs. Lindsay returned to the Lido, and Aurora set herself to putting her room in order with such possessions as she had brought with her at her hasty departure. The occupation brought her a pang of passionate regret. A vision rose before her of her lost home, with all its associations, with its comfort and dignity, and all the fancied security of the past. After all, that was her home, and her life was entwined with it in every fibre.

"I won't stay here and think about it," she said, as the tears began to come in spite of her. "I will go and see San Marco."

It was a pleasure to go out alone without the nagging sense that an unsympathizing companion was impatiently waiting for her reveries to come to an end and wondering if she hadn't looked long enough at this or that. She forgot all her sorrows as she walked up the gay Riva, and made the tour of the Piazza, coquetting with the real object of her walk, glancing at the jewelled façade in passing, turning to look again, and seeing it from every part of the colonnade before she at last, with a deep-drawn breath, crossed its storied threshold.

San Marco is the most Holy-Motherly of churches. One is not dazzled by its sober splendors at first, is not more than half aware how splendid they are. She receives and embraces us, gives us a seat in light or shade as we prefer, attends to our comfort first of all, till presently we look up aware, as a child might who

has thought first of the mother: Why, mother, what a beautiful dress you have got on! And, once aware, your wonder goes on increasing. You find that every beautiful thing you have heard about the church is true, though writers contradict each other. The golden roofs *do* flame at certain moments, though some will hold the expression exaggerated; the uneven pavement is like the waves of the sea, and you sometimes reel and lurch like a vessel if you do not mind your footing; and if you stand at the flag-staffs outside and look up, you will see the façade ending in foam against the sky, as Ruskin saw it, though some one says he poetizes.

Aurora went home intoxicated with delight, to meet and make acquaintance with a charmingly agreeable family at breakfast. And when the sun sank downward she went to her balcony and signed to Piero, the gondolier, who stood beside the bridge, watching for a summons.

He sprang lightly down off the Mole into his gondola, rowed round under the bridge to the water-door of the house, and offered his bent arm instead of a hand for his passenger to steady herself by in stepping down to her place. Aurora had come alone, managing to avoid all offers of company. Not for worlds would she have shared that first row in a gondola with any one she knew.

"Go up the Grand Canal," she said, "cross over by the Salute to the Canal of the Giudecca, and go down the Lagoon till the sun touches the horizon behind us. Then return. And, oh, Piero, please don't speak a word."

"As you command," responded Piero in a grand, leisurely way, and, dipping his oar in the shadowed water of the Rio, pushed out under the bridge into a sea that was beginning to glow with gold in place of that diamond dazzle of high day.

They slid in silence up between the palaces that were like Uhland's,—

And fain they would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow;  
And fain they would step downward  
To the mirrored wave below,—

and the reflections of them went all into fragments and colored foam before the prow of their gondola, and reunited themselves all trembling when they had passed. A small steamer, shooting by, set them rolling on a great wave it sent their way: they glided through the dim canal above the Salute, and came out into the blaze of light beyond, then dropped downward toward the rising moon.

"Ah, how beautiful is life!" sighed Aurora.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### AN ACCADEMIA.

ONE afternoon when Aurora had been in Venice about a week, Miss Fisher came to her chamber, shut the door behind her with an air of mingled importance and mystery, and seated herself with great state in the chair offered her beside the young lady's writing-table.

"The ladies and gentlemen are going to have an Accademia, as they call it, this evening," she announced. "It is the custom of the house to have them once a fortnight in the season, and to invite people in. There are so few people now that they were about given up; but we have concluded to have one more. Professor Lascelles will read a philosophical paper, and Mr. Ball has an article on Venice which is to be printed in a London magazine, and of which we shall have the first benefit. Mrs. Wilder declares that she hasn't an idea in her head; but she is sure to find one before evening. Her stories are very pretty. We thought that you might like to take a part; and we should be very happy to have you."

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," Aurora said cordially. "If I had time, I would write something *à propos*; but anything of mine will doubtless be new to the company."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Fisher, and did not see the quickly-suppressed smile which her answer provoked. "We are all of us so sorry for Mrs. Wilder," she went on, a secret pleasure in her face contradicting her words. "Her new

book has been severely criticised, or rather abused, in the last 'Nationality.' It is one of our principal papers in America. The number came this morning. Mr. Ball says the notice was meant to be contemptuous, but succeeded only in being brutal. He thinks there was personal spite at the bottom of it."

"How sorry I am!" Aurora said, with real feeling. "Does she care much?"

Miss Fisher's face lost its secret satisfaction. She had not expected one writer to be sorry that another was criticised.

"I am not sure that she has read it. I left the paper in the dining-room before she came down, for it seemed to me that she ought to know; but Mr. Ball took it away afterward. I didn't know whether I had better mention the subject to her."

"Certainly not," Aurora said, with emphasis, remembering Mrs. Lindsay's advice. "We are all criticised in one way or another; but it is seldom necessary that we should be told of it."

Miss Fisher withdrew stiffly, annoyed rather than otherwise that Aurora opened the door for her and stood a moment before closing it. She was becoming sensitive on the subject of politeness with this young woman, whose graceful, ceremonious manners were in such contrast with her own curt, careless ways. She had at first been flattered by these marks of respect, taking them as a tribute to herself, without dreaming of reciprocating them, but she was beginning to perceive that the Italian was surprised at not being herself treated with the same courtesy. She had caught in Aurora's eyes one day a brief, haughty glance, followed by an amused smile as brief, when a gentleman had taken the hand she had not offered and placed himself on the sofa with her and at her right.

"She thinks us ignorant," was Miss Fisher's mental comment.

Left alone, Aurora put aside her writing. Her thoughts had been thrown off the track, and she could have picked up nothing but fragments then. Besides, she was glad of an excuse to go

out. It was still early in the afternoon, but she could take the shady side of the town.

"Now for Piero," she whispered, smiling, as she went toward the canal window.

Two or three fishing-vessels lay at the Mole, their bright red-and-yellow sails still up. On one sail was painted a ship, on another an "I. H. S." in huge letters, another bore a star. In the lengthening shadow of these sails sat the gondolier, in a chair he had lifted from his gondola below, and a half-circle of boatmen stood around him, listening with great respect to his remarks. He was a tall, dark man of forty or thereabouts, very dignified, not to say superb, of manner. He had fought in the Austrian army, fought with Garibaldi, and chased brigands in Calabria, and had many a wild tale to tell. He was in the midst of one when he saw Aurora leaning out between the folds of her curtain, and started up with a brilliant smile flashing across his swarthy face.

She held her hand up, and the circle dissolved as by magic. In a few minutes they were threading the dim waterways leading out past the Arsenal, and when the sun sank lower they floated down the Grand Canal.

"The Englishman," said Piero, breaking a long silence.

She had already seen him, sitting at the rudder of his boat,—an odd-looking craft, a roomy, glistening, yellow affair, as thin as an egg-shell, apparently, with a tiny engine steaming in the centre. Besides the owner, there was one sailor on board.

Aurora had met this boat and boatman every day, and always gave them a smiling glance. He was perhaps a little eccentric, this handsome gentleman who was always alone, eccentric like herself, who also was always alone on the water. She liked to see him, felt a frank sympathy with these solitary wanderings which seemed to make him smile with the same pleasure she herself felt. He wore gray and a wide-brimmed straw hat, was broad-shouldered, and apparently tall, and he had the most wondrous

beard, long and flying like floss with a sparkle of gold in the light.

The two boats approached each other.

"Now, if it were a golden age," thought Aurora, "I could say '*buon viaggio*' to him and let him see that I am pleased to meet him. I do like to see him. I should like to have him in the gondola with me. I think he will have a pleasant voice, and a fresh, frank way of speaking. But, instead of that, it would perhaps be better for me to put on my marble. I really almost smiled in his face yesterday. It is so hard to recollect here that the world and we are made of dust. I have to look at or touch myself to be sure that my hair is not spray."

If it were marble that she put on as the two boats passed each other, it was pure peach-blossom, and there was such a sweetness lurking in the corners of her mouth as one seldom sees carved in any statue. But she looked resolutely straight ahead.

"You will speak to me next time, sweet lady," said Mr. Edward Churchill in his golden beard, as he marked with a sidelong glance the soft severity of her aspect.

And, in fact, when, having gone to her chamber a moment after dinner, she returned to the drawing-room, the first person on whom Aurora's eyes fell was the English boatman, who bowed with great seriousness on being presented to her by Mr. Ball.

Yes, his voice was pleasant, as she had expected, and had a familiar sound, though it was the first time she had ever heard him speak. And he was tall enough, too, with a certain swing in his motions which spoke of the open air.

"How I wish that I had written something new!" she thought,—"*something more beautiful than I ever wrote before. I am afraid my legend is too sombre. If I had but known that he was coming!*"

"Is he a writer?" she murmured in Miss Fisher's ear.

"I'm sure I don't know. I think not. Mr. Ball said he asked to be in-

vited. I think they have met in some club- or reading-room."

Mrs. Wilder was talking to the Englishman, whom she had met before.

"The only fault I find with Italian churches," she said, "is that the greater part of them give one an impression of being in curl-papers, except on the occasion of some crowded *festa*, when you can't see them at all. There are always step-ladders left about, or a raw plank lying on the marble, or a lot of swathed candlesticks."

"Professor Lascelles, we expect you to begin," Miss Fisher was heard to say. And silence ensued.

The professor's argument was that humanity has a mental axis, as the earth a physical, but with cycles for days, and that it rolls inevitably from knowledge to ignorance and from ignorance to knowledge. The great minds which are supposed to have enlightened their race are simply the mountains, which catch the first beams, but not the illuminating sun, and the level sees the day none the sooner for them. The collective human mind cannot bear the continued action of knowledge without rejecting it, any more than the eye can bear a steady light without winking. Having had Christianity and reason, we were now returning to the oracles and elementary spirits from whence Christianity and reason had taken us, to be again called, perhaps, in some distant future by another revelation. Reason was the winking of the mind tired of enthusiasm.

The reading gave rise to a good many protests.

"I think that a man can be about what he has a mind to be," Mr. Churchill declared.

"And he can't have a mind to be anything but the inevitable law of his being means him to be," the professor returned.

Miss Fisher, whom the discussion bored, and who seemed to have constituted herself mistress of ceremonies, called on Mrs. Wilder to favor them.

"I will not wait to be coaxed," the lady said, blushing slightly, "because then the doggerel I have dashed off this

afternoon would seem more absurd and trivial than if given without any fuss. I thought we were to have only our own family, Mr. Churchill. I was thinking of literary critics, and I name my lines

#### POH-POH.

So they are busy about me,—  
Whisper, cackle, and write;  
And you think I am troubled, knowing it,  
Tremulous friend? Not a mite.

A says, "Too much salt in her porridge."  
B, "Her wings are stuck on."  
And so on, a thousand-and-one things,  
And another thousand-and-one.

There's Stokes, who calls himself critic,  
Green and yellow with bile,  
In the very vulgar language  
Sledge-hammers me and my "style."

And you imagine I care for them,  
Tremulous friend? Not a mite.  
They are fifty per centum foolishness  
And fifty per centum spite.

Now, Stokes, dear, in tweed or broadcloth,  
Is an insignificant man.  
He couldn't make you admire him,  
Try as hard as he can.

But, hid in a critic's domino,  
He's your domineer, —almost,—  
And his "we" is your "We" of the Pope of  
Rome,—  
Viz., I and the Holy Ghost.

I talked with a comical man once  
Who knows them as well as I,  
And I laughed till the cramps caught hold of  
me,—  
Declare, I thought I should die.

He set them in such a light, dear,  
I couldn't think him to blame  
When he called them—no matter what, dear;  
It wasn't a pretty name.

What is it? I said it's no matter.  
Well, then, if I must,—you tease!—  
It was something like dee dee asses,  
With a dash between the dees.

See the great liquid stars there,  
Running over with light;  
Hear that music of summer waves  
Whispering through the night;

List to your heart athrob, and think,  
How long will the creature go?  
Take up a book of Browning's,  
And read a page or so;

Hark, while the ories of a litany  
From hundreds of voices arise;  
Look in a dying face, or into  
An infant's limpid eyes.

Either will teach you the nothingness  
Of A, B, C, & Co.  
Do you think I would give for their praises  
The skin of this ripe fig? Poh!

"You have seen the 'Nationality,'" Miss Fisher exclaimed, the moment she ended.

"Yes,—thank you," the lady replied rather pointedly. "I found it at my plate this morning."

The gentlemen complimented Mrs. Wilder on her spirit. She was a talkative, laughing woman, and seemed to have an immense deal of force in her.

"She's a locomotive if you get in her track," Miss Fisher said of her.

"I'm so glad you don't care!" Aurora said, pressing Mrs. Wilder's hand.

"What! have you been pitying me? Your sympathy would console me for a much greater annoyance, dear contessina."

"I read the attack," Aurora said, "and I found it very vulgar."

A few minutes later she found Mr. Churchill by her side. "I need not ask you if you are pleased with Venice," he said. "It is quite evident."

"I am enchanted," she replied, smiling. "It is another world from the dusty one we see elsewhere. I feel an almost irresistible impulse to salute a number of persons whom I do not know. I have to try hard not to."

"I have felt the same," the gentleman said. "And it is a relief as well as a pleasure and honor for me to make your acquaintance. I was liable any day to take off my hat to you, in spite of myself, and make you think me a very impudent fellow."

"Oh, I should not have thought you impudent," was the smiling reply. "I should have known that it was something in the air."

They were interrupted by the reading of Mr. Ball's article on Venice, and sat side by side listening, and shortly after Aurora was called upon. She hesitated an instant, then recited from memory:

#### A LEGEND.

"Projeice te in eum, non se subtrahet ut cadas."—*St. Augustine.*

There's a legend, old and quaint,  
Of a painter and a saint,

Told at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, where the swift  
river flies,  
Where the berg, with snowy crown,  
Stands darkling o'er the town,  
And, circling all, the green-domed hills and castled Alps arise.

In a church, at set of sun  
(Thus doth the story run),  
Some children watched the cupola, where, propt  
on dizzy frames,  
Daniel Asam, pale and grand,  
With a heaven-directed hand,  
Stood painting a colossal figure of the great  
Saint James.

And one there, whispering, praised  
The painter as they gazed,  
Telling how he had pondered o'er each text of  
Holy Word  
That helps the story on  
Of the brother of Saint John,  
Of the first apostle who was martyred for the  
martyred Lord.

Every dawn of day, 'twas said,  
He ate the holy bread,  
And every night the knotted rope wounded his  
shoulders bare;  
Silent he came and went,  
Like one whom God has sent  
On a high and solemn mission that brooks no  
speech but prayer.

For 'twas meet that he should pray  
Who fitly would portray  
The form that walked with Christ and feasted  
at the mystic board;  
And much he needed grace  
Who would picture forth the face  
That had shone back to the glory of the trans-  
figured Lord.

Thus whispered they below,  
While above, within the glow  
Of an isolating sunshine, the unconscious artist  
stood;  
And where the light did fall  
Full clearly on the wall,  
Leaned the apostle, half revealed in dawning  
saintlihood.

Daniel Asam paused in doubt  
As he traced the nimbus out:  
Would the face show dimmer should he add one  
crowning raylet more,—  
With a single pointed spire  
Tip the auroral fire  
Whose curved and clustered radiance that awful  
forehead wore?

Hesitating, back he drew  
For a more commanding view.  
(The children trembled where they stood, and  
whitened and grew faint.)  
And still he backward stepped,  
And still, forgetful, kept  
His studious eyes fixed earnestly upon the bend-  
ing saint.

One plank remained alone,  
And then the cruel stone



That paved the chancel and the nave, two hundred feet below.  
The man, enwrapped in God,  
Still slowly backward trod,  
And stept beyond the platform's dizzy edge, and fell—when, lo!

Swift as a startled thought,  
The saint his hands had wrought  
Lived, and flashed downward from the dome  
with outstretched saving arm.  
One dazzling instant—one—  
The heavenly meteor shone,  
And Daniel Asam stood before the altar, free from harm.

Like mist about him hung,  
The lingering glory clung;  
He felt the pictured holy ones grow still within their frames;  
He knew the light that shone  
Through eyes of carven stone,  
And, fading up within the dome, his saviour, great Saint James.

Thus shall thy rescue be  
(My soul said unto me),  
If thou but cast thyself on God and trust to him thine all.  
For he who with his might  
Labors with God aright  
Hath saintly hands about him ever, and he cannot fall.

Aurora recited as if she spoke, naturally and simply, and with such effect that the scene lived before her hearers as they listened. There was no effort to be impressive, and but little gesture or movement, except at the climax of the story, when she almost started from her seat, and the company with her.

There were compliments from all but Mr. Churchill, who did not utter a word; but his silence pleased her more than the speech of the others, and she went to her room that night with a very kind feeling toward him.

"He reminds me a little of the duke," she thought. "I hope that *he* is well."

She stood in her balcony a few minutes, thinking of him. Dear, generous heart! how foolishly he had thrown himself away, and how dearly he was paying for it!

She sighed as she returned to her chamber: "I wish I could know that he is not unhappy to-night,—that he is at this moment sleeping tranquilly."

D'Rubiera was at that moment very far from either sleep or tranquillity.

He had gone at once to Bellmar, and there awaited Michele's news. It came promptly. The children were well, and seemed amused, but the man had learned how they were taken away from Sasso-vivo, and he related the story so faithfully that the duke ground his teeth on reading it.

This was the first missive.

The second contained nothing new, except that the children were never left alone with him since the first time, when he had surprised them. He perceived that he was watched by a man whom he encountered everywhere. They were probably afraid that he meant to steal the boys.

The third letter was startling:

"A native of Casamicciola told me this morning that the water is sinking in the wells, and that he means to take his family away. He says that the people don't want it talked about, lest the *forestieri* should take alarm and go away."

After reading this letter the duke telegraphed his man, "Tell the duchess what you have written me."

The reply was, "She laughs at it."

The duke himself telegraphed his wife, "I implore you to leave at once."

Her reply was, "I do not apprehend the slightest danger."

The duke telegraphed to Michele and to the tutor:—to the former, "Show the letter;" to the latter, "Bring my sons instantly to Bellmar."

The replies were nearly identical.

The tutor sent, "Madama does not allow me to approach her sons."

Michele said, "She won't let us near them."

"God in heaven! is the woman tempting me to murder her?" cried D'Rubiera.

In an hour he was on his way to Ischia.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

WORLD'S Expositions are becoming regular, if not common, things now. It is a good style of meeting on 'Change for the nations. No one point is fixed, for years and centuries, as with the old fairs, but a new one on each occasion is chosen, with a view alternately to the convenience and advantage of each country and each centre of business. The choice at first was confined to capitals; but cities have so multiplied in our day, industrial concerns proving often more potent in their creation than political attraction, that the range has immensely widened, and the world finds its profit and recreation in resorting to towns where trade and manufactures are supreme and affairs of state not even a secondary occupation. In this our land of decentralization and matter-of-fact work there has been as yet no display of the kind at the federal capital. Washington may, after a while, imitate London, Paris, and Vienna in calling the industries of the globe to meet within her sufficiently spacious boundaries; but, if so, it will be a government affair, and not the result of a movement on the part of her citizens. They are too few and too exclusively dependent upon the government. They have neither the impulse nor the power to imitate Philadelphia and New Orleans. One after another, as breathing-space shall have prepared them for the effort, most of our great towns will follow suit in inviting a visit from their neighbors and the outside world. These local Expositions, so frequent and sometimes so imposing, will expand into the broader type originated at London in 1851. They can with especial propriety call together the nations already represented on our soil by millions of immigrants. Nowhere can a cosmopolitan rally occur more naturally than among a people so strikingly cosmopolitan in origin. All have helped to redeem this waste continent, and all may well come to see by what methods and appliances,

industrial, educational, and political, that unique achievement was accomplished.

The United States differ, moreover, from most other countries in possessing considerable cities very widely discriminated by climate, latitude, and other conditions. These exhibitions must each assume some local color; and it is best that they should. One held at Boston would differ considerably from that at Philadelphia, and still more from those doubtless to come at Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and that now in progress at New Orleans. The last is especially singular in its location. It is Anglo-Saxon, tempered by French idiosyncrasies in a semi-tropical climate, under a sun which does not elsewhere blaze upon a settled community and society either French or English. It is the work of an isolated city a thousand miles removed from any other of its size, built up among swamps and lagoons on the slightly-raised edge of a mighty and treacherous river,—a fresh-water Venice unsupported by islands and undrained by sand. One would not naturally look for the life and institutions of Northern Europe in such a situation. In San Francisco, which has the European climate, they are at home, and as well in Chicago. San Francisco, it is often said, has built her own foundation by filling in arms of her bay where ships once anchored; yet she has hills as well. Chicago has been raised four feet by unanimous and combined hoist, and slopes from the water to the rear, like New Orleans. But she had a porous and manageable soil wherewith to make this addition. New Orleans stands on fat alluvial mud, and to cap it Chicago-fashion would be only to add as much more mud. The alleviation in her case is that she has not frost to contend with. With that exception, she is at a marked disadvantage, with respect to soil and site, as compared with any other town in the Union. And yet her houses, some

of them dating from the beginning of French settlement, have a strikingly solid air. Some of her roadways are bad enough,—perhaps worse than those of Washington fifteen years ago. But no Western city approaches her in quantity of solid stone pavement and brick and stone sidewalk. The spirit and patient energy which have been brought to encounter unexampled difficulties are not such as it has been common to associate with the South, and are such as to deserve the respect and emulation of all American cities without exception. The Orleanists claim that, despite the unescapable causes of malaria and the occasional visits of epidemics, theirs is the healthiest city in the Union. They show figures for this; and sanitary figures are usually classed among the few which do not lie, unless demoralized by the type-setter. Clear water is unstinted,—a thing that cannot be said of many towns west of the Alleghanies. The police records are better, in proportion to population, than those of New York. Homicide especially is less frequent, an impression long fixed to the contrary notwithstanding. The long-deferred deepening by the general government of the mouth of the Mississippi has within four or five years imparted a revival to the commerce of the city, as the large steamships at the levee and the trade-palaces which have sprung up prove. This brightening of the business aspect will add to the gratification of the visitors who make the journey as much to see the city as the Exposition.

Nothing is more anxiously calculated by those in charge of these undertakings than the probable number in attendance. This is the only chance of direct reimbursement; and we fear in this case it is a less brilliant one than might be wished, the distances to be travelled are so great, and the regular railway-fares at the South so high. The river-steamers will tend to correct this difficulty, and a delightful means of conveyance they are, if you are not in a particular hurry,—and a pleasure-tour should never be hurried. Once arrived, there is no trouble about either lodgings or access to the

grounds. The steamboats are a safety-valve here too. They give you a comfortable state-room at one dollar a day, transportation from Canal Street to the Exposition and back included. The street-cars, however, will probably prove equal to the emergency. There is no end to them. Their fare is the minimum coin of the city,—a “bit,” or half-dime. They are all of the much-execrated (at the North) “bob-tail” variety. That it should prevail here is something of an argument for the popular honesty. None the less, the drivers are held to strict vigilance. Strikes occur sometimes among them, and queer substitutes become a necessity. It is rather startling to see a face as purely and unmistakably Indian as though its owner had just been captured in an Apache raid peer in through the glass door in front to make sure that you have deposited your nickel. The propelling force is invariably a mule,—a tall fellow, with portentous ears, who trots off with forty passengers at six miles an hour as if nothing had happened. He is usually quite a thrifty-looking animal of his semi-species, and stands the frequently-repeated twisting-up at a quarter of an instant's notice with entire composure. The weaknesses of the race are apparent at the same time, as well as the stoutness. Half-way to the grounds the car stops in the usual dépôt-stable. On one side stretches a long aisle of mules, especially wide between the two rows of stalls, for obvious reasons. Here there is a change. The new mule is whisked out of his stall and into the traces, without giving him time to reflect, by a stout stable-man at each side of his head. Unless he be an unusually amiable specimen, his attention is apt to be further distracted by a thump or two in the jaw. The attendants, who have meanwhile kept as well at arm's length and as well ahead as circumstances would permit, spring rapidly aside, and the animal, after a few gesticulations with ears, tail, and hind feet, strikes a brisk gait and gives no more trouble. This is the realm of the mule. He does all the heavy work. The horses are few, light-built and springy. Some horse-breeders

from the Northwestern States showed great, if possibly misguided, spirit in placing on exhibition one or two hundred magnificent Normans. They may be purchased by other visitors, but they can be of no earthly account in Louisiana. Competition with the mule would be fatal to them in six months. But this is a World's Fair, and not an offering to a local market. "It takes all kinds of men"—and horses—to make the world.

The veteran live-oaks, with their long, gray beards of moss, are enough to give the grounds a distinctly Southern air. The sward beneath them, rich green in the dead of winter, needing to be kept shorn by the lawn-mower, speaks the same way. And this impression is not weakened by the broad buildings of wood, so markedly in contrast with the fantastic piers and pinnacles of iron elsewhere employed. It was good policy to employ wood, as the beams will have more selling-value in proportion to their cost. Nor are these structures so numerous. The grounds are not crowded by the edifices of the States,—each State being assigned space in the American pavilion, where they are joined by the Federal exhibit. The main building is assigned to machinery and foreign exhibitors. To the eye both appear nearly of a size, although the latter covers thirty-three and the former but eleven acres. The only other very extensive structure is Horticultural Hall, a low greenhouse-like erection, without fire. Japonicas bloom and the banana is in full leaf under its roof, with the thermometer at 40°. Outside, the ground for several days in January was hard frozen, and icicles decked the fountains. The banana in the open air was dead, but the orange-trees were heavy everywhere with their golden globes. They made a show, with the assistance of the palmetto, several other sorts of palm, yucca, and the magnolia and bay family of evergreens, more pleasing to a stranger's eye than the display within-doors, where immense tables covered with apples, different species of citron, Japanese persimmon, etc., were the

*avant-coureurs* in the exhibition-field of the hardly more richly colored flowers of the Southern spring.

To the accommodation of special exhibits which are best by themselves, detached buildings are appropriated; saw-mills, brick-making, and cattle occupy the principal ones; but they are not so prominent as to detract from the lawn-like effect of the scene. The Mexican kiosk is in a more conspicuous position, and is highly decorative, backed as it is by the sombre background of the live-oak avenue.

The eye naturally refuses to recognize a dead level. On such a surface it constructs for itself undulations out of the accidents of light and shade. One does not, therefore, realize that these broad and pleasant surfaces are a perfect flat. The fact becomes more evident as he nears one of the long, straight trenches which have been dug for drainage. They afford just current enough for that purpose. Their excavation accounts for a considerable part of the labor which has been employed in preparing the grounds and buildings for their object. "Two thousand men were at work day and night, in rain and mud," during the month *after* the opening of the Exposition, or the time fixed for the opening, December 1. Five thousand car-loads of domestic exhibits had to be brought to the spot, and much special track laid for them. The adverse elements seemed to combine. Yet a Southern winter, if capable of these freaks, is prompt also to recover itself and to reassume its normal character of genial moderation. Powerful sunshine is all the time within a mile of the earth, and, the barrier of clouds once withdrawn, acts with marvellous rapidity and effect. It has but rarely frost to first banish from the surface, and the work of drying proceeds without delay. There is always an absence of sullenness and hardness from the weather here which is new to those accustomed to more Northern skies. It can never be called severe. Like other things of the South, it is friendly and tolerant at its worst. It cannot be called elastic, because elasticity involves sharp

and vigorous action and reaction. The term "bracing," therefore, we would not apply to it, as we often do to the most abrupt and trying changes of the Northern atmosphere,—changes which brace many up to a tension too fine for earthly existence.

In passing under the roof that covers the exhibits of our own country, we must, as in duty bound, first give the go-by to the States united and give precedence to their creature the United States. That portentous entity, it is pleasant to note, does not show its iron teeth as visibly as in 1876. The display of cannon, muskets, and other tools of the butchering business is not comparable in extent to that at Philadelphia. So far as it goes, however, it is different, some devices in artillery of that day having become failures already. An apprehension that the incessant changes in the construction of guns may in a very few years inflict similar oblivion on some of the patterns of to-day may have aided in limiting the exhibit at New Orleans. And this is just as well, both because a very little of the war-element will do, and because the breech-loading cannon brought over by Cortez proves how slight has been the advance in principle in three centuries and a half. This little gun, by the way, a trophy of the Mexican war, it would be a graceful act at the close of the Exposition to present to Mexico. She is our next neighbor on the south, has been in the past three or four years brought into the closest commercial relations with us, and has done many times more, in proportion to her ability, toward representing herself adequately at New Orleans than any other foreign nation. Cortez belongs to her: he is a part of her history. We have nothing to do with him.

The selection from the Smithsonian Museum is well chosen and ample. The zoological part evinces a marked improvement in taxidermy since 1876, dramatic and descriptive effect being aimed at in some of the groupings. An osteological collection is of far greater value scientifically than one of stuffed specimens, but less adapted to transpor-

tation. The collection of skeletons and preparations at Washington is indeed very far from complete, and should be carefully and steadily enlarged. A useful feature in the United States department is the selection of foreign fabrics, vegetable products, textile and edible, and other contributions from foreign sources, procured at the Philadelphia Exposition. It shows what we have learned already from that quarter, and something of what we have yet to learn. For more in the latter direction we must look to the vast building at the end of the grounds, assigned to the displays from abroad. There will be much to teach and learn on both sides, for the nine years have been exceptionally prolific in industrial progress. The Bessemer process has substituted steel for iron in the commonest objects, from the track of forty thousand miles of new and nearly as many of old American railway, down to fencing-nails. Electricity pervades all our cities as a light-giver, and will soon do the same as a motor. New railways in the Northwest have added one-fourth to the available wheat-area of the Union. Thanks to improvements in the refrigerating process on a large scale, New York now supplies fresh beef and mutton to London and draws it herself from Chicago, while the transportation of fresh fruit from the Southern States to the Northern has increased manifold. A revolution of still greater magnitude on the latter line of traffic is marked in the development, almost wholly within the second half of the decade, of the Southern coal and iron product. The output of iron in Alabama, Tennessee, Virginia, and in adjacent Southern States on a minor scale, has grown to near half a million of tons from a tenth of that amount, with the result of perceptibly unsettling the iron business in Pennsylvania. Bituminous coal from the Chesapeake competes in the markets of the Northern seaboard with anthracite so effectively as to reduce already, within one year, the price of the latter, with every prospect of more active competition as the Southern mines are devel-



oped. There is here no invention of a new principle, but only the introduction of a new commerce, often more far-reaching than an important invention. It means the diffusion over a wider portion of our territory of industries heretofore confined to narrower localities. It is a part of the same industrial movement which has, within a similarly brief period to that we have named, introduced cotton-manufacturing throughout the cotton States. The Southern coal, iron, and sheetings are as yet sent abroad as crude products. Northern producers with whom they interfere will recuperate themselves by more active attention to a higher grade of manufacturing, in which they will not for a long time have Southern rivalry to fear. For example, the machinery for the Southern mills all comes from the North, which often finds its account in supplying the capital also. No part of the common country can, in the long run, suffer from a change brought about by the operation of the regular laws of trade. One hundred and five millions of capital invested in the South in the single year 1884 amount to a pledge "to the general good of all the house."

A federal census, taken more carefully and comprehensively than any of its predecessors, especially than that of 1870, having intervened, the statistical maps are superior in accuracy to those of 1876. They are still not perfect, the deceptive nature of some of them being readily perceptible. It will always be a mistaken proceeding to draw hard and fast conclusions from charts of this sort; but general facts they make more easy of apprehension, if you do sometimes have to look behind to see if they are facts. Look, for instance, at the illiteracy map. The black shading is encouragingly limited, and the white portion as delightfully broad; but this pleasure dwindles when you observe that the latter expanse includes Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Colorado, and other regions where you may ride all day without seeing a white face, to say nothing of a school-house, and where schools could have had no time to

affect the returns, even had they been established, of the most elaborate type and at the most reckless cost, at the advent of the first settler. The forestry charts, too, must be read with a great many reservations. What kind of timber grows on this densely-shaded space? Is it hard wood, pine, or worthless cottonwood? If coniferous, is it the scrub pine of the Northeastern hills, which will not renew itself in a generation, and is of small value when it does, or white pine and red-wood, like that of Oregon, which grows two hundred feet high and as thick as a palisade? If we glance at a shading of the same strength on a Northern and a Southern, a low and an elevated, site, we must not forget that the process of growth and renewal will vary, according to atmospheric influences, in the proportion of three to one, making a forest of the same apparent value worth three times more, or less, as the case may be.

Nor are these maps the only things in the vast collection of solid facts in the midst of which we stand that require to be accepted with caution. Many of them are sent with a view to deceive. Let not this be taken as meant in an unkind sense. We mean only that the several States make a point sometimes of sending articles as evidence of what they habitually produce, when they are only specimens of what they can produce when they try very hard. As a homely example, here are some big Irish potatoes,—the largest we find in the building, where potatoes are rife. We can hear a horse-laugh rolling from Maine to Wisconsin when told they come from Delaware. On the other hand, one of the great purposes of an Exposition is, doubtless, to show the best that each State or country can do. It is in search of future possibilities as well as past accomplishments, and it expects visitors to distinguish between them. If States, or communities, can astonish themselves and outsiders whom they address by the development of capabilities hardly before suspected, it is precisely what they should do. Let them ripen the abnormal into the nor-

mal. That, say men of science, is the true process of natural development. It is a movement in the same groove with the unrolling, year by year, of the veil of earth and rock that shrouds the mineral treasures destined to enrich our descendants.

A fine example, it is here in place to say, is set her more portly sisters by this same diminutive commonwealth, Delaware. She permits the students of very few industries indeed to pass her by. Her iron-ship-building interest, which has done and is doing so undue a share of the sorely-needed reconstruction of our mercantile navy, is illustrated by handsome models. So with her carriage and passenger-car works; her fine hardware used for fittings; her "vulcanized fibre," one of an increasing class of productions resulting from the process of comminution or pulping; her sheet-glass, etc.

New Jersey, as populous as six Delawares, guards well her manufacturing eminence in a showily upholstered stronghold, one of the most elegant State headquarters in the building. The spinning and weaving of silk remain the most distinctive feature of her manufactures, while a series of large photographs tells of the rapid transformation of her once proverbially dreary and inhospitable sea-shore into a Brighton a hundred miles long, most of it the growth of the decade yet already draping itself with history, tragic and comic, scored with large and little figures, the pets or the victims alike of politics, the Bourse, and fashion. A system of fine light-houses and life-saving stations has shorn the coast of its terrors for the mariner; but shipwrecks ashore have multiplied more rapidly than the other record has dwindled.

It is a striking illustration of progress that the New Jersey section of the Exposition alone comprises an exhibit which, in variety, range, and economic value, has doubtless never been equalled by any collection or group of collections south and west of Cincinnati. There have been displays of far superior magnitude, measured by mere mass, and

more many-sided in the ruder forms of wealth and industry, but nothing to compare with it in the outcome of skilled labor and concentrated intelligence. The South is fortunate in finding that she has all these new fields to explore, that the paths across them have been found out for her by others, and that for her to enter upon the least of them is a step toward improvement. To her people of means and education this is no revelation, but to the mass of her citizens, who stay at home and whose notions of industrial occupation are primitive, it is. They see what has been done and is doing by men of the same blood, language, and flag as theirs, and it cannot be that they have so little of the mere imitativeness of the race, not to say the emulative energy of the Anglo-Saxon, as not to be impelled to attempt similar work.

Close to New Jersey towers Mississippi's canopy of fleecy cotton, disposed decoratively as to form, but having no color but that of the great staple. A white dove upon the summit represents peace, and represents it well. But there is too much peace. Mississippi should be stirred into forgetting cotton for a while and accepting the idea that the world expects other things from her. She can do better than put all her eggs in the cotton basket. One of her ladies, Mrs. Charles Dudley, exhibits cocoons and raw and spun silk. Another coconery exemplified is that of Mr. Bailey, of Jackson. An immense piece of embroidery on satin, done by the Ladies' Association of Natchez, depicts the map of the State, with her statistics in the margin, all executed with the grace of that most exquisite of tools, the female hand. Next time, we may hope, the satin may be the fruit of Mississippi looms, and the embroidery woven in after the method of the Paterson jacquards which also are displayed here, the fingers of the Mississippi ladies employed perhaps in designing patterns for the machines to work out. The flower-painting of Mrs. Gasteell, of Natchez, is worthy of any tissue. Is it fanciful to hold that where the raw silk is

grown and reeled, and the figures studied, drawn, and colored, the loom cannot remain unknown? Why may not that famous bluff, rich in legend and richer in landscape, become the chosen seat of a manufacture which has always seemed the peculiar property of Southern localities? If Mississippi can produce the fine woollen blankets and cassimeres which come from a mill seated upon the immediate shore of the Gulf at Bay St. Louis, where the climate could certainly never have suggested the use of wool for comfort by day or night, she may equally shine in silk. It need not be long before the reaching of such a result, if we judge from the rate at which her factories for other fibres have sprung into existence and success.

Here is offered one promising field for women's work,—the department which appropriates so ample a space in this spacious building. In the designing and weaving of rich brocades, velvets, and other forms of the caterpillar's tissue, women are apt to find less competition from men than in many other branches of employment. Southern women are not without especial qualifications in this regard. It is noticeable that there has never been any lack of white female labor in any of the Southern factories. A silk-factory would be less exposed to difficulty in that regard than one of cotton or wool, and it would attract a more intelligent class than that which usually meets the wants of the latter. Throughout the exhibits of the ladies we trace the old passion for embroidery, lace-making, crotcheting, matching of colors and forms in such products as quilts, mats, etc. From every part of the Union come specimens of this ancient craft of the sex. But they are the yield of handicraft, and that, for any great result, must grow into manufacture. Let the old things be done in the old way, but they will bear only the old fruits. Nottingham lace, by the side of the best of that which it imitated, may be termed a poor thing. Yet there is so much more of it. It has made familiar

to the humblest what was once a pleasure possible only to the wealthy. It has given birth to an industry of national importance, and the lace-machine commanded, at the time of its first triumphs, minute and prolonged study from the leading statesmen of England. Machinery and the large scale are the methods of this utilitarian age, and woman, to succeed in her aspirations, must marshal her faculties along that line. This is not to abandon the artistic. Not at all. The more of art she can master, the better. Thrice is she armed who hath her pencil just.

In the Texas pavilion stands a marble mantel, quarried, carved, and painted at Austin. The horizontal and the side panelling and the twelve tiles around the grate are hand-painted by the ladies of that city, in alternation with different varieties of marble polished to bring out the color of each. The studies chosen are birds, butterflies, and plants of Texas. The mocking-bird, the cardinal grosbeak, the cotton-boll, from its delicate pink embryo of blossom to snowy maturity, and the mistletoe, very common in the low grounds, are among the subjects. What of finer or richer could Minton, Doulton, or Haviland do? Yet treated by these utilitarians the Austin tiles would reach thousands where now they are the passing pleasure of hundreds. Transfer them to clay, and multiply them in the oven as manuscript is multiplied in the press, and we have woman's work effulgent under the Lone Star with something more solid and durable than starlight to show for it.

We here naturally pass to the displays of the art-schools, including those especially or exclusively for females. The number of these institutions of all grades has largely increased, and drawing has become an almost invariable part of the free-school course. Drawing and modelling from the solid and the flat, systematic analysis of color, original composition for decoration, weaving and plaiting, and mathematical drawing, have perhaps never before in this country been so amply exemplified.

The specimens are bewildering from their number. It is difficult to select for comparison, and to bring together for that purpose in one's mind, even momentarily, objects a quarter of a mile apart. It is one of those cases in which diffusion is confusion. Fortunately, in this view, the limits assigned to our article are such as to preclude any serious attempt at detailed criticism. We must be content to call attention to the displays of the Massachusetts State Normal Art-School, marked by careful and thorough execution, and of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, where the decorative is more prominent and more shown in the way of original composition. Among the less special exhibits are those of the Chicago grammar-schools and the State Normal School of Nebraska. The astronomical and microscopic drawings of the last-named institution are worthy of note; and some relief-maps point, if they do not prepare, the way to a method of studying physical geography hitherto not much pursued in this country. A bottle of school-room air from that young commonwealth—whether taken in winter, when a minimum of  $-40^{\circ}$  had killed all the microbes, or in summer, when a maximum of  $100^{\circ}$  was warming them up to their worst—is hardly to be classed with the æsthetics of education, but evinces the minuteness with which it is the fashion to explore its hygiene. A sufficiently wide range is covered by the curriculum of the Illinois State Industrial University. Architecture, carpentry, and other walks of technology are there taught side by side with mechanical and "free-hand," or true, drawing. Where so much is attempted, it is much to be able to say that a great deal is most creditably accomplished.

The whole building which we are now traversing, and to which chiefly this paper is devoted, has the air of an educational exhibit. To pass through it is like visiting a series of schools minus the scholars and generally minus the teachers. We are given the privilege of a tour through, the unpeopled

benches and a look behind the pedagogic throne in holiday hours, all the appliances and tangible products of the business carefully prepared for our inspection. Not only are the broad galleries, a mile long, of the upper floor, with a deduction for the colored exhibit, thus occupied, but the same theme reappears in some shape in each of the State sections and the Federal section in the body of the building below. What the youth of the republic are taught, and how they are taught, is thus shown to be a subject of great and growing popular concern. Obviously, its prominence has increased during the decade. Its principles are being slowly fixed, and it is attaining the position of a science. We should say that specialization was still not sufficiently regarded, and particularly that too great a range was attempted in elementary instruction. It is well that the ingenuity of enthusiasts should be directed from still greater error in the latter direction to the carpentry of desks and benches and the better surfacing of blackboards. The kindergarten system comes in here as somewhat of a protection to the overstrained infantile mind; and we should like to have seen among the materials of object-lessons more of such things as marbles, tops, bats, kites, etc. Let us see how American children play, and it will teach us much as to how and with what substantial effect they study. Teachers should everywhere manifest a personal interest in this. Nothing is more appreciated by their pupils, and nothing more surely creates that sympathy between the two which is the best guarantee, after all, of solid progress. The teacher who is a companion out of school cannot be viewed as a tyrant within it.

We find here and there a few photographs of noted teachers, and fewer of their most advanced scholars. They should be far more numerous. The books and maps and desks and drawings look a little desolate without the faces of those whose work they illustrate. Each school, as far as possible, should contribute a collective photograph of its



members. It would be very instructive, actually and comparatively. Much of the fruits of a given system can be traced in the physique of those who live and labor under it. To bring together from all parts of the Union the young faces of its future citizens and the matured lineaments of those who are training them for the duties of freemen, the former sound with health or pinched with overstudy and confinement or with nascent disease which should be checked or eliminated by special relaxation of rigid discipline, and the latter speaking not less distinctly with reference to the qualifications of preceptors, would be a great step toward summarizing the advantages or disadvantages of the methods pursued. Of course, both impression and inference could only be general; but it is the average of a large assemblage that determines, in education as in a price-current. A foundation of bodily health is the indispensable basis of sound education. There must be wherefrom to educe.

The free schools of the Southern States speak more in statistics than in more concrete forms of display, and the figures are highly satisfactory. There is a steady increase, year by year, in the number of school-buildings, proportion of attendance to whole number of children of school-age, and available funds. Graded and normal schools are multiplying, perhaps as rapidly as the pressure from below requires. The colored schools are supplying themselves with colored teachers, which speaks better for the progress of the race than any other discoverable sign. It should be remembered that the schools for both races are supported by the self-imposed taxation of the whites, who own nearly all the property, that property, too, being in a much larger proportion than at the North real estate. Technical and industrial schools have hardly made a beginning, and can hardly be expected to make much headway until the diversification of Southern industry shall have made further progress. The Miller School, of Albemarle County, Virginia,

seated within sight of the home of Jefferson and of his pet child the University, has proved highly successful. The art-exercises of its pupils here exhibited will stand comparison with most of the other similar displays.

Outside of the schools proper, a class of voluntary associations for mutual and general mental advancement is springing up in portions of the country. The Chautauqua Society, originating in Western New York, is a type of these. Its plan is, correspondence through weekly or monthly publications under the control of the association, and prolonged meetings in the summer with a course of lectures and discussions. The idea has taken well. There are now affiliated "Chautauquas" in a dozen States, and the latest hails from Lake de Funiak, in Florida, a spot not easily distinguishable upon the map, unless upon a chart drawn up by the Seminoles. These private lyceums, the militia and volunteers of the educational army, deserve all our good wishes, and so much the more when they assume the peripatetic character and bring together in direct contact active and cultivated intellect, not simply from, but in, widely separated sections of the country.

Every trace of individual energy among a people whose liberties and whose whole social and political system rest upon the soundness and vigor of individual mind and character must be interesting. State schools are good and necessary things, but we must not depend wholly on State schools. Nor must we forget that the province in which they have been, and in all probability will always be, chiefly successful is that of primary education, and that for the higher education, the perfect flower of study, we must look mainly to the untrammelled activity of individual thought and labor. What government has done toward the promotion of the higher walks of science and literature bears a small proportion to that which is due to the genius and enthusiasm of men wholly or quite unaided. In what was accomplished by such men as Agassiz, Leidy, Draper,



even Henry, governmental aid had little or no share; and the early explorations of the botany and zoology of the eastern slope of the continent, made by Wilson, Bartram, Nuttall, Buonaparte, Audubon, etc., were the fruit of purely unassisted private enterprise, and are still of standard authority. We could wish to have found in the Exposition fuller traces of the survival of this spirit; but probably it is a spirit which does not habitually seek Expositions.

One most interesting exhibit of this character is made by Professor Lemmon and his wife. It treats the botany of California, and contains over a thousand species, drawn in water-colors, pressed and dissected. This pair of explorers have spent twelve years in their work, camping out for seven months or more of each year. They have discovered quite a number of new species. A dozen followers in this attractive path would in half a generation, with the start of what has already been ascertained, complete an exhaustive presentment of the flora of the United States. We should mention also the entomological collection of Mr. Schaeff, in the Maryland section,—very thorough within its limits, and well arranged. Both together could be contained in the mighty maw of Mr. Ward's mammoth,—a creature which, though extinct uncalculated æons ago, has sprung up in its present portentous dimensions under the hands of this gentleman, who appears to make palæontology a business, since he came only less prominently to the front at Philadelphia. The Siberian monster is effective in the extreme as a piece of dramatic scenery, looks down with expressive contempt on the things of a day beneath him, and has always a crowd of admirers.

A display of fossil deposits far more interesting commercially is that from the phosphate beds of South and North Carolina,—beds which are repeated on the James River, a short distance from Jamestown. The yearly produce of the South Carolina rocks reaches two and a half millions of dollars, and must rise to higher figures as the supply of phosphate from recent bones continues to

fall behind the demand, particularly as agricultural chemistry seems to have satisfied itself that soluble phosphate has no practical superiority to insoluble. Among the objects dredged up in procuring this fertilizer, relics of yesterday and of the most ancient geologic time appear in the most extraordinary juxtaposition. Among a multitude of teeth of sharks, elephants, and mastodons, you see side by side a trilobite and a fossilized human jaw, fossil clams and recent clams with the phosphatic rock cemented to them. Amber is found also in large pieces; none of that exhibited, however, being so clear as the Baltic amber.

The long-known green-sand marls of New Jersey, less capable of repaying the cost of distant transportation than the South Carolina phosphates, appear in the remarkably ample and well-arranged exhibit of that State.

A meagre enumeration of the minerals shown by the different States would occupy many pages of this magazine. Nor would it be quite satisfactory, were there space for it,—new discoveries being constantly made, and ores deemed peculiar to one or another locality coming to light in others far remote. Coal, for example, thought not many years ago to exist on the great plains only in the condition of an inferior lignite, now seems to crop out along the railways just where and in what quantity and quality the managers of those works desire it. Iron has been discovered so rich and so favorable for reduction and transportation as almost to have brought to a stand-still by competition the furnaces of the famous Iron Mountain of Missouri. Similarly the copper of Lake Superior, unmanageable by reason of its very richness, finds a successful rival in the Arizona ores, which need to be smelted and to be borne by railway hundreds of miles to either ocean. The migrations of the centre of gold- and silver-production are familiar to all; and the probability now is that it will move beyond our borders altogether and find its place in Mexico. Ere the time for the next Exposition the much-sought-for desideratum of workable lodes of tin may be found. Veins

have been already opened in North Carolina, Virginia, and Arizona; but their success is not, so far, decided. Kaolin, not many years ago unthought of among our resources, appears here from six or eight States,—the whitest being that of Arkansas. Asbestos and mica and pyrites are minor minerals which have of late years come into increased demand. They are furnished in quantity by the foot-hills of the Appalachian range, on its eastern slope, in the Carolinas and Georgia, a most healthy and attractive region, bracing in climate by reason of its elevation, and mild from its latitude. The valetudinarian can select the level of his habitat from a range of six thousand feet,—say, the height of Simla above the sweltering plains of the Ganges.

With this great reserve fund beneath the ground we may class the forests above. As we have before intimated, there is reason to hope that the alarm of a speedily approaching exhaustion of the timber-supply has been premature, or at least overdrawn. It is not supported by the market-prices of lumber. The acreage of wood is certainly extending on the west of the Mississippi River. From what is seen at the Exposition it would not be inferred that there was any imminent danger of defect in this regard. Not only in what may be termed the staple woods, but in those employed in ornamental work, the display is surprising. Most of the States exhibit hard woods of many shades and fibres. California has a soft-grained pine which is used for paper-making and is shown in the different stages of pulping.

Of the food-products so amply set forth by all the States little need be said, in view of the unexampled yield of 1884 in cereals and domestic animals. A bounteous harvest smiles throughout the whole. Colorado, without an acre that is independent of irrigation, has provided water for six hundred thousand

acres, and begins to pose as an exporter of wheat. Originally desert and now half-deserted Nevada has followed the same crystal path; and shines in that watery esculent the potato. All the States have the aspect of being rivals in the cultivation of all grains and all fruits. New York, California, Texas, and several others send wines made from improved seedlings or hybrids from the European species, or from such wild and pure natives as the Scuppernong, the Bullitt, and the Mustang. Dried fruits are fully up to the demand; but that cannot be said to have moved forward at the standard pace of things American. More demand, indeed, is the want of the country. It craves a new world, not merely to feed, but to clothe.

Nothing daunted, the Western States, with wheat at sixty cents a bushel on the farm and corn in many places the cheapest attainable fuel, are craving immigration. Their advertising photographs, pamphlets, circulars, and cornucopia-like pavilions are enough of themselves to make up a highly-captivating Exposition. Kansas boasts that she "made" one hundred thousand citizens off the Philadelphia Centennial, and doubtless anticipates a correspondingly brilliant speculation in its successor. More wheat-growers! Are there more consumers to balance them? The doctrines of compensation, no doubt, will prove equal to the occasion. Our vast fund of labor, not equalled, man for man, in efficiency elsewhere, will find new outlets, failing the old ones. Already a short harvest for 1885 is foreshadowed, with a corresponding rise in the price of wheat, which carries with it the prices of the other commodities. Meanwhile, fortunate the people burdened only with an excess of food. Full garners, and full school-houses, and workshops that would be full but for over-production,—these are not bad elements for the future.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

## TINA'S HOLIN'.

VAST regions in West Virginia have never known the sound of the axe in their forests, or of human voice, save when the hunter hallooed to his dogs in their almost impenetrable depths. Rocky walls and steep mountain-sides confine the traveller to rapid rivers or narrow trails along their banks. Now and then a sweep of fertile meadow reposes where ages ago the river ploughed a cove in its stubborn banks and then went back to its winding bed, satisfied to leave a few acres of its rich débris for some pioneer to clear of gnarled beeches and sycamores, plough, fence, and build a cabin upon.

In one of these nooks, not far below where trout-streams and mountain-torrents plait themselves into Elk River, which broadens into lake-like eddies and laughs over bouncing shoals, as it gathers help from creek and spring on its journey to the Great Kanawha, I saw one day a pleasing sight. The roof of a new cabin peeped over the bank at me as I sat in my canoe, and the smoke from the chimney made a comforting-looking streak of blue against the high background beyond. I had paddled far into this wild region, lured by fine fishing, mountain-air, refreshing change of scenery, and the Crusoe-like life I was leading. I was alone, excepting my dog Roi, who, while he boasted a pedigree and owed allegiance to the Queen of England as a born subject, did not supply all the necessities of a companion, inasmuch as he could not do his share of the talking. So I confess that the sight of a cabin, and prospect of having some one to talk back, were pleasing. Even Roi stuck up his ears in anticipation of a bark announcing our arrival and company more agreeable than myself in one of his own race. A landing was soon made where the sycamores formed a wharf of roots on the river's edge. Sail, tent, camp-chest, guns, and fishing-tackle were disembarked. The

empty canoe, turned upside down on its rests, made a water-proof roof; a swing-hammock gave an air of comfort; a buffalo-skin, spread on the ground under the tent, added luxury, while three camp-stools, spread for occupancy, argued hospitality. I was ready to receive visits as well as make them, like a true squatter sovereign.

Not being encumbered with household responsibilities, Roi had preceded me to the log cabin, and was the subject of some little alarm and not a little curiosity for a young girl, who was endeavoring to control the joy of a lot of hound pups at having such an aristocratic visitor. She was very pretty. Her eyes were dark, and full of the light coming from a warm, gentle nature. Her hair, black and curly, inclined to saucy independence, and was well mated with dark complexion, rosy cheeks, laughing mouth, and a form firm and lithe as a panther's. Her calico dress was never intended to hide her bare feet, or its tucked-up sleeves to do duty below the elbows of her shapely arms. It might some time have guarded the full curve of her throat, but it was off watch now, and its negligence added greatly to the buoyant carriage of her head. There was an evident conflict between blushes and dimples, bashfulness and genuine pleasure, at seeing some one invade the solitude of her home; but the forces joined in a pleasant smile as she extended her hand to me in welcome, and a real greeting was in her voice as she said, "Howdee? Won't you step in the cabin an' take a cheer? Joe'll be glad to see you, an' rale put out that he ain't yere when you come. He's up in the mountain rivin' clap-boards fer to kiver me a chicken-pen. The chickens strays away so, an' steals their nests, an' the foxes gits 'em. Take a cheer. I don't reckon he'll be gladder nor I am to see a man. Ye're the first livin' thing with

clothes that's come to these parts sence Joe an' me built our cabin, and that's goin' on three months. I hain't lonesome—Joe an' me hain't. We've worked powerful hard, an' hed a sight to do; but once in a bit when Joe's a-huntin', or up on the mountain maulin' rails, I slip down to the bank an' look down the river,—home-way, whar I come from. How fur down the river did you come from, stranger?"

She was half seated on a rough table, and looked at me anxiously as she asked the question. Her eyes moistened a little when she said "home-way," but there was no grief about it. I told her that I had come all the way from the mouth of Elk. She interrupted me with a flash of brightness: "Then you come past where fayther an' mam' an' the young uns lives. Did you see a log cabin with a stick-an'-daub chimbley, an' a window 'longside the door with a shetter an' no glass, an' a cut-off canoe down in front uv it, on the river, any time?"

As this answered to the description of about every cabin I had seen on the river, I said yes.

She leaned over toward me with joy, eagerness, and expectation in her face: "Wuz ther' a woman standin' in the door, with a sun-bonnet on, an' carryin' a baby?"

This question was general enough in its application to say yes to, so I said yes.

"Oh, that wuz mam an' Minnie! Wuz they lookin' well ez common? I don't reckon you saw pap. He'd be up in the clearin', hoein' taters or corn, or jimmin' roun' doin' somethin'. I wish Joe 'ud come, till I tell him. I never wuz so glad, no time. You didn't light out your canoe, did you, an' talk a bit? No; I might hev knowed that. They'd sent me some writin's by you ef you had, an' they knowed you wuz comin' this fur. I'm powerful glad you seed 'em, though. Hit does me a world uv good. I'll go holler fer Joe an' tell him." And off she went like a deer, leaving me with the not very difficult task on hand of telling her more

about an Elk River cabin when her ringing "H-o-o-o, Joe!" should produce whoever and whatever Joe was from the forest.

Roi, the best-natured fellow in the world, was being pulled in all ways that suggested themselves to four pups, no two of which had the same idea of direction. A cat had taken refuge on the one bed in the cabin, with every hair, from tail-tip to whiskers, set for defence. Three chairs in brightness of recent scrubbing, a home-made bench, a clock, a skillet on the open hearth, a few dishes, some tinware, a few skirts on pegs, a small trunk, and a rifle over the fireplace, were left with me to furnish the house; but there was such an air of cheerfulness and cleanliness about that it would have been good company had I sat on the floor and looked at the bare logs, newly hewn and notched together at the corners into a rude but comfortable home. There was no doubt about it, this was a home. There were indubitable, unmistakable signs of a wedding not long since. There was a shine on a coat hung in a corner that was too fresh for simply a "meetin' coat." There was a brilliancy about a neck-tie, hung up like a picture on a nail, far beyond ordinary purchase. A pair of boots standing under the bed-head were, in country parlance, "fine," but the red tops stitched in scallops and golden eagles in a silver heaven of stars pointed to careful selection and some extravagance, with an eye to general admiration. The lace scarf and white-feathered hat would never have been kept out of the trunk and exposed to public gaze on the bed-post if there was not a bit of feminine pride somewhere in their comeliness and history. While all other skirts on the pegs showed their linings, there was a bright purple one, with ruffles and a polonaise, that scorned to be turned inside out even on a week-day. That pretty girl, with not more than sixteen- or seventeen-year-old dimples, must be a bride; and that Joe, whose name the echoes were playing with from river-bank to rocky cliff, must be the lucky fellow who owned

the boots, and stood in them, coated and cravatted beyond an artist's nightmare, alongside of that hat, scarf, and purple dress, to take what was in them unto himself, promising to be a true and faithful husband. The dear girl was happy,—any one could see that. But how the home-strings pulled at her! There was only one cabin with a "stick-an'-daub chimbley" on the river for her, one woman and one baby,—and these were "mam and Minnie." I was getting alarmingly interested from very sympathy. Why were they so far from home, when the homesteads along Elk River were infinitely divisible, as the custom went, among children and children's children? "There is a story here. I must have it," I said aloud. There was so much emphasis in my determination, in whirl of chair, voice, and look, that the pups united in a rush to the door, to all appearances without tails.

"Joe's comin', stranger, like a b'ar wuz arter him," she said, with a merry laugh. "He allers comes a-runnin' when I holler. I hollered once when he didn't come, an' he's been makin' up fer it ever sence. I allers stan's out arter hollerin' till he gits his eyes on me, er he'd be that skeered an' done out runnin' ther'd be no tellin' what he might bust, nohow, an' maybe go dead. I'm keerful uv Joe. He's my ole man. I didn't tell you that afore, did I? Hit made me sorter forgetful, bein's you seed my folks." The laugh died suddenly when she said, "I hollered once when he didn't come," and her words after that sounded as if they were going to a funeral, there was such a solemn earnestness about them.

Soon steps approached, and a fine, manly-looking young fellow entered the cabin door, flushed and blown from running, and anchored by each leg to a propped pup.

"What's the matter, Tina?" he asked, with a smile of relief, as she went to meet him on his entrance.

"Nothin', Joe. Only there's a strange man yere thet come past hum an' seed mam an' Minnie. I thought you'd be

right smart put out about it ef you didn't git to say him 'Howdee,' so I hollered. What do you allers git skeered that a-way fer, when I holler every time, anyway? Here's my man, stranger,—Joe. Now you an' him talk, an' I'll stir round an' git a bit uv supper fer you. We hain't got much, stranger, but ther's no hold-back in the givin'."

The welcome in Joe's grip was crushing. "Your comin' does us a power uv good,—me and Tina," he said. "I don't see no critter: you must hev done paddled. Hit's a right smart ways. I'm glad you seed Tina's folks. She don't worrit none, noway, ner fret, nary time; but I hear her take a long ketchin' wind once in a bit, an' then I knows she's home-thinkin'. Now we're settled, an' hez the cabin builded an' plantin' done, I'm 'spicionin' thet she'd git lonesome an' worrit."

"No, I won't, nary time, Joe. I hev the pups, an' chickens, an' you, an' I'm goin' to git some minners an' go a-fishin.' The man's comin' an' seein' mam an' Minnie gins me a fresh holt ag'in' lonesomeness. When I come here I didn't come to worrit, Joe."

"Thet's so," said Joe. "You're been chipper 'an a robin."

Her prospective fishing reminded me of my string of fish: so I said, "I will stay to supper; and we must have fish. I will get them."

"Fish!" said Tina. "I'm fonder uv fish nor a cat. I hain't hed a mess this year."

I went after the fish, which were soon tabled, crisp and brown, for our enjoyment, by Tina's active skill.

"Now," I said, when supper was over and the sun was pouring its last light over the mountain that stood in the way of its direct rays like an immense dam, "come to my house and spend the evening with me."

They both looked puzzled at the idea of my having a home near them, but started with me.

Roi escorted the pups, and the cat shrunk to a sleek coat on the roof in honor of their departure.

"Well, I never!" said Tina, when



she saw the tent and camp-chest. "If you hain't a caliker house, an' a hull kitchen in a box! An' here's a hide floor an' towellin' cheers." She laughed merrily as she looked into the camp-chest. "Look here, Joe. He's jist like you. He'd never wash a dish from meetin'-day to meetin'-day. This won't do, nohow." And she gave her sleeves an extra tuck, and then deliberately proceeded to dish-washing.

As she scrubbed away at the water's edge and laid the polished dishes in comforting-looking piles, Joe took his pipe from his mouth and allowed a long stream of smoke plenty of time to follow enjoyably, then said admiringly, "She's a master-hand at cleanin', hain't she? She gives my face a Sunday-mornin' scrub that gits cl'ar under the freckles. I don't mind it till she puts on the scourin'-sand: then it gits kinder briery. She sez the sun burns the dirt in, like; an' I reckon she knows. I hev ter laugh, too. She's us't to washin' the children hum to her fayther's, an' she gits me jist like I were one uv 'em, an' lathers me up, an' rinses me off, an' gits my eyes chock full uv soap an' my mouth full uv suds, she gits so in 'arnest. She's a master-hand at cleanin'." Joe lowered his voice, and went on in a low tone, "Did she tell you how 'twas we come to start so fur from her home? Well, I thought maybe she might hev told you. It were my doin's. I couldn't stan' livin' round thar arter what hed happened, an' him loose, er leastwise not knowin' whether he wuz dead."

I said, No, Tina had not told me, but that I had been wondering why they had settled so far from any one; that I knew there was good reason for it, because they looked so happy.

"Yes, we air," said Joe positively. "We air ez happy ez fox cubs. We hain't never hed a cross word, no time, sence we wuz j'ined. We come mighty nigh it once, when we wuz roofin' the cabin an' she dropped a hammer on ter my head an' laughed at my holdin' on to whar it hit; but I knowed she didn't do it a purpose, an' I j'ined laughin' too, to squish the mad thet wuz in me,—fer

it hurt powerful. When she seed hit wuzn't a rale laugh I wuz laughin', she jumped down, an' like to hev rubbed my ha'r off. She's jist ez lovin' ez a kitten an' clean ez a washin'-board. I've knowed her ever sence she wuz ez high ez a coffee-pot. She's goin' on seventeen, an' I'm goin' on twenty-two. We lived j'inin' places, an' wuz allers ez thick ez 'possums,—I dunno but thicker; fer they parts when they gits old 'nough to run, an' we allers run in a pair like. We grewed up 'longside one another till 'bout four months ago,—last January it wuz,—an' I don't reckon ary one uv us thought uv sparkin' er gittin' j'ined. I used to take her to singin'-school an' picnics an' big meetin', an' some chance times another feller 'ud take her. I mind now thet used ter make me feel sort uv uncomfortable. I never took no other girl,—nary time; fer it 'peared like I couldn't talk to 'em. I couldn't git a sealed on the words, nohow, like I could with Tina. An' Tina used to laugh at what the other fellers 'ud say to her, an' tell me. Maybe thet wuz the reason I didn't hate her goin' with 'em worser."

Tina's bare feet made no noise as she came to the tent. The first knowledge of her presence came from her merry laugh. "I didn't tell you all they said, Joe. I didn't think it wuz fair."

I offered her a camp-stool, and again she laughed. "No: I'm 'bleeged to you. I'd git to talkin' er laughin', an' upset quick's a baby on a punkin off uv one uv them things. They hain't no backs ner rockers, an' only three legs. I'll git in your swing, if you'll let me. I allers did like swingin'."

If there is any one time more than another when inexperience has immediate and positive results, it is at the moment of sitting down on a hammock in the confident expectation that it will allow itself to be sat upon. Tina demonstrated this. The instant her feet left the ground she made a wild grab at something that was not there. There was a quick revolution around a movable centre, the hammock went one way as far as its ropes would permit, and Tina

went the other until the ground stopped her, where she sat in comical astonishment at how it had happened and in considerable doubt as to what had happened. "I would rather chance them three-legged cheers than a swingin'-machine like that. I never seed a swing like that afore. Hit's ez slippery ez ice." And then the very river rippled at her laugh as she got up and came into the tent. "I b'l'ev'e I'll take the hide floor, fer I can't fall off uv nothin', noway."

She sat down on the buffalo robe at Joe's feet, resting her cheek on his knee, where she vainly tried to suppress her fits of laughing, while Joe went on with his story.

"There wuz one feller—Andy Link—thet hed a big notion uv her, an'—"

"Now, Joe," said Tina, raising her head and speaking with much earnestness, "you hain't tellin' it right. He never said a word to me afore that day, —nary a one, no time."

"Well, I know he didn't; but he must hev hed the notion, fer he axed you ef he might go home with you from big meetin' an' talk, an' when you giv him 'no,' he sent Bill Cups to talk fer him an' say a good word fer him. He hed the notion then. Big meetin' wuz goin' on at nights, an' we wuz all 'tendin' reg'lar,—up to the school-house,—an' the people wuz gathered in from all parts round thar to 'tend it. An' the preachers an' all uv 'em j'ined in at shuckin' corn to settle fer their board where they wuz stayin'.—Don't you mind, Tina, how cheap old man Hicks looked when Preacher Brown said he'd shucked corn all day an' hadn't hed no supper, an' Brother Hicks 'ud lead in prayer fer 'them thet hungered'? Uv a Saturday artemnoon there wuz a hull lot uv girls—youn' folk—at Tina's fayther's cabin, gathered in fer meetin' that night, an' they wuz full uv fun an' cuttin'-up."

"Now, Joe, how do you know 'bout it? You wasn't there. You only 'spicion it. We jist wanted to do somethin', that wuz all. An' I got to talkin' 'bout the cave up in the rocks above the clearin', an' how mam had paddled me once fer goin' inter it,—fer nobody hed

been inter it afore; they wuz afeared, I reckon,—an' I telled 'em how purty it wuz, an' thet I couldn't see the end uv it. So they all said, 'Let's go.' An' I said, 'Greed.' I allers telled mam everything, every time; but I knowed she wouldn't leave us go, an' it 'ud spile the girls' fun. So I slipped out a lot uv candles, an' we moved. Goin' 'long, Andy Link j'ined us, an' axed me whar we wuz goin'; an' I telled him, 'Arter our noses.' An' he said he wuz goin' 'long. An' I telled him we didn't want him. An' he looked ez black ez tar, an' said he wuz goin' anyhow; thet ef it hed been you, Joe, I'd said, 'Come 'long,' fast 'nough. I knowed thet wuz so; but I didn't tell him 'twas; but fer the life uv me I couldn't keep frum gittin' red's fire. So I let him alone, an' gave him sassy answers. The hole inter the rocks is a leetle bit uv a hole. You couldn't git in, stranger, on 'count uv bein' fat. We girls squeezed in. I went first, an' lighted a candle. You never seed anything so purty,—all breast-pins, an' ear-rings, an' lookin'-glasses, an' like what the preacher tells about the good place. Well, we went 'long, climbin' up an' down, an' squeezin' in many places; an' I seed sign uv some one hevin' been thar afore us. Thet kinder skeered me, an' I sez, 'Ther's been somebody yer: here's tracks.' An' Andy Link sez, 'I wuz in yer arter a fox t'other day.' Thet made me feel more sartin; an' we went on. The girls kinder got frightened about the tracks, an' wanted to go back. Andy Link spoke up, an' sez, 'Come 'long, Tina. You hain't afeared uv nothin'. Jist a leetle furdur yonder thar's the biggest room in the hull place,—an' the purtiest. Let's leave them thet's afeared here, an' go on. It 'ill only take a minute.' I wuz laughin' at the girls an' teasin' 'em fer bein' afeared. 'I'll be back in a minute,' I sez. An' off I goes with Andy. We scrooched down an' went through a little slit in the rocks. An' then I never seed such a sight. Hit were too purty fer nothin', an' past speakin' of. I forgetted all about the rest uv 'em, an' kep' on lookin' round.

Arter a bit Andy sez, 'Look down here, Tina.' An' I went to whar he wuz standin'; an' thar, right afore him, was a hole thet you couldn't see no bottom to, nor nothin'. It wuz dreadful. I mind shiverin' when I looked inter it. An' I sez, 'Andy, let's go back to the girls.' 'Not yet,' he sez, kinder sot like. An' I looked at him, an' I never seed sich a face on a man sence I wuz borned. His eyes were shinin' like a cat in the dark, an' his face wuz all puckery up. I wuz skeert, an' I sez ag'in, 'Come on, Andy: let's go back.' An' he spoke sudden like. 'Tina,' he sez, 'you're treatin' me mean. I keers fer you, an' you knows it. Air yer goin' ter keep company with me er not?' I thought, quick like, thet I'd better giv' him a laughin' answer, so I lets on ter laugh, an' I sez, 'I'm too young fer sich doin's, Andy. I hain't a-keepin' company yit with no one.' 'Yer keepin' company with thet Joe Simmons,' he sez; 'an' I hain't goin' to 'low it.' That kinder riled me, an' I sez, ez mad ez a bumble-bee, 'How air yer goin' to help it?' 'This a-way,' he sez. An' with thet he guv me a push, an' I went down, an' down, an' down thet hole. I only minded one thing ez I wuz goin' in,—I hol-lered, 'Joe! oh, Joe!' loud's I could; an' then I disremember all about it till I finded myself holdin' on to somethin', an' me up to my neck in water, with nothin' to stand on, bottom nor nothin', an' hit so black it couldn't be no blacker,—blacker nor a new shoe. I knowed Joe wuzn't with us, but I kep' on hol-lerin', 'Joe!' I wuz so cold bein' in the water I thought I'd go dead; an' I wuz so fur down I didn't know how fur down I wuz. I wuz jist floatin' in the water, an' didn't know how long I could stan' it an' hold on; an' I didn't see much use holdin' on anyway, fer I knowed no one 'ud find me. I didn't know nothin', nohow.

"Arter a right smart bit I got kinder settled, an' j'ined thinkin', an' wonderin' what 'ud Andy do to the rest uv the girls, an' what he'd tell 'em 'bout me. I knowed Joe wuz comin' to our cabin that arternoon, an' thet he'd foller our

trail an' come to the cave ef we stayed too long er none of the girls got home alive; an' they'd all hev a hunt fer us ef they didn't, an' they'd hev lights. So I stopped hollerin' fer a bit, an' kep' lookin' up fer the glimmer uv a cannell. It were awful lonesome. Once in a bit I'd holler jist fer company."

"Yes," said Joe, who reached out often, as if to satisfy himself that she was really sitting at his feet, and had the soft touch of stray curls to testify to it that she was, "it wuz one uv them 'company' hollers thet I heerd. When I come to the cabin thet arternoon I axed your mam where you an' the girls wuz, an' she telled me you'd all gone up toward the clearin'. I got on the trail an' follered it, fer I knowed ther' wuz some fun goin' on, an' I spied a man's tracks 'mong the girls' heels. I knowed Tina's print, an' seed the man wuz 'long-side uv her most uv the time, an' I s'picioned it were Andy,—leastwise I wuz oncomfortable. I follered the prints till I come to the cave; an' then I knowed they wuz inside. I split up some slivers uv fat pine an' made a torch, an' went in,—I'd never been in afore; an' purty soon I heerd screechin'; an' it were pityful screechin'. I knowed they'd hev lights an' I'd soon see 'em whar the noise wuz. But I kep' on gittin' nearer an' nearer to the screechin', an' purty soon I seed the girls all up in a huddle, like a flock uv sheep with a dorg arter them. They hedn't nary a light; an' I thought they'd 'a' hugged me to bits when I j'ined 'em, they wuz so pleased; an' all j'ined talkin' to wunst. They telled me thet Andy hed come runnin' past 'em, an' p'intedly knocked all the cannells out their han's an' went on, leavin' them in the blackness. They tried to foller him, but purty soon his went out; an' then they j'ined screechin'. All uv a sudden I felt like I'd been butted by a ram all over, er hed took a dose uv physic, fer I seed Tina wuzn't among 'em. 'Where is Tina?' sez I, skeered nigh past talkin'. Mame Yost spoke up, an' sez she, 'She went forrid with Andy; an' I reckon he's left her whar they went.' I seed things spinnin'

roun' at thinkin' uv Tina bein' by herself, an' I starts off, leavin' the girls. Sich a screechin' ez they sot up!—beat big meetin'. I hed ter go back an' simmer 'em down, pacify 'em like; an' I geth-ered up the cannels an' lit 'em, an' telled 'em to stay whar they wuz till I come back. I got down on my han's an' knees an' trailed Tina an' Andy like a dog. All the sign I hed to go by wuz whar the shoe-nails hed grinded the grit uv the rocks. I got inter a big room, an' thar I losed the trail. Bime-by I heered a cry uv 'Joe!' like it were comin' from forty mile off; an' I mind my heart wuz a-goin' like a woodpecker tappin', an' ther' wuz somethin' in my throat I couldn't swaller, fer I knowed hit were Tina. I listened till it 'peared like I couldn't hear nothin' but the thumpin' thet wuz goin' on inside uv me. Then I heered the holler ag'in; an' it were like talkin' through the leetle end uv a horn. I s'arched roun', an' I finded a big hole; an' then I heerd, 'Joe, Joe! yer I am! come ter me, quick!' An' I looked down, an' couldn't see nothin',—no Tina, nor nothin'. I hollered to her, an' axed ef she wuz hurt. An' she said, 'No; only freezin' an' holdin' on.' I telled her to hold on till I could git somethin' to haul her out er git down to her by. I fixed the torch where the light would be comfortin' to her an' she wouldn't be lonesome, an' I feeled my way back to the girls in the blackness. I didn't mind the cuttin' my han's on the rocks er cuttin' my head on 'em. Ef I'd got hold uv Andy Link, I'd 'a' killed him fer his meanness, puttin' out the lights an' leavin' 'em, fer I didn't know the wust then, er I'd 'a' killed him slow like. I took the girls out uv the cave, an' telled 'em to run to the cabin fer help, an' fetch a rope; an' I j'ined haulin' a wild grape-vine down off uv a tree. I thought it 'ud never come. The girls ran, hollerin' an' screechin' thet Tina wuz dead, cl'ar down to the cabin. An' I pulled an' pulled an' got the grape-vine. I got back to the hole with the light uv one uv the cannels the girls hed, an' I let down the grape-vine. I knowed it 'ud hold Tina, fer I'd swung on it till

I'd cut my han's to the bone. I let it down to her; an' I never hed no sich glad feelin's ez when I feeled her take hold uv it. I hollered to her to make a ring in the end uv it, a loop like, to put her foot in; an' I knowed she could do it, fer river-girls is up to cotechin' and tyin' ropes frum rafts and things, an' Tina wuz allers hanny at it. She done got a loop made, an' I j'ined haulin'. The bark scraped off on the edge uv the rock an' made a crackin', an' the vine creaked, an' once in a bit she'd kinder help with a foot-hold on the sides uv the hole, kickin' like, and I'd think she'd drapped, frum the lightenin'. I never hed sich a pull; not from the hardness uv it, but the hardness on me, the feelin's ther' wuz in it. Some hauls I'd git so weak I'd nigh leave go, when I'd think uv her swingin' over etarnity in thet hole. When I seed her, an' got hold uv her, an' lifted her out, an' knowed she wuz safe, I jist sot down an' trimeled, an' she put her arms round my neck an'—

"Now, Joe, what's the use tellin' that? You put your own arms roun' me first, an'—"

"Yes, I know I did; an' then hit come to me all uv a sudden thet we wuz keepin' company, an' thet we wuz keerin' fer t'other powerful; an' then I up an'—"

"Now, Joe, stop," said Tina, with blushes, and smiles, and teary eyes, making her prettier than ever. "What does the man keer to hear 'bout your kissin' me? Tell him the rest, an' don't stop fer nothin', no time, like that."

Joe looked as though he felt disappointed in not being allowed to particularize, but he summed it all up in saying, "Well, stranger, I reckon you know how it wuz. Tina an' me often argeys which uv us wuz the fust at it,—good-humored like. Hit don't make no differ, noway. When I got her out, the folks wuz comin' tumblin' an' runnin' an' screechin' up the hill, an' they wuz powerful glad to see Tina. She weren't hurt a bit. She were wet through, but I'd kinder warmed her up, well's I could. Then she telled them what Andy had done. An' the people j'ined

huntin' the whole kentry ter find him, but none uv 'em finded any sign, an' he's never been seed er heard tell uv sence. Everybody kep' watch over Tina ag'in' his han' an' harm comin' to her frum him. I hung round the cabin day an' night till I wuz nigh done out, and then I jist made up my mind to ax her people fer her, so's I could take right keer uv her. And her people said 'thet they didn't see any use uv a long sparkin'-spell; they seed how it wuz, an' wuz willin', fer ef it hedn't been fer me nobody'd got her, no time.' Her fayther guv her a cow, and my fayther guv me a hoss, an' wuz wantin' me to take a deed fer a part uv his place, but I telled 'em I couldn't sleep uv nights round whar I knowed Andy wuz loose, fer fear uv him huntin' her some time when I wuzn't 'bout. I'd seed this cove once when I wuz up here deer-huntin', an' I fancied it; an' me an' Tina 'greed to git j'ined to wunst an' start up yer. So, the next week comin', arter the holin', we wuz j'ined, an' we put our tricks in a canoe, an' her fayther fetched her up yer, an' I druv up the cow. We've done right smart work, an' we've been happy ez squirrels, hain't we, Tina?—an' are goin' to stay thet way, ef we hev luck, hain't we, Tina?"

To both of which questions Tina gave emphatic bobs.

I stayed several days in my river-side camp, each day drawing me closer to the innocent, happy couple who were locked up forever with love and trust. When I left them I promised to return during the next season, and to stop as I went down the river at the cabin I did not know from a hundred others. But I knew I could find it, and would not have missed delivering the bunch of wild flowers, two dozen eggs, a hound pup, and a kitten to the several members of Tina's family, for an invitation to dine with a king. And I did not miss it.

News from Tina and Joe made such happy faces in her old home that the days of howling and caterwauling of pup and kitten were forgotten in the pleasure I gave.

It had been in my mind for some

time that this was a cave-country. The formation and quality of the rocky strata were the same as along the Shenandoah Valley, to which the caverns of Luray, Wyer's Cave, and Cave of the Fountains add fame. So I was glad to find my ideas confirmed, and full of the desire to visit the scene of Tina's adventure. No one would go with me; the place was cursed, for had not a murder been done there in thought, if not in fact? So I went alone.

A world under ground, peopled with fantastic shapes grown in impenetrable darkness by the Creative Hand, glittering with jewels of rocky crystal, sporting falls and countless water-drops, mimicking the diamond in purity and sparkle, mixes awe with pleasure in the viewing of it. I was well paid for my perseverance.

As I was slowly making my way out of the cave, I saw a candle lying below where a low sharp ledge of rock stuck up in the floor. My torch was burning low, and the candle might be of use to me. Reaching for it, I found myself on the edge of a chasm, and, looking down, I saw the dead body of a man. I knew that it was Andy Link. He had fallen over the ledge, his candle had fallen from his hand and gone out, and, after groping for it, he had fallen into the chasm. The cave is his tomb: no one mourns him.

The lovely face of Tina Simmons was a sweet memory to me. But sometimes it came to me with the little longing in it, and moist-eyed testimony to thoughts of "mam an' Minnie." I wanted to chase these pictures away from those of laughs and dimples. With sail and paddle, I was soon back where I had left her standing, joyful yet sad from good-by messages. When I told them of the finding of Andy, a great load seemed lifted from Joe, and he shook my hand with a stronger crush than at our first meeting, but said not a word, excepting, "Thankee fur comin'."

Tina brightened at first, but instantly her face settled to sad thoughtfulness. In a few moments she said, "Poor Andy! I wuz mean to him, an' riled him. I



don't think he studied it,—pushin' me in. 'Peared like hit come on him sudden ter do it. Ef he'd lived he'd been worritin' about it. I b'lieve God'll forgive him, 'cause I do."

Tina left me nothing but a happy face to remember when I think of our ride down the river back to her old home. I had three pups, four kittens, a box of chickens, and the old cat in my canoe, but there was pleasure in it. Joe took

his stock back, and I waited his coming to see where he would build his new house on the part of the old place he would have a deed of from his father. And now, when bass leap in Elk and woodcock stalk on river-bank and in marshy fens, Joe and myself go back to the deserted cove and cabin for a few days' sport. When Tina can leave her rosy children with "mam," she goes along.

TOBE HODGE.

### SURSUM CORDA!

TAKE courage, heart. Why dost thou faint and falter?  
Why is thy light turned darkness ere the noon?  
The wind blows west, no clouds the heaven alter,  
Night comes not yet; with night, too, comes the moon.

"Alas, alas! the dewy morning weather,  
The tender light that on the meadows lay,  
When Youth and Hope and I set out together,—  
Light Youth, false Hope that left me on the way!"

Take courage yet; thou art not unattended:  
See Love and Peace keep step on either hand.  
How green the vales! The sky how blue! How splendid  
The strong white sunshine sleeps across the land!

"Alas! the thrushes' song hath long had ending  
I heard at dawn among the pine woods cool.  
The brook is still, whose rocky stair descending,  
I drank at sunrise from each rosy pool."

The noon is still; the songs of dawn are over;  
Yet turn not back to prove thy memories vain.  
The mist upon the hills canst thou recover,  
Or bring to eastern skies the bloom again?

But courage still! Without return or swerving,  
Across the globe's huge shadow keep the track,  
Till, unperceived, the slow meridian's curving,  
That leads thee onward, yet shall lead thee back,

To stand again with daybreak on the mountains,  
And, where the paths of night and morning meet,  
To drink once more of youth's forgotten fountains,  
When thou hast put the world between thy feet.

HENRY A. BEERS.

## BABYLONIAN EXPLORATION.

A FLAT country, wonderfully fertile, intersected by countless canals, dotted with an incredible number of cities,—such was Babylonia five thousand years ago. Now it is a wilderness, where no civilized being lives, a land of drought and marshes, of oppressive heat and unendurable cold, with no evidences of ancient prosperity and greatness save the ruins that lie buried beneath innumerable mounds. It is nominally under the dominion of the Turk, but the real rulers are various Arab sheikhs, whose protection the traveller must obtain by means of tact and baksheesh before he can hope to remain unmolested.

The climate, the nature of the country, and the absence of government have combined to hinder exploration. In the mean time, treasures of archæology have been and are being wasted. Loftus has described the method of native plunderers at Warka, the ancient Erech. Whatever race or religion dominated Chaldæa, for more than a hundred generations Erech remained a holy necropolis, to which the rich and pious brought their dead from great distances, just as in that country to this day caravans of Moslems may be met carrying the departed to burial in some sacred spot. The great cemetery of Warka occupies several square miles, the coffins being piled one above another to a depth of thirty feet. The Arab thrusts his spear into the ground, testing this spot and that, until the point strikes something hard. Then, throwing aside his spear, he scoops away the sand with his hands until the coffin is reached. The spear-head is used to break through the fragile lid of earthenware, and the Arab eagerly turns over the crumbling bones in search of booty. This consists, for the most part, of jewelry. The first coffin thoroughly ransacked, the spear is thrust through the bottom, to see if there be another beneath, and the same process is repeated. The jewelry thus obtained is generally

melted down. Other articles are liable to be destroyed outright by the finders, or left so exposed that the elements soon effect their ruin. But the demand for inscriptions is beginning to make itself felt even among the sons of the desert. They are learning that other objects than jewelry have a money value. Jewish peddlers wandering about among them find in their possession cylinder seals, pottery, and inscribed fragments of brick or stone. These they buy and take to Baghdad, where they are purchased by Europeans. Where the Arabs make a business of searching for relics for the trade, their primitive process of excavating, as well as the ignorance of the excavators, leads to the destruction of much more than is rescued, while the way in which the articles must be disposed of, the history and locality of their discovery remaining a secret, tempts dealers to fraud and forgery.

Here and there the process of obliteration has been hastened by digging out the ancient bricks and stones for use in new buildings. A regular quarry exists for this purpose at Babylon, the bricks thus obtained being shipped down the Euphrates. The great ruins of the ancient city have at various times been utilized, not only for the wretched villages in the immediate neighborhood, but even for the erection of such a city as Baghdad. Another cause of destruction has been the change of watercourses. One or more ruins observed by travellers within the last half-century have since been swept away, while others have been undermined or partially injured. But, in spite of these various agencies reinforcing the natural decay of age, the long desolation of the country, together with its comparative inaccessibility, has preserved an almost incredible number of ruined sites, containing antiquities sufficient in value and amount to create a dozen museums.

A map of the valleys of the Tigris

and Euphrates at the present day shows us those rivers uniting into one stream, the Shatt-el-Arab, at Korna, above Basorah, some distance from the Persian Gulf. When Ur and Erech, Larsa, Sepharvaim, Cuthah, and Babylon flourished, the two rivers emptied separately into the Persian Gulf somewhere above their present point of junction. Near their mouths was the island city of Dilmun, an emporium for the commerce of India, Arabia, Ethiopia, Phœnicia, and Babylonia. Babylonia, the ancient land of Sumer (biblical Shinar), and Akkad, stretched northward to a point a little above the modern Baghdad, occupying the alluvial plain formed by the two great rivers. As mountain-streams pour their waters into some lowland lake, so the surrounding regions emptied their peoples into this rich plain. We find mingled there the Sumerian-Akkadians, by conjecture antedating all others, and certainly the founders of the Chaldæan civilization, Semitic Babylonians, coming perhaps from the southwest, Elamite conquerors, from the southeast, Chaldæan conquerors and settlers, from the mountains of the east, as well as Arab and Aramæan tribes. The earliest verified date of any inscription yet found is about 3800 B.C. At that early period the Semites seem to have been living on a peaceful footing among the Sumerians of the south and the Akkadians of the north, the latter both branches of our race. Whether the Semites entered peacefully or by conquest is not known: if the latter, we have one more example of conquerors tamed by the civilization of the vanquished. For a long time the land remained bilingual, but gradually the Semitic tongue, being of a higher type, supplanted the less fully developed Sumerian-Akkadian. The Elamites were the Danes of Babylonish history; perhaps the Chaldæans were the Normans; and the Semites we may liken to the Anglo-Saxons. It was the Semitic element of this veritable Babel which colonized Assyria, carrying thither a language closely akin to the Hebrew. If we may trust Hebrew story, Israel also owned Ur of the Chaldees as its birth-

place; and Phœnician tradition tells of the colonization of Tyre from the same coasts.

Of the countless cities of Babylonia, a region so rich in antiquities that explorers tell us they need but scratch the ground with an Arab spear to unearth an inscription, Ur, Erech, Eridu, Larsa, Nippur, Lagas, Babylon, Cuthah, Akkad, and Sippara (the last two constituting the dual Sepharvaim) have been partially, but very insufficiently, explored. The site of Babylon was determined before that of Nineveh, and Babylonian exploration antedates Assyrian; but, Assyrian excavations once begun, superior accessibility and ease of work, as well as the greater success achieved, drew attention away from Babylonia, and the latter was neglected for many years. Lately, however, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, representing the English, and M. Sarzec, representing the French, have prosecuted important diggings, the former at Babylon, Cuthah, and Sepharvaim, the latter at Lagas. Nevertheless, it is still true that the greater part of our knowledge of Babylonian literature, mythology, and science is derived from Assyrian sources.

The gem of Assyrian finds is the library of Sardanapalus (Assurbanipal), the remnants of which fill upward of one hundred large chests in the British Museum. The volumes of this library were tablets of baked clay, finely inscribed, or rather stamped, with cuneiform characters on both sides. Each tablet was numbered and titled, and, if one of a series, contained at the bottom of the reverse side the first words of the next tablet in the series. Only mutilated fragments of these tablets remain; and the greatest ingenuity was required so to piece them together as to obtain any results at all. As it is, while much is still dark, we have a fair general knowledge of the contents of a large part of the library. It is curious to see what branches of knowledge were represented in the collections of such an early period. Mathematics is represented by tables of square and cube roots, lists of weights and measures, and text-books,—for the

library was also in a sense the royal university. Dictionaries are to be found there, and grammars, and commentaries on works in the Sumerian or Akkadian tongue, the classics of the age of Sardanapalus. Geography is represented by lists of mountains, rivers, cities, countries and their products; while natural history appears in similar lists of mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and plants, as also in more entertaining, if less instructive, animal fables. Among the latter is a discussion between the bull and the horse on the advantages of their relative positions in life. It is interesting to meet the jackal in another fable as the personification of cunning, in substantial agreement with our own use of the fox. History, with legal, political, and social science and statistics, is represented by books of law, reports of judicial decisions, contracts of sale or loan, property-lists, records of taxes, names of offices and trades, copies of inscriptions recording the doings of ancient kings, histories of dealings with foreign countries, accounts of military expeditions, treaties, letters, proclamations, reports of various officials on the condition of the kingdom, or the army, or buildings. In this general class may be included precepts for the conduct of man in the different relations of life,—how he shall sow his fields, how conduct trading transactions, and how his domestic affairs shall be ordered. The son must be brought up in absolute obedience. We are told that he should be taught to read inscriptions; and at the proper time we find the father selecting for him a suitable wife, after which he in his turn becomes a house-father, and, presumably, master of his own actions. Disobedience to a father was punished by shaving the son's head or cutting his nails and selling him into slavery. If disobedient to his mother, he was in addition converted into a eunuch. Similar prescriptions govern the relations of master and slave, and man and wife. With regard to the latter the law seems to have directed that in case of infidelity on the woman's part she should be "cast into the river;" but a man might

repudiate his wife on payment of a half *mana* of silver. In other respects we find woman's position more enviable. She could hold property or conduct business, and she also had rights of dower. Another interesting point of family life revealed to us is the custom which seems to have prevailed in case of the failure of male issue of adopting a son, who also became a son-in-law by marriage with the daughter of the house, thus perpetuating the family both in name and fact.

This library was very rich in astronomical and astrological literature, one great work, represented by several copies, consisting of more than seventy volumes. Systematic observations of the heavens were made in connection with remarkable events. If an eclipse occurred, it was recorded in connection with such events as war, flood, epidemics, or anything which affected the interests of the king and his country. In the same way, extraordinary things which befell the king or kingdom were recorded in connection with the astronomical phenomena observed as accompanying them. Celestial and terrestrial phenomena were thus put on record in their supposed connection with one another. It was an attempt to establish an exact science of divination by means of astrology; and it was the business of the astronomer royal, by an examination of the past records of concomitant celestial and terrestrial events and a comparison of the same with the current phenomena of earth and sky, to make prognostications for the royal behoof. One interesting astronomical text tells us to what gods each day of a certain month was sacred. The first day "when the moon appears in the month" was a day of special sacrifices, but the principal interest lies in the prescriptions for the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-eighth days. On those days the king shall eat no flesh that has been roasted with fire, "the raiment of his body let him not change, with white robes not be clad, libation not offer. The king shall not ascend his chariot, nor speak in royal manner,"

as judge deciding suits or monarch ordering for the needs of his kingdom. These days are sabbaths of complete rest. The priest is forbidden to utter oracles in the secret places, the magus to lay his hands on the sick, and the exorciser to practise his art. But in the evening, as on other days, the king shall offer his gift and pour out libations, and "the lifting up of his hands shall be acceptable to God."

The department of astronomy and astrology borders closely on that of theology and mythology, the most important, I suppose, in the library of the great king. It was not only celestial portents that determined events on earth; there were innumerable omens in every-day life, numerous unlucky things to be avoided or neutralized by charms and incantations. In Babylonia people are supposed to have hung on the corners of their houses little images of the hideous demon of the dread southwest wind in order to propitiate his favor. Here is a part of one of the magical formulæ used for protection against the much-feared Seven Devils:

Seven are they, seven are they;  
In the depths of the waters, seven are they;  
Disturbers of heaven, seven are they.  
In the depths of the waters, the abyss, they  
waxed strong.

Male they are not, female they are not,  
Wife they have not, son they beget not,  
Religion and beneficence they know not,  
To prayer and entreaty they hearken not.  
Evil are they, evil are they;

Seven are they, seven are they, seven, seven are  
they.

O spirit of heaven, conjure them, spirit of  
earth, conjure them.

In another place we learn that these Titans, whose mystic number was that of the days of the week, waged war with heaven. Elsewhere it is said of them,—

Seven, in the earth they dwell;  
Seven, from the earth they sprang;  
Seven, in the earth were born;  
Seven, in the earth waxed strong.

And again we read,—

In the caves of the earth they have their dwell-  
ing;  
To the heights of the earth they ascend.

In an incantation to "the waters clear,  
... the waters of the Euphrates," we

also meet with "the sons of the abyss, seven are they." Earth, air, stream, and desert were full of spirits of evil, who must be overcome by charms, incantations, and prayers. A curious specimen of a litany for protection, addressed to as many spirits, one would think, as there were devils, invokes the spirits of heaven and earth, the spirits of the lords and ladies of lands, of the stars, of the holy mound, and of the light of life. There are other litanies, however, of a much higher grade of religious development, and often breathing a deep penitential spirit. Thus, in a litany which includes in the polytheism of its address "the stars of the south, the stars of the north, the stars of the east, the stars of the west," and "the four quarters" of the heavens, the constantly recurring petition is, may they "cleanse him and may they pardon his sin." There is something in this that reminds one of the Vedas; but the resemblance is far more striking in the following hymn to the fire-god:

Fire-god, mighty one, who art high above the  
land;

Hero, son of the deep, who art high above the  
land;

God of fire, with thy clear flames

In darkness's house thou makest light.

The destiny of all thou settest;

Who for them melteth bronze and lead,

Refinest for them silver and gold.

(Comrade of the horned moon.)

Who by darkness hinderest the counsel of the  
wicked:

May the body of the righteous man be whole;

Like the heaven may it shine,

Like the earth be bright,

Like the heaven's centre radiant.

On the other hand, we are sometimes reminded of the Hebrew psalter, as in the following:

I am thy servant; give peace, I pray thee;

If a man sin, thou hearest his prayer.

To whom thou inclinest thyself, that man  
liveth.

O ruler over all, queen of men,

Merciful one, to whom to turn is good, hearer of  
prayer,

Over thee is no god who can order thee;

Graciously have mercy on me, accept my  
prayer.

Proclaim my deliverance, appease thy wrath.

So long, O queen, as thy face is turned from  
me,

I mourn like a dove, I am dissolved in lamenta-  
tion.



Still stronger is the likeness in the case of the following fragment :

I lay on the ground, none seized me by the hand.

I wept, and of my palms none took hold.

I cried aloud, there was none to hear me ;

I was in darkness and trouble ; I lifted myself not up.

The most famous work of the whole library, so far as we know it, was the zodiacal epos of Izdubar, or Nimrod. Here we seem to have a very plain case of sun-myth. The twelve books seem to correspond to the signs of the zodiac and the months of the year. At the same time, certain parts seem to rest on historical facts, constituting the not uncommon phenomenon of the combination of myth with legend or history. The eleventh book of the series is the most important, and, fortunately, the best preserved also. In it Hasisadra, the Chaldean Noah, relates to Nimrod the story of the flood, resembling in many striking respects the same story in the book of Genesis. But there is a manifest relation of the epos of Nimrod to Greek as well as Hebrew story. The twelve books cannot fail to suggest a connection with the twelve labors of Heracles. Cheiron, the centaur, finds his prototype in the half-human Heabâni, Nimrod's mentor and friend, whom at the last Nimrod kills through some mistake or accident. Heracles's westward wanderings are the wanderings of the feeble, dying Nimrod toward the western waters to seek strength and renewal of life beyond the sea, where Hasisadra dwells immortal. Like Heracles, Nimrod was also deified after death ; and inscriptions have been found containing prayers to him. Individual labors of Heracles, also, like the strangling of the Nemean lion, have an exact parallel in the exploits of Nimrod. One of the most interesting episodes is the descent of Istar, or Astarte, to Hades to reclaim, as it would seem, her lost husband Tammuz. It sounds in parts as though it might have been used at the festivals of mourning for the yearly death of love and joy in nature, and exultation at its yearly resurrection. Istar

appears before the doors of Hades, demanding admission, and, as she passes through each door of the seven, some article of ornament or raiment is taken from her, until at last she enters naked the inmost room of hell. Here she is smitten with disease and blighted with misery. Hades is a house whose going in hath no going out, a street whose way turneth not back, a house where he who entereth longeth for light, a place where dust is their nourishment and their food is clay. Light is never seen ; they dwell in darkness, and their bodies, like birds' bodies, are clothed with feathers. Door and bolt are overlaid with dust. But in the world without, nature languishes, deprived of the principle of love and life, until at length the gods of heaven effect Istar's release. Again she passes through the seven doors, when, piece by piece, her clothing and ornaments are restored, until at length, fully clad in all her strength and beauty, she rises to renewed life out of the very bowels of earth.

This great library of Sardanapalus, so far as concerns anything more than the mere records of his own time and that of his predecessors, consisted not of original works, but entirely of translations from the Sumerian-Akkadian. Just as the dark ages of Europe depended for their literature on the ancient writers of Greece and Rome, so the Semitic Assyrians and Babylonians depended on the ancient writers of Sumer and Akkad. In Babylonia these writings seem to have been translated at a very early period, and originals and translations were gathered in numerous libraries. Some two hundred years before the time of Sardanapalus, the martial Assyrians, the Romans of Asia, began to cultivate literature, and imitated the different Babylonian cities in collecting a library. In order to render this complete, Sardanapalus had copies made of all works existing in other libraries, and especially in that at Erech in Babylonia. In this way he created his famous collection, at that time probably the largest ever known. It is among the ruins of

the Babylonian cities, whence Sardanapalus brought his copies, that we must search for fragments to supplement those now in hand. And it may be that from some of those ancient temple-libraries we shall gain not only supplementary fragments, but new works of an historical or literary character which shall prove as unexpected and astonishing in their bearings as was the library of Sardanapalus itself. George Smith gives in one of his works a list of the contents of the library of ancient Larsa, so far as we at present know it, which includes all the departments of literature represented at Nineveh. Smith was anxious to have made his explorations in Babylonia rather than Assyria, as richer in ruins and antiquities and less worked. Since his time such excavations have been prosecuted, as already mentioned, with most valuable results, although so far comparatively little has been found of distinctively literary character, the bulk of the inscriptions being votive tablets, or royal annals, or commercial and legal documents. Smith himself secured by purchase a large number of inscriptions of the latter class,—namely, contracts, wills, and deeds of sale inscribed on bricks, which had been deposited for safe keeping in the vaults, or rather jars, of the Babylonian banking-house of Egibi. Since then vast numbers of these bricks have been discovered, especially at Sepharvaim, so that there are said to be upward of one hundred thousand in the possession of the British Museum. Some of these have proved valuable for chronological purposes, as they are always dated, and all of them are valuable for the study of the life of the people. Putting together documents of this sort from different places, a series can be formed covering a period of at least eighteen hundred years, extending from the time of Hammurabi, of Babylon, 2120 B.C., to that of Alexander the Great.

During the supremacy of Assyria, Babylon was several times sacked and reduced to ruins, and most of what was ancient presumably destroyed. After the fall of Nineveh, Nebuchadnezzar II.

made Babylon the greatest city of the world. Among other things, he seems to have created a library and university after the Ninevite model. Some fragments of this library have come to hand, including a few valuable historical inscriptions. To it belonged, I suppose, the tablets of legal precedents used as text-books, the scribal students becoming familiar with the duties of their profession by inscribing three times such sentences or rules as, "If a man give a dowry to his daughter, and she have no son or daughter, her dowry returns to the house of her father." How much of this library may still exist among the ruins of Babylon it is, of course, impossible to say. It may have been ruined beyond the possibility of recovering any important part of it, and, again, some fortunate explorer may have the same success which Layard had at Nineveh. This is true also of the much older temple-libraries of other Babylonian cities. Those cities have up to the present time been so little explored that nothing can be predicted as to the discoveries which may be made among their ruins. The little that has been done has certainly yielded astonishing results, especially in the line of chronology and art. The finds of Mr. Rassam at Sepharvaim carry us back to the year 3800 B.C., while recent finds of unknown origin bring us down to 100 or 200 B.C. Here is a period of three thousand six hundred or three thousand seven hundred years covered by inscriptions of various characters, and for more than half that period we have private documents, contracts, wills, and deeds, initiating us into the minutiae of civil, commercial, and domestic life. We see the system of laws in use, and the interests, habits, and customs of a very ancient people are laid bare before us to a degree beyond the fondest hopes archæologists and historians had dared to cherish.

This intimate knowledge of the very arcana of Babylonian life is of inestimable value from the part which Chaldaea and its peoples have played in the history of the world's civilization.

Egyptian civilization was probably equal, it may even be superior, to that of Babylonia both in quality and antiquity, but it has had but little effect on the world's history. China equalled the Roman empire or the dominion of the Khalifs in the degree of its knowledge and culture, but the civilization of the Chinese was exclusive and peculiar, that of the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs missionary, catholic, and progressive. Such was the difference between Egypt and Babylonia in the remotest antiquity yet reached. Individual items of later knowledge and progress were borrowed here and there from Egypt, it is true, but the great principles of civilization came from Babylonia. From the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates both East and West learned mythology, science, and art. Our astronomical knowledge, our decimal and duodecimal systems of notation and reckoning, our arithmetical knowledge, our systems of weights and measures, and, as I believe, our very alphabet, can be traced directly to Babylonian sources. It will be readily understood how much greater must have been the indirect influences of that civilization to which we can directly trace such considerable results. The bearing of some of the Babylonian myths and legends on Greek lore and Hebrew story, and, hence, on the theology, philosophy, and ethics of those nations and their intellectual inheritors, has been no more than hinted at. The subject is not ripe for exhaustive treatment. Literary material from Babylonia is needed to fill out our knowledge. The part played in the history of art has been more accurately defined. Among recent discoveries those at Tello, the ancient Lagas, stand first for their artistic importance. From that site M. Sarzec brought to the Louvre several statues of a new and curious type, belonging, apparently, to a very early period. From the inscriptions we learn that these are of pre-Semitic origin. They prove the art of the most ancient known inhabitants of Babylonia to have been delicate and refined in character. That of their pupils, the Semites, on the other hand, was rougher and more forcible.

These explorations have also, as already said, considerably enlarged our knowledge of the history of Babylon, and, to a less extent, our knowledge of the history of a few other cities. Akkad is shown, apparently, to have acquired the hegemony of Babylonia in the thirty-eighth century B.C., under King Sargon. This seems to be that Sargon who tells us that his mother exposed him in a pitch-smear basket on the river Euphrates, whence he was rescued by a water-carrier named Akki, who reared the future king of Akkad as his own son. That Erech also held the hegemony at some remote period seems to be indicated in the Nimrod epos, where the national hero figures as king of that city. Whether and when Ur, Larsa, and other cities achieved the hegemony is unknown; but from 2232 B.C. Babylon appears as the principal city of Lower Mesopotamia. After that date we have a fairly complete historical list of kings, with the length of each king's reign, a recent addition to our former knowledge. Much light has lately been thrown also on the causes and manner of the downfall of Babylon. Nabonidus, the last king, and the father of Belshazzar, with whom, as Josephus has suggested, he appears to be identified in the book of Daniel, was an incompetent monarch, who spent in idleness those years which the Persian Cyrus employed in active preparation for the inevitable contest. Moreover, he seems to have alienated the affections of some of his subjects by a disregard of their gods and their national rites, such as the pompous processions of idols through the country. At the last he was embarrassed by disaffection among "the people of the Mediterranean" and the people of Akkad. Without a blow, perhaps through treason, Babylon, his capital, was taken, and he himself became the prisoner of Gobryas, Cyrus's general. Very shortly after this he died. As here, so throughout his whole career of conquest Cyrus appears to have used intrigue and treason even more effectively than force. In addition to the treason against Nabonidus which

he incited, he narrates his triumph over Astyages of Media through the treason of the latter's army. Another new and curious point in the history of Cyrus is the zeal which he displayed in worshipping the gods of the conquered country. The same necessity of propitiating a fanatical religious sentiment was recognized still later by Antigonos, son of Seleucus (280 B.C.), who restored the great national temples at Babylon and Borsippa. This is recorded in a newly-found inscription of Antigonos, which is described as "the most remarkable specimen of cuneiform inscriptions yet known." It ends with a prayer for the blessing of the gods on himself, his wife Stratonice, and his son Seleucus. Alexander the Great is also mentioned in Babylonian inscriptions as king of that city.

Without attempting more details, it is hoped that this brief *résumé* may be sufficient to set forth the desirability of systematic excavations in Babylonia and the exceedingly valuable results to be obtained from well-directed efforts in that field. There are, of course, difficulties to be overcome, foremost among which are Turkish ignorance, greed, and obstructiveness. For the purpose, apparently, of extorting more money from Franks, a new law has been passed forbidding absolutely the exportation of antiquities. A little pressure on the part of those civilized countries, such as Germany, England, France, Italy, and

the United States, which have numerous subjects interested in antiquity and hence seriously affected by such laws, would bring about a speedy change for the better. Is it too much to expect diplomacy to exert itself for such an end?\*

JOHN P. PETERS.

\* An expedition to the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates was sent out under the auspices of the American Institute of Archaeology in September, 1884. The plan was first broached at a meeting of the American Oriental Society, in New Haven, October, 1883, and a committee of that society was appointed to take the matter in hand. The funds, to the amount of five thousand dollars, were contributed by Miss C. L. Wolfe, of New York, one of the numerous memorials to her late father which she has provided, treating the wealth he bequeathed as a trust confided to her care for use in honor of his memory. The expedition was headed by Dr. W. H. Ward, of the "Independent," the pioneer among American Assyriologists. His colleagues are Dr. Sterrett, archaeologist, well known through his connection with the late Assos explorations, and Mr. Haynes, photographer and scholar, of Roberts College, Constantinople. This expedition is expected to be absent six months. Its work is tentative, the design being to prepare the way for more extensive work to be undertaken hereafter. The *firman* granted Dr. Ward by the Porte does not permit excavation. Much is hoped from the free use of photography, and squeezes and casts of important objects will be secured. One serious disadvantage under which the expedition labors is that, in spite of our increasing interest in Mesopotamia, commercial and other, the United States has in that region no representative who can be relied upon for support and assistance against the aggravating and harassing robbery and tyranny of Turkish pashas and their underlings. At the present writing the expedition is presumably at work in the heart of ancient Babylonia, between Babylon and the head of the Persian Gulf.

## A STUDY IN GRAY.

THE trees are gray, and gray the grasses,  
 Since autumn glowed and died in glory;  
 The skies, the seas, the mountain-masses,  
 Are gray and hoary.

The light grows gray when evening flashes  
 Her beams across the tower and spire;  
 And, ah, how gray are now the ashes  
 Of love once fire!

FREDERICK PETERSON.

## THE DEVIL'S OWN LUCK.

IT was about ten years ago, I fancy, since it was just after the murder of our Government Peace-Commissioner General Canby by "Captain Jack" of the Modocs, when, one brilliant day, out on the plains at full noon a man lay stretched flat on his back, with his arms pillowed under his head, staring straight up into the dazzling sky. He was Conroy Anderson, from New York, and he had just started to come East from Oregon.

His hat lay on the ground beside him where, in tossing his arms over his head, he had knocked it off, and a little bundle that contained all his worldly possessions at this time. He had been whistling, but the sounds had gradually died away in a soft *diminuendo* of "Way down upon the Suwanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Heart Bowed Down,"—not an extensive or new-fashioned repertory of tunes.

"Well, it's no use," he said presently, speaking aloud in the way men and women who live much alone are apt to do, and apostrophizing, apparently, the thin white clouds that drifted slowly in long faint spirals, like the ascending smoke of a cigar, high up above his head. "I'd like to find a bigger fool in all the world this moment than myself! Why am I going East? Why did I come West? Home? I haven't any home to go to. I hadn't any home to leave. Death broke the home up years ago. Have I done any better West than I did East? Shall I do any better East now than I ever did? What is the use of living, anyway, and finding a bare existence without luxuries or joys? I don't need luxuries out here; that is to say, I don't miss them very much. I shall want them there,—in the midst of them and having been used to them the greater part of my life. I wonder why I haven't put a pistol to my head and blown my brains out, long ago. I wonder why I don't do it now,—that

is, if I have any brains to blow out at all, which I'm inclined to doubt. I've got about as much brains as an ass. I dare say I *am* an awful ass, since I've lived to find it out. A braver man or a greater coward would have shuffled off this mortal coil before now. It's only the Ass that lives. What's the use of life without a definite purpose?—without love? without money? *Cui bono* anyhow? Oh, Lord!"

He lay there blinking up into the sky, dazzled by the sun, soothed by the soft rustle of the grasses near his ears, enjoying this physical saturation of the sunshine and the air, in a lazy, devil-may-care sort of mood, when there suddenly loomed a black mass in sight, rushing furiously, no bigger than a pin's point when he saw it, and close over him like a quivering, tremendous, panting rock, before he could blink his eyes closer to distinguish what it was, being a trifle short-sighted and not wearing any glass.

His first thought was of the Indians. He made out from the shape directly that it was a coal-black sweating horse. The steam was going up from its sides like smoke. Then he saw that its rider wore a Federal uniform and was very boyish-looking,—slight and blond.

The horse curvetted dangerously near his head.

"Why don't you get up, you fool?" shouted the rider. He wore shoulder-straps, Anderson further saw. "Do you want your brains stamped out, lying there? Get up."

Conroy Anderson blinked his eyes in the officer's face.

"I'll bet you what you like you can't make your horse jump over me again," he said, very coolly, and lying motionless as before.

"You infernal idiot! I don't believe you've got any brains to be stamped out!" cried the young officer, incensed.

"I don't believe I have," said Ander-



son, and, suddenly leaping to his feet, he caught the bridle of the plunging brute and held him still. "Quiet, now," he continued, stroking down the beast's velvet nose. "Do you know I took you for an Indian just now?"—to the man upon his back.

The young man scanned him curiously.

"Who are you, in heaven's name?" he asked. "Let the mare go. She'll stand."

Anderson took his hand from the bridle directly.

"Don't ask anything about me 'in heaven's name,' if you please," he said. "It's a long time since heaven had anything to do with me, I fancy."

"You don't believe in the providence of things? Wasn't it a providence you weren't brained just now?"

"You forget," said Anderson gently. "We agreed I hadn't any brains, you know. It isn't the providence of some things, but the improvidence of most things, that strikes me."

The other man gave a short laugh.

"Well, all I can say is you've had the devil's own luck, then, to-day," he declared.

Conroy stooped and picked up his small bundle and hat.

"Which is your way?" said the young officer, sweeping an eye over the plain.

"I don't know. I started East from Oregon a short while ago. I don't know whether I shall go on or not. East or West, North or South, all the same to me. There may be two meanings to the 'devil's own luck,' you know. I'm a very poor devil indeed."

"What's your name?"

"I've no reason to be ashamed of it that I know of. Conroy Anderson. I'm from New York."

"New York State? New York City?"

Conroy nodded his head.

"Both."

"You were a Yale man, too."

Conroy nodded again.

"You see, I know," pursued the young officer. "I am General Zamoras's son."

"You can't help being the general's son, I suppose. I overlook the fact," said Conroy. "You see, I haven't forgotten your father's treatment of me long ago. But I don't harbor malice. Time is a great healer of all wrongs, you know, and I have come to look back on General Zamoras as a mistaken zealot who was trying conscientiously to acquit himself of what he believed to be his duty."

"The general was always conscientious. Come on with me to the fort. We'll keep you over-night."

"I'd rather not,—thanks."

"There isn't any other place about."

"Well, then, it's a toss-up. Heads I go, tails I don't." He thrust his hand among the scanty coins in his pocket, and threw one high in the air. The horse Zamoras sat pricked up its ear and trembled. The coin came down on the back of his hand. "Heads," he said.

"You have the devil's own luck," Zamoras told him. "Can you keep up with me?"

Conroy gave the military salute to his old worn hat.

"I'll try, sir," he said.

"Drop that 'sir'."

"Very good."

So at the heels of the black mare he entered the fort. He got supper with the men, and a blanket, for the night was chilly, and in the morning managed to go out with them in a dash on the Modocs. Young Zamoras headed the party, and came out of this skirmish with a wounded arm. After the surgeon had left him he sent for Anderson.

"You had the devil's own luck again to-day," he said, showing his wounded arm. "You never got a scratch, and, see, here am I."

Conroy stayed with him that night. It was evident Zamoras had taken a violent fancy to him and would not let him go.

"East or West, North or South, it's all the same to you," he said, repeating Anderson's own words. "Will you stay here? With me? Till I go East? It's a dog's life I lead here. I want to go home. Then will you go with me?"

"I'll stay with you now," said Anderson, for the young fellow was sick and not to be crossed, he knew.

"All right, then," said Zamoras.

The day came when he got his furlough. He had talked a good deal before this about going home. "I'm going to take you with me," he announced to Anderson. "You've got to go. I can't manage to get along without you on the journey. And I've written to my mother you would come. She wants to see you very much. You wouldn't disappoint her, I am sure. She is looking forward to seeing you and thanking you for the care you've taken of me lately, since I got that scratch on my arm, you know. Shall I show you her photograph? It's wrapped up in a silk handkerchief in that box over there."

Anderson got the box and unrolled the handkerchief for him at his wish.

"She embroidered me that handkerchief," said the son. "Open it out wider and look at the work on those initials,—how fine it is! She's an old lady, nearly sixty, and I don't know a girl who could embroider half as well. You may look at that girl's picture, too, if you like."

There were two photographs in the handkerchief Anderson had found. He looked at them both. "Yes, I'll go home with you," he said, as he laid the likeness of Mrs. Zamoras aside,—a placid, pleasant-faced old lady, with many lines, tell-tales of sorrow and past troubles, around her eyes and mouth. "I should like to meet your mother very much. You look something like her, I think. And who is this? Is she your sister?"

"I have no sister. I'm an only child."

Anderson sat studying this latter face.

"Tell me honestly what you think of her," urged Zamoras. "She isn't my sister, and we're not engaged. I should like to have your opinion of her very much."

"Well," said Conroy slowly, "I think it's the portrait of a very pretty girl."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't want that sort

of an answer. Can't you form any kind of an opinion from the face?"

The photograph had regular features and very large full eyes. The eyes had rather a strained look, as the eyes in photographs often have, and there was a fringe of little soft, fluffy curls descending on the forehead very nearly to the eyebrows. The fashion of the dress was low, and exposed a magnificent throat, pair of shoulders, and full bust.

"She looks like an actress," Conroy remarked, at length, "or a concert-singer, or a prima donna,—the sort of woman to hear, see, and admire. I'm glad you're not engaged to her. It isn't the picture exactly of a woman a man would wish to make his wife. I don't say that he wouldn't fall in love with her," he added, musing, "but I wouldn't marry her. I wouldn't trust her. What's her name? Is she a blonde?"

"The loveliest blonde in the world," said Zamoras. "Her name is Adelaide Dixon, and she is my mother's ward. Give me the picture a minute."

He took it from Conroy and looked at it for some time in silence. Then he suddenly tore it across and cast the two fragments of the cardboard to the earth.

"I know why you said that about her," he declared. "It was that infernal way she was dressed. Society women all dress, or undress, that way. I wouldn't allow my sister or my wife to do it. But you're mistaken about Adelaide. She's a girl that can be trusted through and through."

"I'm very glad to hear it," announced Conroy. "I beg her pardon for what I said."

"It was that infernal dress," muttered Zamoras.

"Well, I'm glad on other grounds that you don't mean to marry her," continued Conroy, with a glance at the other's bright, boyish light hair. "There ought to be a law to prevent the increase of albinos. You are too blonde to mate with each other. Each of you should choose a dark-haired, dark-eyed mate."

"I hate swarthy women!" Zamoras declared. "One sees so many squaws

about here, you get to associate dark eyes and hair with dirt."

"Oh, thank you," said Conroy. His own eyes were black as jet.

He started East with Zamoras, whose home was in New York. He had more things than could be conveniently carried in a little bundle this time, and among them was the photograph of Miss Dixon. Zamoras had not observed that Conroy before leaving him that night had possessed himself of the two torn pieces, nor did he know how, afterward, Conroy had carefully fitted the fragments and pasted them together with a bit of strong paper at the back. Conroy had never mentioned this fact to his friend.

He found that Mrs. Zamoras was living in a wide, small, three-storied, old-fashioned brick house on Irving Place in New York. The dear lady received him so gently and so kindly that she won his heart. There was something pathetic, too, and touching in the widow's cap she wore. She caught Conroy staring up at an oil portrait of the general over the chimney-piece in the drawing-room.

"I think General Zamoras was sensible he might have dealt harshly with you once, Mr. Anderson," she said, as her eyes followed his. "I think that he would tell you so if only he were here."

"Few men can have a higher respect for the memory of General Zamoras than I have myself," said Conroy gently, "and that is saying a great deal, after all."

The room that had been given him was in the back of the house, on the top floor, and he had not been in it half an hour alone before he perceived that it had formerly been young Zamoras's room. He had made a toilet, and was just about to proceed down-stairs to the drawing-room again, when a light step came outside and a little tap on the door. He opened directly.

A girl was standing on the sill, who flung herself into his arms. He felt her soft arms round his neck and the close beating of her heart on his. It was

so dark that he could not distinguish a feature of her face, but he felt that it was put close up toward his, and waiting, he was sure, for him to kiss. He checked the impulse that came to him to return this warm embrace, and put her slightly from him.

"Don't do that!" she cried. "Oh, Lucien, don't do that!"

"I beg your pardon," said Conroy, awkwardly. "I am not Lucien Zamoras. My name is Conroy Anderson."

"Mr. Anderson! But this is Lucien's room."

She had disengaged herself, and retreated backward while she spoke.

"I believe Mrs. Zamoras wanted her son to sleep on the same floor with her. She said something about it," he tried to explain. "I am sorry you did not know that I was here. Believe me, I regret it for your own sake more than mine—"

"That will do," she said quickly. "I don't know if you have ever heard of me. I am Miss Dixon,—Mrs. Zamoras's ward. I am very fond of Lucien. I had not seen him yet. I thought I heard him preparing to come down-stairs. Of course I did not know it was you moving about in his room, or I should not have come. My room is just across the hall. I don't know what you think of me, Mr. Anderson; but—but—" Her voice faltered, and she could not go on.

Conroy was feeling for her. "Miss Dixon, must I apologize to you for being myself?" he said.

"It was a mistake, of course: you will forget it, and not think of it or speak of it again."

"I shall certainly not speak of it, Miss Dixon; and since you wish me to forget it, I will try."

He felt this was scarcely encouraging. She stood aside to let him pass, but he drew back.

"We shall meet down-stairs directly, I suppose," he said. "I am not going down just yet. When we meet, shall it be—"

"Yes, yes," she cried hurriedly.

"You haven't seen me, after all, Mr. Anderson, you know. It is so dark out here."

"Bless the darkness!" said Anderson fervently, as he retired to his room again.

He got out the photograph and looked at it. He did not need to do this, since he knew every line already of this poor sun-picture by heart. But it gratified him to do so. He gave one of his old laughs as he restored the picture to its hidden place.

"I have the devil's own luck, to be sure," he admitted to himself. "I'm in love with that girl."

Down-stairs he went through a presentation to her before dinner with an unconcernedness that surprised even himself. He stole glances at her throughout the evening, as well as on the next morning, and many successive mornings and evenings, his blood quickening as he remembered how he had held her to his heart so close that he had felt hers beat. A curious, dull jealousy of Lucien Zamoras began to rise within him which he did his best to crush.

One night Zamoras and he sat smoking in his room.

"Tell me, are you in love with Adelaide Dixon?" he said.

"No," said Zamoras promptly. "The fact is, though, I think she fancies me."

"You're a conceited ass, Zamoras."

"My mother would like to have me marry her. But I can't. I've got nothing but my pay."

"Your mother has money and this house."

"A man doesn't want to live on his mother with his wife. But Adelaide has money of her own. I might be called a fortune-hunter if I married her. No, I don't mean to ask her to marry me."

"You haven't any right to ask her to be your wife if you don't love her," Conroy said.

"I might very easily fall in love with her, I think, if I tried," continued Zamoras. "I used to fancy myself in

love with her at one time. That was when she gave me the photograph I showed you at the fort. Do you remember what you said about it then?"

"No; I've forgotten," said Anderson, who, however, remembered perfectly and did not need to be told.

"You said she was a girl who couldn't be trusted, and I told you that she couldn't."

"You had the advantage of knowing her, you see."

All the time Anderson was longing to pitch Zamoras out of the window. As it was, he could only sit and smoke in silence. When his pipe was finished, Zamoras rose.

"Well, good-night, old man."

"Good-night."

But Anderson could not sleep for thinking of Adelaide. He had the devil's own luck, sure enough, he told himself. Here she was in love with Zamoras, and he was in love with her.

"Why didn't I blow my brains out before I came East again?" he savagely demanded of himself. "Oh, I forgot: I haven't any brains."

The next morning, on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, he met a man he had last seen "the other side of the world," as he expressed it.

"Hello, Anderson," said this man.

He was scarcely a friend. Nevertheless, Anderson grasped him cordially by the hand.

"What are you doing in New York?" he said.

"Well, nothing. Going to get out of it. New York is too big for me. I want more sky and less elbow-rubbing. I'm going West to-morrow as fast as the Chicago Limited will take me. Come and dine with me to-night, if you have any time. There's my card. I'm in Eleventh Street. Six o'clock, if you'll make it. I've got a scheme on hand,—a big thing; getting up a company on it,—to make flour out of banana fruit. Ever hear of it, eh? Don't you want to go in?"

"Haven't any money," said Anderson. "I've got the devil's own luck, it seems."

"It's better to be born lucky than rich, any time. You're the man we want, if you've got the luck. Dine with me, and talk it over."

"Very good," said Anderson.

It was not late that evening when he returned to Irving Place. Miss Dixon opened the door as he came up the stairs.

"Mr. Anderson," she said, "I want to speak to you. I want to tell you something. I don't know whether it will surprise you or not. Lucien Zamoras wants me to marry him."

"No," said Anderson, "I'm not surprised."

He looked a little farther along the hall-way, up to the sill of his own closed door, and thought, with a thrill, "There it was she came to me that night,—the night I held her in my arms."

"You remember that first night we met?" she pursued, her face crimsoning. There was a light now, and he could see her face. "Well, you know what I did,—what I asked you to forget—"

"I have not forgotten," murmured Anderson.

"I told you I was very fond of Lucien. So I was, and so I am. But we were not engaged. I thought we might be engaged some time—"

"You are engaged, though, now?" said Anderson.

"Not yet. Perhaps we never shall be. Lucien only asked me to marry him this evening. I have supposed he meant to ask me a long time, though I have felt more like a sister toward him. We have lived together in the same house so long, and played together, don't you know? It hardly seems right to marry him. Besides,"—she lowered her voice and eyes,— "there is another man I care a great deal more about than Lucien."

"And this other man," said Anderson, in a broken voice, "has he ever said he loved you?"

"No; not yet, Mr. Anderson."

"Do you think he ever will?"

"I don't know."

She stood there hesitating, and he did not trust himself to speak. A sound from below made them suddenly realize,

perhaps, the strangeness of the hour and the place for an interview. Miss Dixon retreated to her door, and he advanced to his. Before he entered she put out her hand, and he touched it. It was cold and trembling; his own was hot.

"The devil's own luck!" he told himself at intervals of tossing on his wakeful pillow. "Not Zamoras. Who can the other man be?"

In the morning it came to him like a revelation that perhaps he was the man. How blind she must have thought him! He took his hair-brush and knocked himself upon the head.

"I always knew I had no brains," he thought.

However, if it should not happen to be himself? He grew icy at the thought.

Miss Dixon came down-stairs late. Zamoras kissed her on the forehead when she entered the room. Her color came and went, and she stood perfectly still. Zamoras looked over at Anderson with a bright smile.

"Congratulate me, old fellow," he said: "Miss Dixon and I are engaged."

"I do congratulate you," he said. "I do congratulate you from the bottom of my heart."

He looked fixedly at Adelaide as he spoke, and she dropped her eyes.

"I have got a piece of news for you, too," he said presently. "I am going to leave New York for the present and go into the flour-business."

Zamoras burst into a laugh.

"What do you mean?" asked Adelaide.

"I will tell you after breakfast, if I may, Miss Dixon. There is a sort of fruit,—etc., etc."

This was his last day in Irving Place and New York. He has never been in New York since, and, oddly enough, he has never seen either Lucien Zamoras or his wife. Some people still say that he has the "devil's own luck," for he has prospered and grown rich. All the same he sometimes regrets the luxuries without the joys. And among his hidden treasures he keeps the pasted photograph he never looks at any more.

CARA HALL RANDOLPH.



## SICILIAN PROVERBS.

THE collection and study of proverbs have afforded amusement and profit to scholars both in ancient and modern times. In our own day, proverbs, like fairy-tales and nursery-rhymes, have been pressed into the service of ethnology and comparative folk-lore. The same theories of origin and diffusion have been applied to both. Some hold that the great similarity found in the proverbs of the Aryan peoples can be accounted for only on the ground that these proverbs were possessed by them before their dispersion. Others explain this resemblance by the theory of borrowing. A third party, finding the same idea often expressed in nearly the same words among savage peoples not belonging to the Aryan race, see merely the independent expression of experiences common to mankind everywhere and in all conditions of civilization. There is some truth in all these theories. Some proverbs are undoubtedly mythological, a vast number are borrowed, in many cases from known sources, and, finally, the independent origin of many cannot be denied. However it may be accounted for, the fact remains that the same proverbs are found in all parts of Italy. Some sections are richer than others: for example, Dr. Pitre, whose recently-published collection is one of the most complete ever made,\* has been able to find but nine thousand five hundred parallels from the rest of Italy for his thirteen thousand Sicilian proverbs. This may indicate, however, nothing but

\* Some idea of the richness of Pitre's collection may be formed from the fact that it fills over eighteen hundred 16mo pages and contains thirteen thousand proverbs from Sicily, besides nine thousand five hundred parallels from the rest of Italy, representing some thirty dialects. The first volume contains a bibliography of the Sicilian proverbs and of the proverbs in the other Italian dialects, and a profound study on proverbs in general, their origin, diffusion, etc. It is impossible to praise too highly this monument of industry and scholarship.

incomplete collections. The character of the proverb varies somewhat with the different districts of Italy, and reflects the national and local traits of the people with some distinctness. There can, however, from the very nature of the case, be but little local coloring in either proverb or fairy-tale. In the present article it has been our endeavor to select the proverbs most characteristic of the Sicilians, and, where possible, those without parallels in the rest of the kingdom. This, however, is not often practicable, and, in general, the following proverbs, with few exceptions, are merely the Sicilian form of proverbs current from one end of the land to the other.

Like the Spaniard, the Sicilian terms his proverbs "little gospels," and declares, "There is no proverb not wholly or partly true." The relative value of the Sicilian proverb is expressed in "Florentine manners, Neapolitan equipages, Roman gestures, and Sicilian proverbs."

Compared with those of the rest of Italy, the Sicilian proverbs show a milder spirit, for, although proverbs counselling revenge are not wanting, there are no parallels for the Italian "Revenge is a morsel for God," or "Revenge of a hundred years hath still its sucking teeth," which may be compared with the Fiji "Let the shell of the oyster perish by reason of years, and to these add a thousand more, still my hatred shall be hot." The Sicilian, however, reverses the golden rule in "Who does it to thee, do it to him," "Do evil to the wicked," and "Do as is done to thee." But the opposite spirit breathes in "Forgiveness is the best revenge," while "Soft words break arms," and "Honey catches more flies than vinegar," which last is common to all parts of Italy, are characteristic of the politic Italian nature. Just now, when the mediæval hatred of the Jew is reviving, it is refreshing to meet with the following:

"Do good even to a Jew: if he cannot, God will reward thee for it." The more popular feeling, however, is expressed in "Holy oil is lost on the Jews."

The cynicism and even immorality for which Italian proverbs are often blamed are found in the Sicilian "Bay with the dogs and howl with the wolves," and "Dog doesn't eat dog," which last appears in one of San Bernardino's sermons (preached in 1426) as, "A crow never picks out another crow's eye." Sound advice is given to those who frequent bad company, in "He who wishes to keep company with wolves should carry a dog under his mantle," which is paralleled by the Servian "If you go to feast with the wolf, bring your dog." The dangers of evil companionship are well expressed in "If charcoal does not blacken, it soils," and "Charcoal either blackens or burns," which find counterparts in the Russian "Calumny is like a coal: if it does not burn, it will soil," and the French "*D'un sac à charbon ne peut sortir que la poussière noire.*" To these may, for curiosity's sake, be added the Chinese "Near vermilion one gets stained red; near ink, black." The Sicilian, however, is socially inclined, and declares, "It is not good to be alone even in Paradise," and "One alone is not worth hanging." The value of a good name is quaintly expressed in "Gain fame and lie abed," which is almost exactly like the English "If thy name be up, thou mayst lie abed till noon." We may close the present category with two expressive ones: "Honor is won in a hundred years and lost in a minute," and "Two things are not sold in the street,—health and honor."

Proverbs relating to cupidity and egoism, which some hold to be characteristically Italian, are not wanting in Sicily. "We cut broad at others' cost" is but a form of the Latin "Men cut broad things from other men's leather." More original is "The Lord shared himself first and then the others." "When I die the world dies" may be paralleled by the French "*Après nous le déluge,*" the Spanish "The last monkey is

drowned," and the English "The devil take the hindmost." It is said that a monk, needing a bit of thread to mend his robe, was on the point of breaking the thread by which, according to popular tradition, the world is hung. This selfish proceeding is preserved in the saying, "The world is hung by a silken thread, and the monk wanted to cut it." The same class is still further satirized in the following proverbs: "If this world were all sausages, the monk would always have two links," "Happy is he who has a mouse in a convent," and "Go be a monk, said the hangman to his son." It would be difficult to find in the whole range of proverbs three more cynical and immoral ones than these: "Were it not for our own purpose, not a prayer would be said to a saint," "When you see a squeezed lemon, put your foot on it and finish squeezing it," and "He who does not act in bad faith will never see the gate of Paradise." Our own "Charity begins at home" has a counterpart in "First the shirt and then the coat," which is also Servian, "The shirt is nearer to me than the coat," and Russian, "One's own shirt is nearest to one's own body."

The common idea of the fickleness of Fortune finds quaint expression in "If I should begin to make hats, everybody would be born without heads," which, curiously enough, is almost word for word the same as an Irish proverb. A similar feeling finds vent in "I throw a feather in the sea and it sinks to the bottom; I see another's lead float," "Give me luck and throw me in the sea," while the value of luck even in small matters is denoted by "It needs luck even to fry eggs." It is impossible to escape from one's fate, for "When bad luck must come, it enters by the chinks in the door," and "The hemp grows in his pocket who is fated to be hung." Although Fortune is so powerful, men must not abandon their own endeavors to win a livelihood. The tarantula, as well as the ant is held up as a pattern of industry and labor: "On one hand the tarantula, and on the other the ant."

The universal adage, "Hunger the best sauce," is forcibly rendered by "Bread earned by labor goes down to the toes." "Callous hands" are said to be "happy hands," and an echo of Dante's declaration (*Inf.*, xxiv. 47).—

for sitting upon down,

Or under quilt, one cometh not to fame,—

is found in "God keep us from amusing ourselves with the threads of the coverlet and the wool of the pillow." Not without irony are these: "In the land of Cocagne, who sleeps the most earns the most," "Who always sits still does not wear out his shoes," and "The Lord aids the laggard thrice a day." Especially significant for a land of holidays is the one, "The day after a festival, an empty pocket and a headache."

The acquisition of a fortune, either by luck or industry, is most desirable in a country where the power of money is expressed in such energetic terms as "Money brings Christ down from heaven," and "Money opens Paradise." Opposite examples are, "Money brings damnation," and "The rich man has his father in hell praying for him."

Under the rubric of Miseries of Life we find our own familiar proverbs, "Misfortunes never come alone," and "No rose without a thorn." "You can't have your cake and eat it too" has a curious counterpart in "You can't have your cask full of wine and your wife drunk." The difficulty of doing two things at the same time is well expressed in "You can't drink and whistle at the same time." The uncertainty of human affairs is depicted in "Who yesterday was Joseph, to-day is Pharaoh," "To-day me, to-morrow thee," and "We can't say, Of this water I will not drink." While "He who has to suffer does not die," it is a melancholy fact that often "After contentment comes death," and "Who builds, dies."

The unprofitableness of rebelling against the decrees of Providence is vigorously represented by "Who spits against heaven, his spittle falls back on his face." The value of a religious belief finds expression in "Who loses his faith never is happy," and "Who loses

honor loses much, but who loses his faith loses all." The Virgin has but two proverbs: "God alone is the saint, because he is the son of the Saint," and "When the hour has come, the Lord does not listen even to Mary." Although a proverb says, "No joking with the saints," others treat them with little ceremony: "If God wishes me well, I care little for the saints," and "The saints in comparison with God are flies." A very different tone, however, is assumed in speaking of St. John the Baptist, whose cult has taken on such enormous proportions in Italy, and especially in Sicily. "Laugh at the other saints, but don't meddle with St. John;" and "If St. John did not sleep three days, oh, how much and how many things he would do!"

Under the head of the Table and Cooking we find our own familiar proverbs, "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat," "A watched pot never boils," etc., and a great number of local proverbs of no general interest. We may note, however, "Eggs an hour old, bread a day old, and wine a year old never hurt any one," and the often-heard "It takes four men to make a salad,—a madman, a wise man, a miser, and a prodigal," which is explained as follows: it should be salted by the wise man, the vinegar added by the miser, the oil by the prodigal, and the whole stirred by the madman. Then, adds an Italian proverb, "it should be eaten by a hungry man." This section closes with a very appropriate saying: "What is said at the table ought to remain in the cloth."

The value of health is described in "He who is well is rich and doesn't know it," "There is no price for health," or, as a proverb from the Abruzzese puts it, "Health is number one." "If you keep your feet dry and your head warm, you may otherwise live as a beast," "Where the sun enters, the doctor does not," and "Diet is the best medicine." The doctor is the object of the bitter proverb, "The physician's mistakes are all covered by the earth," and a Tuscan saying adds, "and those of the rich by money."

Woman in Sicily, as elsewhere, is the object of many dubious proverbial compliments. Her power is expressed in "A woman's hair draws more than a hundred team of oxen." One should exercise great care in selecting a wife, for "A good wife makes a good husband," therefore "Take your wife and your horse from your neighborhood." The intelligence of the sex is never underrated: "Woman knows a point more than the devil." The ease with which she calls tears to her aid is noted in "Woman laughs when she can, and weeps when she wishes;" "A woman's weapon is her tongue;" and our "Marriages are made in heaven" finds an echo in the satirical "Marriages and bishoprics are ordained by heaven." Most ungallant are "Let him who is too happy marry," "He who has no wife knows not what sorrow is," and, with an assonance we cannot reproduce, "*Fimmini, fulmini*" ("Women, thunderbolts"). "When Eve commands, Adam sins," and therefore "Unlucky is the house where the hen crows and the cock is still." Another relationship is evidently as tender a subject in Sicily as elsewhere, as is shown in "Better a bad husband than a good mother-in-law."

The well-known proverb in Ecclesiastes (ix. 4), "A living dog is better than a dead lion," finds an echo in the Sicilian "Better a live ass than a dead scholar." The results of folly are well expressed in "A fool throws a stone in the well, and ten wise men cannot get it out," which is much like the Servian "The wise cannot get out the stone which a fool has thrown into the stream," and "What one fool entangles, a hundred wise men are unable to disentangle." A receipt for the cure of folly is found in "To cure a fool it takes a fool and a half."

The universal sense of mankind has pronounced that falsehood is short-lived. The English saying, "A lie has no legs," is perhaps too forcible, for a lie does march sometimes a considerable distance. The Sicilian form is better: "A lie has short legs" (or "feet"), which is the same in Servian and Span-

ish. An Italian proverb puts it in another form: "The liar is sooner caught than a cripple." This is perhaps an appropriate place to mention a proverb which warns us against dissimulation and hypocrisy: "God keep me from a still stream, for when it is noisy I will keep myself," which is not so forcible as our more condensed "Still waters run deep." The Sicilian is found word for word in Spanish and in Italian. It is impossible, however, wholly to conceal one's character by outside show, for "Although a monkey dresses in silk, it will always be a monkey." The English is more vigorous: "A hog in armor is still but a hog;" a truth expressed more wittily in the French "*Qui naquit chat court après les souris*."

The insincerity of the flatterer is well expressed in "Who paints you to your face blackens you to your back;" or, as Trench translates the same proverb from another part of Italy, "Who paints me before smudges me behind." The value of experience is seen in the proverb, "An old fox is not caught in the snare;" it should be "twice in the snare," as it is in French and German, as well as in the English form, "It's a silly fish that's caught twice with the same bait." The same idea is found in the savage proverbs, "Nobody is twice a fool," "Nobody is twice ashamed," and "He is a fool whose sheep run away twice." We are taught to profit by the experience of others in "The young ox learns to plough from the old one," and "Learn at another's expense."

From the proverbs intended to guide in business and society we select a few, some of which are the same as our English ones: "Water, advice, and salt are not to be given unless asked for." "Respect the dog for its master's sake." "Not so sweet that every one will suck you, nor so bitter that every one will spit you out." The last has a close counterpart in the Servian "Be neither honey, lest men lick thee up, nor poison, lest they spit thee out." Politeness is advised in "When you are on horseback, salute those on foot," although

the Servian declares, "He will soon grow bald that takes his hat off to every insignificant fellow."

We may conclude this selection of Sicilian proverbs, which our space necessarily renders very inadequate, by a few miscellaneous ones: "Shear the sheep, but don't flay it." "One hand washes the other, and both the face." "Beat the saddle for the horse to hear it." "Everything can be borne but prosperity." "A white beard is the symbol of death,"—in English, more poetically, "Gray hairs are death's blossoms." "The shoemaker's wife goes unshod." "Who does not know how to pray, let him go to sea." "He that will eat the kernel must crack the nut," which is also Scotch.

If the Sicilian proverbs do not possess the wit of those of Central Italy, neither do they have that bald cynicism and selfishness which have often been held to characterize all Italian proverbs. Italy has paid dearly for having produced a Machiavelli, who too frequently has been taken as the representative of the moral qualities of the nation. The Sicilian people are frugal, temperate, industrious, and intelligent. They have not the mental quickness of the Tuscans, or the self-control of the inhabitants of the more northern provinces, but they possess many qualities which need only to be directed by education and good government to produce admirable social and political fruits.

T. F. CRANE.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### Curiosities of Backwoods Civilization.

FROM the Paris boulevards, the Théâtre Français, and the Champs Élysées to the wilds of Pennsylvania in eleven days almost made my brain whirl. Eighteen hours from New York I left main lines of travel and took to various shabby, narrow-gauge ways into the woods. These primitive little railways serve more for transporting oil, coal, and lumber than for travellers, and it was by means of one rickety passenger-car trundling behind twenty heavily-laden coal-cars that I finally reached my destination,—a rough village among the Alleghany Mountains.

Rough indeed! The mud rose to the wheel-hubs in the horrible road through which the creaking wagon drew me. The village "sidewalks" were narrow bridges of boards set upon precarious stilts above abysses of rich alluvial liquids. Unpainted and weather-beaten frame dwellings, mere "shanties" of pine boards, with stove-pipes piercing roofs

in place of chimneys, gathered about black central saw-mills, as Norman hamlets gather about picturesque central churches. On every hand rose the forests, burning with autumnal glories. Uprooted stumps—gaunt and black and interlaced as if in some Maccabean dance—divided dishevelled fields. Towering skyward were the encircling hills, from whose summits here and there skeleton-like structures outlined their grim forms against the sky, reminding me of the gibbeted corpses they were *not*, rather than of the oil-well derricks they really were.

As our wagon struggled onward, I received my first ideas of the peculiar American civilization which carries into the roughest wilderness and out upon the loneliest prairies luxuries and refinements that in Europe belong only to wealth and cities. At the unshuttered windows of houses scarcely better than hovels, houses which had never known paint or chimney, whose front doors opened upon bogs haunted by swine, I



saw lace curtains as handsome and expensive as drape many South-Kensington windows! At almost every window I saw handsome sewing-machines, and through open doors I caught more than one glimpse of pianos and parlor organs. Sometimes I saw carpets, sometimes bare floors. When there *were* carpets, they were usually of woven rags, and often unconsciously "æsthetic" in their low-toned harmonies of gray and brown. Ugly black stoves heated the houses,—and evidently heated them so ferociously that in this October twilight doors and windows all yawned wide open. These stoves, although in a wilderness where wood sells at ten shillings a cord, consume, as cheaper and better fuel, the natural gas with which this region is thoroughly impregnated, and which comes to the surface of "gas-wells" dug upon every hand. Curious indeed is the civilization, or rather semi-civilization, which warms and lights hovels with better gas than London ever saw, and brings out organ-tones for the delectation of front-door swine.

On and on craked and struggled our wagon, with its two splendid "high"-if not thorough-breds. Up and up we climbed to the radiant hills, leaving the valley village as in a bowl beneath us, and penetrating with each revolution of our wheels deeper and deeper into the primeval forest, farther and farther from the habitations of men. On a lawn-like knoll, smooth and velvety, although closely surrounded by the virgin forest, stood the house which was to be my first temporary home-shelter since our picturesque Norman *manoir* had known me no more. And here what surprises! what astonishments! The house is wooden, of course. But it is turreted, castellated, and its lofty walls, painted dark gray, rose before me in almost baronial majesty. A stately carriage-way winds up to it from the rugged wagon-road through the woods. Behind it are the stables and offices, beside it the flourishing grapery which keeps that backwoods table supplied with exquisite fruit far into the winter. Still farther behind the house than the stables, hid

den deeper in the woods, beside a running stream, stands a hideous, loathsome structure, whose existence no one could suspect from the approach to the house, but whose business it is to furnish all this feudal-like grandeur and modern luxury in the very heart of a primeval wilderness,—the black, ugly Slave of the Lamp.

Within the house the rooms are lofty and large. What astonishment to find them dadoed and parquetted, arm-chaired, sofaed, and tabled *à la* Eastlake, carpeted and curtained *à la* Morris and Marshall, the walls hung with Freyer-Perrins, Hennesseys, Bonnats, Gérômes, Boughtons, and capital engravings! Steam-heat radiates into the remotest nook and cranny of the whole establishment, every room is gas-lighted, every one furnished with speaking-tubes and hot and cold water; there is a bath-room on every floor; and last, but not least, from my lady's chamber a telephone communicates not only with the black, ugly Slave half a mile back in the woods, but with Buffalo, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia, lying far below on the plains.

Not only European "æstheticism" lives thus and thrives in the backwoods, but the whole house is a marvel of Yankee ingenuity in the way of labor-saving conveniences and contrivances. The first morning, on waking, I stepped to the window to see what manner of day had dawned upon the hills. A white linen blind, or shade, hung before the window. I carelessly lifted the shade a few inches, not intending to raise it entirely, and wishing merely to peep beneath it. What was my astonishment, my almost terror, when, with slow, mysterious—it seemed to me almost supernatural—motion, that ghastly shade withdrew itself from my touch and soared away to the very top of the lofty window! It was made to roll itself up thus at a touch. It was the same with the cathedral-like windows. I never found out where the mystery lay, but I soon learned that the airiest finger laid upon certain places of the sash would bring an open window down or

send a closed one soaring away into upward space. Under my lady's slipper-toe, in the dining-room, beneath the luxuriously-furnished table, was a small brass knob. At touch of slipper-toe upon this knob we heard no sound whatever, but at its talismanic summons we saw a sudden apparition. This apparition was the *only servant of the house* (save a half-grown "chore-boy"), who rose into the room on a noiseless elevator from depths below, and approached us from behind a mediævally-decorated screen.

This last, to my Europeanized eyes, was the greatest fairy marvel of the whole series. An establishment like this in England would represent a staff of ten servants at the least. Here, with a family of four grown persons, the whole *ménage* is carried on with the help of only one woman and a boy. The mistress herself seems never busy, save with books or fancy-work; her daughter has always time for her music and painting. The machinery of housekeeping moves, like windows and blinds, with secret springs; yet I know that Madame does all the sweeping herself with a coquettish little machine on wheels, looking like a self-ambulatory contribution-box, while Mademoiselle makes all the beds. Monsieur himself attends to the gas- and water-apparatus, while his son rakes down the furnaces and regulates the steam-heat. Mademoiselle saddles and harnesses her own horse, and rides or drives alone over the hills and far away. The graperie is Monsieur's hobby. The chore-boy milks the cows and cares for the two horses. In the four days I remained in that baronial pine castle I heard no single groan or creak of the domestic machinery, and I never once saw the solitary servant, save as she came up through the dining-room floor. Yet Madame told me that the servant-question was the bane and misery of her life,—that she had to pay double wages and ransack from Dan to Beersheba to find a "help" who would waive the right to sit at table with the family. To find one who would address Mademoi-

selle otherwise than as "Nellie" was quite beyond her highest aspirations.

Although in the backwoods, this pine castle—which, by the way, cost only seven thousand dollars—is well supplied with good reading-matter. All the leading American magazines cover the sitting-room table, with daily and weekly newspapers of every political shade. The library is small, but select, and holds perhaps the only complete sets of George Eliot, Thackeray, and Matthew Arnold within fifty miles. Mademoiselle's last birthday-present was a sumptuous illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems, costing fifty dollars. Her next will be an amateur photographic apparatus, costing probably a hundred. She corresponds with the officers of a self-educational society, hundreds of miles away, who direct her daily reading and send her printed examination-papers every week. Every winter she spends some weeks in New York or Boston, and every summer the pine castle is filled with a succession of guests from distant cities.

It is a charming home, a delightful family. And yet Monsieur, who, as well as Madame, was born and grew up within ten miles of their castle, comes into the artistic sitting-room wearing heavy, coarse boots, and rough garments not in their prime. Madame, daintily dressed, lifts his hat, with many a pish and phew, and hangs it out of doors. For Monsieur has just come from the foul-smelling Slave of the Lamp in the forest. He is a working man, and the malodorous Slave is a—tannery! M. B. W.

#### Mr. Cleveland and Louis Napoleon.

ONE day, in the year 1859, three gentlemen sat at a table in a room on Nassau Street, opposite to what was then the "Old Dutch Reformed Church." One of them was George H. Granniss, a real-estate broker, the second was a Mr. Cleveland, and the third was a learned German doctor, to whom the writer is indebted for the story that is to follow. These gentlemen had a map spread out before them, and were studying the geography of Northern Italy, the theatre of the warlike operations then in prog-

ress. It was just before the battle of Magenta, and Mr. Cleveland expressed his anxiety for the success of Louis Napoleon.

"Do you know him?" inquired Mr. Granniss.

"I once had a personal interview with him," responded Mr. Cleveland. "It was in 1836, after the escape of Louis Napoleon from his imprisonment at Ham, that I met him one morning at the banking-house of M. Duponceau on Wall Street, upon whom I had called to transact some business in which we were mutually interested. I was told that the banker was engaged with a gentleman in his private office, and requested to await the termination of the interview, as he desired to introduce me to his visitor.

"In a short time M. Duponceau appeared in the front office, accompanied by a young man, not particularly striking as to his appearance, except that he was long as to his body, short as to his legs, and had a slight halt in his gait. The banker, advancing with his guest, said,—

"Mr. Cleveland, allow me to introduce you to the Prince Louis Napoleon."

"The prince removed his hat and gave me his hand, with an informal and cordial greeting. Not to be outdone in politeness by a representative of royalty, I had also removed my hat; and, as I stood before him uncovered, I was conscious that he was engaged in an investigation of my physiognomy. Instantly apologizing, he remarked,—

"Pardon me, Mr. Cleveland, but your forehead bears an extraordinary resemblance to that of my great uncle the Emperor. Will you do me the kindness to retain your attitude for a moment, that I may make a sketch of it?"

"I answered that I considered it a great compliment to be told that I possessed a feature resembling that of the greatest man of his time, whereupon he took from his pocket his sketch-book and pencil and drew my profile. When he had finished, he thanked me gracefully, and took leave.

"When I went home after the day's duties, I related this incident to my

family. One of the listeners was my nephew, a bright lad, who was then preparing to enter college. Some years later, when he had graduated, he obtained permission to make a tour abroad before commencing the study of one of the professions. Remembering the incident he had heard me relate years before, he came to me just prior to his sailing and begged me to give him a letter to the French Emperor. I told him it was impossible,—that it would be folly to presume upon the trifling incident that had occurred in M. Duponceau's bank. However, he was so importunate that I ultimately yielded, and addressed a letter to the Emperor, recalling our meeting of long ago, introducing my nephew, and asking for him the favor of an interview.

"When he arrived in Paris he went to the Tuileries and asked permission to present my letter to the Emperor. It was received by the officials in waiting, with the assurance that it would be delivered, and he was instructed to leave his address for such answer as might be returned. In a few days there came to his hotel a messenger bearing an order for him to present himself. He was conducted to an apartment, and directed to await the pleasure of the Emperor, who soon after entered with a portfolio under his arm.

"Are you the nephew of Mr. Cleveland whom I saw many years ago in New York, and who recently addressed me a letter?"

"On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the Emperor opened his portfolio, which was well filled with sketches, and, as he turned them over, handed one after another to my nephew, and asked, 'Is this your uncle Cleveland?'

"The boy's negative answer followed each exhibition, until suddenly he cried out, 'Oh, that is my uncle!'

"Satisfied with the test he had adopted for identification, he made kind inquiry after the young man's old uncle in New York. Then he gave him a card which insured him the *entrée* to all places of interest at regular or irregular hours, and ended the interview by in-

structing him, prior to his setting sail for America, to call on him again.

"My nephew was very proud of the attention and kindness shown him by the Emperor, which during his stay in Paris insured him many and great favors. When the time arrived for his return to his own country, he again presented himself at the Imperial palace, and, as before, was received with distinguished favor. As he was about to take his final leave, the Emperor placed in his hand a small box, made of some costly material, charging him to deliver it, with what it contained, to his uncle. He also gave him a letter addressed to me, which contained the key of the box, and which my nephew was to forward. The letter came with one from himself,

speaking briefly of his great enjoyment, and informing me that he would sail upon a certain day. My poor dear lad took passage in the ill-fated steamer *Arctie*, that went down with all on board."

As Mr. Cleveland concluded his story, his voice was tremulous, his heart was in his eyes, and the listeners attested their sympathy by a silence they could not break. Presently they resumed their investigations of the war-map.

Mr. Cleveland, as I am informed, was a gentleman of the olden time, and wore a queue. The learned doctor, my German friend, who knew him well, certifies that he had the broad Napoleonic brow, and expresses his firm belief that the President-elect comes from the same stock.

C. W. F.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Montcalm and Wolfe." By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE interest of these volumes is that which belongs to the culminating scenes of a struggle carried on continuously, in one guise or another, for more than a century, marked throughout, on either side, by frequent alternations of energy and sluggishness and consequent successes and reverses, and involving in a certain sense the fate of the North American continent. Mr. Parkman objects to the common view that the issue of this struggle was "a foregone conclusion;" and it is natural that he should lay stress on the various causes—the lack of organization and union in the English colonies, the military power and resources of France controlled and directed by a single head, and the complete subservience and natural strength of Canada—which seemed to foreshadow a different result. "It was," he says, "the fatuity of Louis XV. and his Pompadour that made the conquest of Canada possible;" and no doubt the stagnation, baseness, and corruption that attended the decay of the French monarchy had a large share, as direct and immediate agencies,

in precipitating the loss of its colonial possessions as well as its own inevitable dissolution. These things were at once effects and causes, like the complications that spring from some organic malady and hasten its progress by reducing the powers of resistance. But it is difficult not to believe that the supremacy of the English race on this continent was a natural outcome of its qualities and history, or to consider the attempts to found a French dominion here as anything but an impracticable scheme, in conflict with the general tendency of things and certain to be ultimately frustrated. All the energies of France had been for many centuries absorbed in the work of securing national unity and obtaining a commanding position among the states of the European continent. It was by concentration, not by diffusion, that these ends were to be attained; there was no chance for the growth of a popular spirit, inspired by free impulses and seeking a variety of outlets; and consequently the motives and means for establishing a colonial empire were wanting. In England, on the contrary, the necessary elements were superabundant. Colonization was for her a natural process of

reproduction. Her colonies had each its own roots, while those of France had no inherent vitality and needed to be artificially reared and fostered. When the former meet with a defeat, one perceives that their strength is unimpaired and will prove equal to future emergencies; when the latter gain a triumph, its hollowness is apparent, suggesting only the approach of the predestined end.

The period covered by these volumes is that of the Seven Years' War. But though the signal for that momentous struggle came from America, its underlying causes lay in jealousies and rivalries with which the contest here had only a remote connection. We can afford, therefore, to lose sight of the European theatre of operations, with the vast complications, the grand manœuvres, and the terrible encounters of which it was the scene, while following a story which has a closer interest for American readers and which forms a striking and familiar portion of the national epic. It is a story, indeed, with features peculiar to itself and a continuity and development that give it distinctness and completeness. Beginning with the frontier disputes that led to Braddock's disastrous expedition, and ending with the capture of Quebec and the surrender of Canada, it embraces a series of events which, clearly and vividly depicted as they are in Mr. Parkman's pages, not only hold the attention and arouse emotion, but carry with them associations that seem almost to connect them with our own lives. The raids of the French and their Indian allies in Western Pennsylvania, the counter-expeditions against the forts on Lakes Erie and Ontario, the successive advances and retreats of both parties along the line of Lakes George and Champlain, the intrigues and revolts among the Acadians ending in their expulsion from their homes, the capture of Louisbourg and consequent closing of the St. Lawrence against succors from France, Wolfe's great achievement followed by the general advance of the English forces and the immediate collapse of a power that had made itself imposing by feats of arms and empty conquests but had rested on no solid foundations,—these are the main incidents of a drama which lacks neither diversity and picturesqueness of detail nor unity of purpose and meaning, and which has a special interest and significance for American readers, as not only enacted on our own soil, but as the prelude of our national history. It

is Mr. Parkman's great merit that he has a keen and constant sense of the reality of what he narrates, and a full apprehension of its bearings and relations. His research has been exhaustive, but he has so sifted his material that nothing irrelevant or needlessly minute impedes the sequence or obscures the connection of the main facts. His knowledge of localities is not that of the mere topographer: his mind is imbued, as perhaps that of no other of our writers has been, with the spirit of American scenery; and hence, without any resort to elaborate and perfunctory descriptions, his accounts of marches and encampments, of sieges and ambushes, of various operations by land and water, bring up well-defined images of all the surroundings,—of forest depths, stretches of river or lake, atmospheric changes, and whatever else is requisite to make the action palpable to our mental sense. Occasionally, it must be confessed, the effect is strained and a false note is struck: as when we are told, in allusion to a long period of rain, that "dejected Nature wept and would not be comforted," and when the mention of a fort rising in a hitherto unpeopled solitude is followed by the rhetorical statement that "now the sleep of ages was broken, and bugle and drum told the astonished forest that its doom was pronounced and its days numbered." But such blemishes are rare: in general the style is simple and direct, animated by an earnest and sincere feeling, and rising on occasion to a strain of eloquence in which there is nothing forced or factitious and the tone is sustained without effort or break. Nor do the actors that move across the scene leave faint or vague impressions. Even the minor characters are for the most part distinct and well sketched, and serve to represent types that belonged to the ideas and manners of the period. A stronger interest, of course, attaches to the heroic figure of Wolfe, overhung by the shadow of death on the eve of that exploit which has immortalized his name, and the chivalrous Montcalm, who lacked neither skill nor daring, and whose natural gayety and hopefulness deepen the pathos of his desperate position and his escape from it by a death not less glorious than that which sealed the triumph of the victor. As a foil to these, we have the Canadian governor Vaudreuil, pompous, boastful, incapable, and cowardly, a delicious specimen of the braggart and



marplot, such as Molière might have delighted to reproduce. We think it a pity that Mr. Parkman should have served up anew the trite anecdotes, not always well authenticated, illustrative of the Duke of Newcastle's ignorance and fatuity; and still more that he should have thought it necessary, after reaching the climax of his story, to epitomize that of Frederick the Great at its most thrilling and momentous crises. The briefest statement of the course and results of the war in Europe would have sufficed to explain the state of things which made its prolongation impossible and the formal renunciation of the French dominion in Canada one of the necessary conditions of peace. But these excrescences, as they seem to us, cannot interfere with our recognition of the solid merits and great attractiveness of Mr. Parkman's work. In the series of which it forms part he has held exclusive possession of a subject which no one else would have been likely to treat with the same breadth of knowledge, the same ardor and enthusiasm, and the same power of narration. It is not the least among his claims to a high place in the esteem and affection of his countrymen that, while he writes in a spirit that is thoroughly American, he avoids alike the rapid theorizings and the boastful pœans by which too many contributors to the national annals seek to exalt their theme and magnify their office.

"Fresh Fields." By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Fresh Fields" is in a double sense a good name for Mr. Burroughs's collection of essays, since, besides breaking English ground for the first time, he shows himself to be a wise and discriminating critic of books and men. His papers "In Carlyle's Country," "A Sunday in Cheyne Row," etc., offer some of the most fitting and appreciative words which have lately been spoken of Carlyle. Mr. Burroughs has lived close to nature all his life, and his intellect is not too sceptical nor his imagination too sluggish for him to recognize a great man. He has a feeling for what is simple, grand, and permanent in all nature, and has grown into a habit of estimating things according to the laws by which they reveal themselves. The character he draws of the Chelsea philosopher shows fine discrimination, insight, moderation, and good taste. His careful and

trustworthy methods, his habits of exact observation, are as faithfully adhered to in his criticisms as in his out-of-door studies. And something large and serene in his view of life and nature makes his writings one of the beneficent literary influences of the time, when so many of the new school of magazinists compensate for lack of feeling by intensity of expression.

But, well endowed as Mr. Burroughs is for the province of criticism, it is as a writer of out-of-door papers that he has so far won his reputation. His fame reached England before him, although there is more observation, knowledge, and tradition concerning out-of-door life among the people there than with us; and it was no doubt a pleasant incident to him to note that a young Briton to whom he was talking about birds unwittingly quoted his own name to him as authority for some statement. "A Hunt for the Nightingale" is one of the most engaging of the papers gathered in the present volume, and every reader must wish that the author's quest had been rewarded by more than a snatch of melody from the songster. Lovers of Mr. Burroughs's earlier writings will, however, find nothing in what he says of English parks and fields to equal his "In the Hemlocks" or "Woods in Winter," and will be glad to have him back among his native Catskills.

Mr. Burroughs already has some imitators, but he himself, although his style suggests both Emerson and Thoreau, is distinct and individual. He is less anxious for self-revelation than Thoreau, and less ready to assail mankind with his own strenuous convictions. He is more of a man of the world than Richard Jeffries, whose "Wild Life" and "Gamekeeper at Home" occasionally give the idea of a life apart from the instincts, habits, and occupations of human beings. There is something healthy, vital, and glad in whatever Mr. Burroughs writes, which is all his own. What he sees and hears is what all men could see and hear if their world of thought were cleansed and widened by belief, insight, and imagination. Unlike many American notes on the mother-country, this is not a volume which any Englishman can quarrel with. The fertility, the softness, the cultivated look of the English landscape all delight the writer: the woods, fields, brooks, and rivers are suggestive of all that the poets have been writing these three hundred years. But, strange

to say, in his comparison of American with British wild flowers he gives the preference to ours in respect to their beauty and delicacy, although those of the old country exceed ours in profusion, color, and vigor.

"Ramona." By Helen Jackson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

UNDER the signature of H. H., Mrs. Jackson has already written on so many subjects with fidelity to truth and rare insight that it ought to be no matter of surprise to her large circle of readers that her first novel should give her at once a foremost place among American writers of fiction. "Ramona" is from every point of view a noticeable book. The author has heretofore made certain phases of the "Indian question" her own, not only by complete sympathy but by careful study, and in this story she has dealt with and shaped her materials in a way not only to convince the mind but to move the heart and conscience. There is a rare idyllic charm in the opening chapters, where she gives a picture of an old Spanish rancho and its inmates: the household life, the pastoral occupations, the time-honored religious ceremonials, into which is carried a deep and simple fervor, are all described with the vivid and effective touches which mark the artist. In taking for her hero one of the Mission Indians of Southern California she must have been confronted with difficulties had she not thus carefully prepared the scene for him. As it is, Alessandro rouses sympathy and interest at once, and, like all the rest of the characters, lives, moves, and pleads for himself and his race. There is no hasty or superficial work in the story, which is beautifully and pathetically told. There is no declamation, and no argument, and the reader is impressed not so much by the author's views and convictions as by the vital and inexhaustible meaning of real action and suffering.

"The Making of a Man." By the Author of "His Majesty Myself," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A most hopeful and helpful writer the Rev. William Baker was all through his career: by faith he believed that mountains were removed, and in this respect his latest work, "The Making of a Man," is one of the most eloquent of his books. Readers of "His Majesty Myself" will

recognize the hero, Theodore Thirlmore, and others of the characters. A popular preacher, self-convicted of charlatanism, his whole moral and intellectual being seeming to be hollowed out and filled with something false and counterfeit, utterly hopeless both of life and of himself, suddenly finds at the beginning of the war a new impulse, and discovers heroic qualities which carry him through the struggle and restore him finally to his wife a new and better man. It was this possibility of a spiritual deliverance from grossness and worldliness that Mr. Baker found full of meaning when applied to the actual life of men. He liked strong, virile characters, whose splendid vitality was reinforced and enriched by passionate effort and action. To develop the soul and rouse the conscience of men like these and make vivid extremes meet was generally his impulse. His imaginative work did not always lead toward artistic results, and sometimes produced grotesque effects. But there was an admirable breadth and largeness about his conceptions; his style was individual, and in his earlier books racy and vigorous, and his treatment of characters and subjects was thoroughly original.

#### Books Received.

Prehistoric America. By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Edited by W. H. Dall. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

True and Other Stories. By George Parsons Lathrop. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls.

Tompkins and Other Folks. Stories of the Hudson and the Adirondacks. By P. Deming. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Madam. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Lost City; or, The Boy Explorers. By David Ker. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls.

Mamzelle Eugénie. A Russian Love-Story. By Henry Greville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Personal Traits of British Authors. Two Vols. With Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.